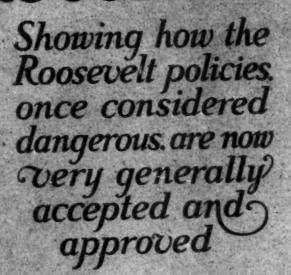
MUNSEY



CATCHING UP WITH ROOSEVELT



THIS ARTICLE IS VERY MUCH WORTH READING

Frank a. Munsey

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depends largely upon the care of the skin. That is the pith and substance of the whole problem of beauty. It is a matter of the skin. Indeed there can be no complete beauty without skin beauty.

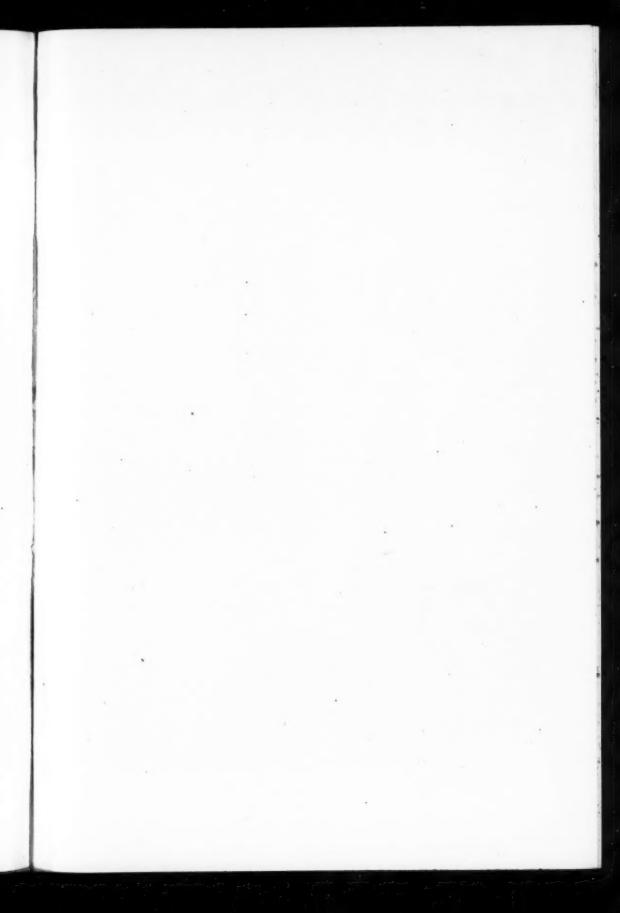
This being so, it is important to remember that the most eminent analysts and skin authorities, and the most beautiful women of six generations have borne testimony to the fact that

Pears' Soap

is the finest skin beautifying agent that science has produced or that money can buy.

Matchless for the Complexion







STROLLING ALONG THE DESOLATE BEACH, I CAME SUDDENLY UPON THE SIGNORINA [See story, "The Sarcophagus of a Single Flower." page \$28]

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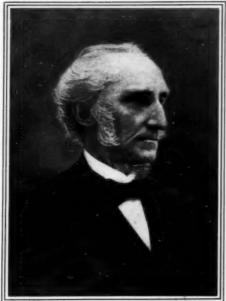
THE MILLIONAIRE YIELD OF **PITTSBURGH**

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

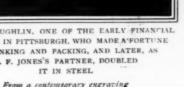
NE morning in 1749, Celoron de Bienville, the French explorer, stood at a green-embowered point of land where the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers meet to form the Ohio, and nailed to a tree a sheet of iron bearing the fleur-de-lis, symbol of the sovereignty of his royal master across the sea. A century and a half later a militant industrial community

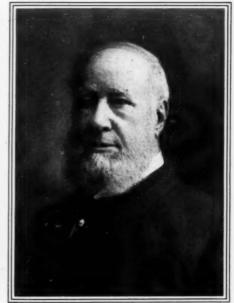
had supplanted those imperial lilies with the dollar-mark, emblem of its peculiar prestige. That point of land is now the heart of Pittsburgh.

The verdure-clad bluffs that smiled down on the hardy Frenchman are black with the grime of heroic industry. The placid rivers that swept past his feet teem with craft and are crisscrossed by busy bridges. The trails



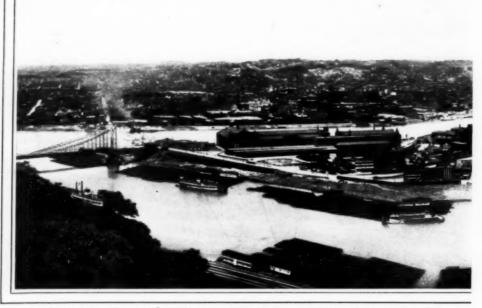
JAMES LAUGHLIN, ONE OF THE EARLY FINANCIAL FACTORS IN PITTSBURGH, WHO MADE A FORTUNE IN BANKING AND PACKING, AND LATER, AS B. F. JONES'S PARTNER, DOUBLED





BENJAMIN FRANKLIN JONES, FIRST OF THE GREAT IRONMASTERS. FOUNDER OF THE LARGEST IN-DEPENDENT STEEL-WORKS IN AMERICA, AND A POWERFUL FIGURE IN INDUSTRY

From a thotograph by Davis & Sanford, New York



A PANORAMIC VIEW OF AMERICA'S MOST REMARKABLE CRADLE OF WEALTH—HERE YOU SEE ONE
REASON WHY SUCH INDUSTRIAL PRESTIGE HAS BEEN BUILT UP IN PITTSBURGH—THE
CITY STANDS AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE ALLEGHENY AND MONONGAHELA
RIVERS, WHICH MEET TO FORM THE OHIO

From a thotograph-

his savage allies trod are cañons of steel and marble. By day the sky is dark with incessant smoke; at night a thousand furnaces - the signal-fires of progress -redden the heavens. A spot repeatedly drenched with the blood of French and British pioneers is now the battleground of business -in many respects the most remarkable cradle of wealth in America. Its yield of millionaires is dazzling.

To the average man great wealth is a mysterious and masterful thing, and its origin seems



HENRY C. FRICK, MASTER OF COKE, LEADER IN FINANCE, AND, AFTER ANDREW CARNEGIE, PITTSBURGH'S RICHEST MAN

necessarily invested with peculiar circumstance. As a matter of fact, there is no magic or mystery at the root of most created fortunes. Thrift, vision, and the ability to put money out to work so that it will make more money. provide, in the main, the simple formula. Certain men, more enterprising than their brothers, have created tremendous opportunities and capitalized them. Environment, which involves the absence or the abundance of natural resources, enters into the wealth-making

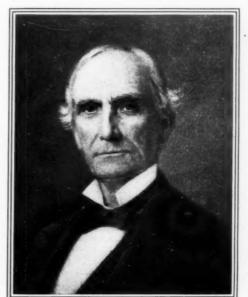


IN THE EARLY STEAMBOAT DAYS PITTSBURGH GOT THE COMMERCIAL START WHICH HAS BEEN MAIN-TAINED EVER SINCE—THE CLUSTER OF SKYSCRAPERS DOWN-TOWN SHOWS THE TRULY METROPOLITAN ASPECT OF THE COMMUNITY—THE GREAT STEEL-MILLS ARE LOCATED BOTH ABOVE AND BELOW THE CITY

- by Altwater, Pittsburgh

process, and thus certain localities form the approach to riches, the picturesque background for the drama of millions.

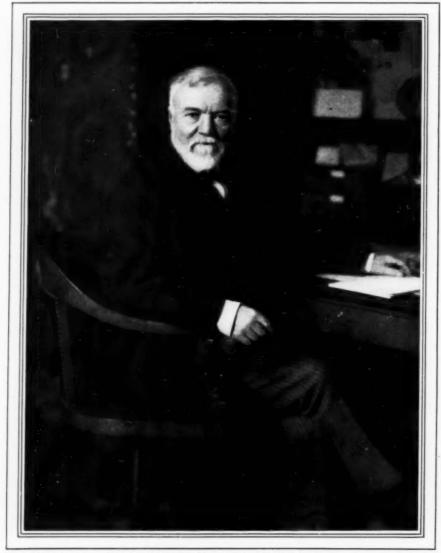
Out of the silver fleece of the Comstock Lode, for example, was spun the glittering Bonanza fabric; Montana yielded up her copper heart to man's enrichment; the beef of the plains created the barons whose hallmark is Chicago; the floor of the New York Stock Exchange is a checker-board for the shifting play of a thousand fortunes.



JUDGE THOMAS MELI.ON, JURIST AND BUSINESS MAN, WHO FOUNDED WHAT IS TO-DAY THE LEADING BANKING FAMILY IN PITTSBURGH

Of the visible supply of millionaires in the United States, New York contains nearly half. She is a mighty creator of wealth, but she is still more mighty as a magnet for the wealth that other cities create. Men come to her to spend the money they have made elsewhere, and it is this elsewhere that is most interesting.

Wealth has distinct associations. With the Western money kings you couple the breezy freedom of the great open spaces; with New England magnates, the whir of spindle and loom; with the New York Crossuses, the prestige of entrenched financial power; with the Pittsburgh millionaire, the sweat and stress of labor. With this impression of the men of Vet for every one Pittsburgh millionaire who yields to the blandishments of Broadway, twenty become part of Wall Street, and, what is more to the point of this narrative, a hundred remain at home to carry on



ANDREW CARNEGIE, THE WIZARD OF STEEL, WHO MADE FORTY MILLIONAIRES, AND WHO DID MUCH TO GIVE TO PITTSBURGH ITS INDUSTRIAL SUPREMACY

From a copyrighted photograph by Pack, New York

the steel city there are also linked, in the popular mind, the loose spilling of millions and a certain disregard for the conventions of life.

their home city's amazing succession of financial power.

That vast, gray, smoke-bannered dynamo of energy which sentinels the head-waters



E. V. BABCOCK, A SELF-MADE PITTSBURGHER, WHO STARTED WITH A PITTANCE AND BECAME A MILLIONAIRE IN LUMBER



F. R. BABCOCK, ANOTHER LUMBER MILLIONAIRE, BROTHER OF E. V., AND PRESIDENT OF THE PITTSBURGH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



ROBERT GARLAND, BORN IN POVERTY ON AN IRISH FARM, AND NOW A DOMINANT FACTOR IN IRON From a photograph



W. H. DONNER, A YOUNG PITTSBURGH MILLIONAIRE,
WHO MADE HIS FORTUNE IN TIN PLATE
From a photograph by Matzene, New York



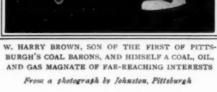
COLONEL JAMES H. GUFFEY, THE LARGEST INDE-PENDENT OIL OPERATOR IN THE UNITED STATES, AND FOR YEARS A FORCE IN PITTSBURGH From a photograph by Richards, Pittsburgh



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN JONES, JR., WHO IS NOW AT THE HEAD OF THE GREAT JONES AND LAUGHLIN STEEL COMPANY From a photograph by Falk, New York



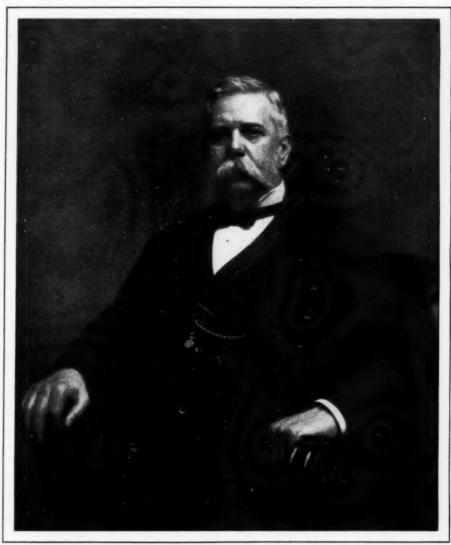
GEORGE T. OLIVER, UNITED STATES SENATOR
FROM PENNSYLVANIA, PUBLISHER, AND
MILLIONAIRE STEEL MAN
From a photograph by Edmonston. Washington





of the Ohio—the city which makes you think of a Rodin statue, because it is the unformed figure of achievement incarnate is like a huge, dim Aladdin's lamp. The When you seek the causes of Pittsburgh's enormous wealth, you find one answer in a phrase that used to be current there.

"Scratch a Pittsburgher," it ran, "and



GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, THE FAMOUS INVENTOR, CREATOR OF A GREAT PITTSBURG INDUSTRY, AND MAKER OF A SMALL GROUP OF MILLIONAIRES

From a copyrighted thotograph by Gessford, New York

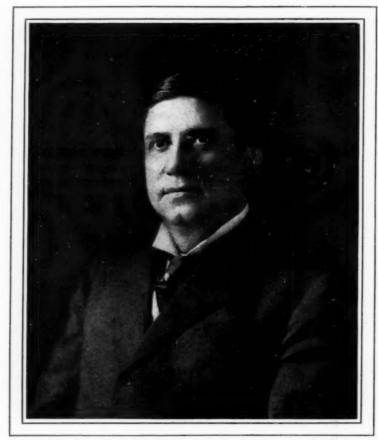
master hand of industrial genius has rubbed its blackened sides, and they gleam with gold. No other city, in proportion to its size, has created so many millionaires. What is this golden output? What are the sources of the auriferous stream? you find a man who has worked with his hands."

It is characteristic of the town that the sons of those Titanic beginners are not ashamed of their shirt-sleeved ancestry. Senator George T. Oliver, head of the Oliver hierarchy, and keeper of millions, said to me:

"Yes, my father was a humble saddlemaker."

Henry Phipps will tell you unabashed that the sire whose name he bears was a cobbler. That is why you find no "idle rich" in Pittsburgh. Those who want to blood. Through them thrift, acumen and tireless energy were grained into the very fiber of the place. Their descendants now form an autocracy of colossal power, still impelled by the motives of that earlier day. Iron is in the city's blood.

Two other powerful factors have contributed to Pittsburgh's prosperity—geogra-



CHARLES M. SCHWAB, THE MECHANICAL WIZARD OF THE CARNEGIE RÉGIME, AND ONE OF THE MARVELOUS GROUP OF SHIRT-SLEEVE MILLIONAIRES

dawdle go to New York. The stay-athomes are geared up to a seven-cipher pressure; retirement has no lure for them. Men like B. F. Jones, Jr., the independent steel king, and Andrew W. Mellon, the financial arbiter, are at the posts that their fathers left.

The cornerstone of Pittsburgh's prestige was laid in the character of its first workers. Nine-tenths of the early population were of Scottish-Irish, Welsh, or German phy and geology. The city stands in a commanding and strategic position, at the head of a great river that flows down to join the still mightier Father of Waters. Remember that it stood there in the days when the steam-packet was the traveler's palace-car, and our chief arteries of traffic were the rivers and lakes. From that period dates the activity which created Pittsburgh's industrial supremacy.

With that supremacy once established, it

was maintained and confirmed by the fact that it proved easier to bring the ore to the fuel than to ship the fuel to the ore. Had this been reversed, Duluth might be the Pittsburgh of our time, and the point of land where Bienville stood when the eighteenth century was at its noon might simply be a drab, conventional town, a market for coal and coke, and a starting-point for river steamers.

It only remains to speak of Pittsburgh's wealth of natural resources — of the coal that lay beneath her streets, of the limestone that ribbed her hills, of the natural gas that blazed in the valleys around. They were all brought out of the earth and harnessed to the vast wealth-producing machine of the city's industries.

Pittsburgh has come to be so closely associated with millions that it is difficult to imagine a time when the town sheltered no great fortunes. Having once struck its stride, the community became prosperous, but the accumulations of the earlier days were insignificant when compared with the treasures of to-day. Standards of wealth have changed. A hundred thousand dollars in the fifties meant as much as a million to-day. It was not until the Carnegian sunburst of steel in the eighties that the day of millions dawned.

Even at the present time it is difficult to make anything like an exact measure of the city's millions. In Pittsburgh, as in other communities, the unknown millionaire is a silent but powerful force.

Here is an instance. For some years a shabby-looking old man who wore a straw hat nine months at a stretch used to shuffle into one of the Pittsburgh banks four times a year. A customer asked who he was.

"That old man?" replied the cashier.
"He deposits two hundred thousand dollars in dividends and coupons here every quarter."

The bank official named this solid but unpretentious citizen, but the customer had never heard of him.

One morning a notice announcing the death of W. W. Card came to the desk of the city editor of an afternoon newspaper in Pittsburgh. The name was strange to him, but, acting on the journalistic theory

that you never know what is behind a happening, he sent out a reporter to investigate. In an hour the emissary returned with the information that Mr. Card was a multimillionaire, having been one of the few to come in on the ground floor of the Westinghouse air-brake. He had made and used his millions without the aid of a brass band. The story is typical.

It must be borne in mind, too, that men amassed wealth in Pittsburgh before steel became the dominant money-producer. Coal, oil, glass, even cork, all had their part in the fortune-play. Some of the sires of the present-day autocracies were masterful and impressive figures. The name of each is linked with some business that he found a nursling and left a giant.

THE FIRST OF THE COAL BARONS

Take coal, without which there would be no steel empire to-day. It created a dozen millionaires. None was more picturesque than William Henry Brown, the earliest of the Pittsburgh coal barons. He was born on a farm in Butler County, Pennsylvania, early in the last century. As a young man, he walked to Pittsburgh, and began to dig coal. It lay under the sidewalks and lined the hills. When he had saved enough to buy a horse and wagon, he would dig his own coal early in the morning and then peddle it around the town in the afternoon. His wife was his bookkeeper. From this humble start grew what was the largest individual coal business on the inland waters.

Brown soon had others digging for him. Before long he owned a mine. By the end of the thirties he was a colossus in coal. He realized the growing significance of the Ohio and Mississippi river trade. The packet era was then swinging into full blast, and he conceived the idea of shipping coal in long, deep barges all the way down to New Orleans. He built the first tow-boat, forerunner of a flotilla that still flourishes.

Brown was a real overlord in more ways than one. His flag flew upon the rivers from Pittsburgh to the Gulf. Personally, he fitted into a fighting business day. He was more than six feet tall, big of body and of bone. He wore a wide Sam Houston hat

EDITOR'S NOTE—The present article is the first of a series dealing with our great American cities, with the industrial and commercial factors that have contributed to their growth and to their wealth, and with their most prominent moneyed families and individuals. Next month's article will be entitled "The Millionaire Yield of Cleveland."

and a long broadcloth coat. He carried in his own head the ramified details of his immense business. He was shrewd, strong,

and sagacious.

The Civil War gave him a great opportunity. Uncle Sam needed coal, and Brown had a corner on it. He coaled the fleets that pounded Fort Donelson and Vicksburg. He was a Union man in sentiment, and often he had to carry valuable cargoes through

dangerous waters.

Many stories are told of his shrewdness. One day in 1863 there was to be a big letting of government coal contracts at Cairo. The four leading Pittsburgh coal men went to the spot to get the business. They were Brown, Joseph Walton, who vied with him for coal supremacy, Thomas Fawcett, and John A. Wood.

The bids were to be sealed and delivered by noon. The quartermaster had established himself in a hotel at Cairo, and the four bidders deposited their bids; but Brown only sent in a piece of blank paper.

At noon the bidders gathered for dinner. Walton, Fawcett, and Wood, believing that the time for secrecy was past, told the prices they had submitted. Brown thereupon excused himself for a moment, went to the quartermaster's office—which he found empty—drew out his blank paper, and substituted a bid one cent below his lowest competitor. Then he calmly went back to dinner. Of course, he got the contract.

In his palmy days he had a dozen huge coal stations up and down the big rivers. He coaled the queens of the Mississippi—famous boats like the Robert E. Lee and the Natchez. Before he died, he took his two sons into business with him. One of them, Sam Brown, died several years ago. The other, W. Harry Brown, survives, and is to-day a large independent coal operator, with oil and gas interests. He is a millionaire whose wealth is solidly grounded.

When the elder Brown died, he owned twenty steamboats and more than a thousand barges. He did not live to see the inevitable changes which transformed the coal business, making the railroad a factor as miner and seller, and putting the gondola car far ahead of the barge as conveyer.

A PITTSBURGH FINANCIAL FAMILY

Now turn to the story of the Mellons, a family of finance, sprung from one of the foremost of those early Pittsburgh business rulers. When the last century was in its teens, a sturdy farmer named Mellon emigrated from Ireland to Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. Among the children was a son, Thomas, born on the other side. Before he was twenty, the family moved to Pittsburgh. Here the boy attended the university in the daytime and studied law at night. Soon he was admitted to the bar.

Shrewd and canny by instinct, he early displayed rare business sense. He made a specialty of mortgages and leases, and thus began to get a knowledge of finance. He was elected judge of the Common Pleas Court in 1859, and remained on the bench for ten years. When he retired, he founded the private banking-house of T. Mellon, which later became T. Mellon & Sons. For many years he was a tremendous financial figure in Pittsburgh. He looked a little like Henry Clay, although in business procedure he may be called a predecessor of Russell Sage, for he kept huge sums of ready cash on hand, which were valuable profit-makers during periods of panic and disaster.

Thomas Mellon once summed up his theory of the successful conservation of

money with a homely parallel.

"When a pigeon has a few grains of corn," he said, "in order to keep them, he must either bury them or keep constantly

watching the pile."

One morning in 1873, at a time when panic stalked about the land, the old judge received a letter from a young man who lived at Mount Pleasant, forty miles away. He was bookkeeper in a distillery, but he had dabbled in coke. He had a peculiar and abiding faith in the industry, despite the fact that most of the coke-makers were in bankruptcy, and coke was selling below the cost of production. He needed twenty thousand dollars, and he wanted to borrow it from the Mellon bank. His name was Henry C. Frick.

The would-be borrower offered no security, but there was something in his clear, convincing statement of facts that impressed even so stern a banker as the judge. Mr. Mellon sent an agent down to investigate Frick, and he came back with a recommendation that the loan should be made. In this way Mr. Frick got his first big chance, which helped to make him king of coke and a rival of the mighty Carnegie. I might add that he never forgot the obligation, and that to-day he is closely allied with the Mellon interests.

Like the venerable Meyer Guggenheim—him of the seven sons—Judge Mellon believed in family team-work. Before he retired, in 1881, he drew his boys around him in business. They now form the ruling dynasty of Pittsburgh banking. Their citadel is the powerful Mellon National Bank, while their subsidiary fortresses are the Union Trust Company—whose stock, with a par value of one hundred dollars, sells for three thousand dollars a share—and the Union Sayings-Bank.

The Mellon National bears about the same relation to Pittsburgh finance that the National City Bank does to Wall Street, with this addition—it has for its president Andrew W. Mellon, who is the J. P. Mor-

gan of the Steel City.

Even with the Mellon Building, you get a parallel with the house of Morgan. Pittsburgh has dozens of banking establishments more elaborate and pretentious than this one. Like the structure at Broad and Wall Streets which houses the very throne-room of American finance, the headquarters of the Mellon interests is a plain iron structure. It does not even front on the Wall Street of Pittsburgh, but faces on Smithfield Street, with an L that runs around to Fifth Avenue. As in Mr. Morgan's case, Mr. Mellon sits in the "back office," mentor of millions.

To reach him, you go through a humming counting - room no larger than the lobby of the average bank, but dynamic with business. Passing the gantlet that habitual inaccessibility sets up, you finally stand in at this inner money shrine. It is small and plain, devoid of ornament, and in winter a natural-gas fire blazes in one corner. At a flat-topped mahogany desk in the middle of the room sits a spare man of medium height, whose hair is gray and whose mustache is streaked with white. It is the typical banker's face, with square jaw, unemotional mouth, and penetrating eye. No relaxation lurks there. Such is Andrew W. Mellon, and over the desk in front of him passes an important part of Pittsburgh's financial destiny.

The banks which I have mentioned are only part of the family strength. The Mellons also control the aluminum business; they are heavily interested in traction; they are in many steel enterprises, and they are

powers in oil and refining.

You can tell a banker's status by the company he keeps. The board of the Mellon National is a sort of Pittsburgh financial "Who's Who." Heading the list of directors is the great Henry C. Frick. Then come B. F. Jones, Jr., the independent steel king; Henry Phipps, the veteran magnate of the Carnegie era; James H. and J. M. Lockhart, sons of the first of the Pittsburgh oil barons; Henry C. McEldowney, president of the Union Trust Company; William B. Schiller, president of the National Tube Company — in fact, a group of men rich enough to found a whole new community of interests.

While Andrew Mellon is the dominating member of the family, his two brothers—Richard B., who is vice-president of the Mellon bank, and James R.—are also strong men. Representative of the third generation is William L. Mellon, son of James R., who is making his own career in oil and pipe-lines, and who warrants the conviction that the family fortune will not only be conserved, but increased.

In the early days of his married life James R. Mellon built, close to his handsome house, a replica of his grandfather's little thatched cottage in Ireland. Pointing

to it, he would say to his son:

"Your grandfather was born in a hut like that. Don't be ashamed of it, for it shows that thrift, energy, and enterprise alone can make you rich and keep you rich."

THE PITTSBURGH OIL FORTUNES

It is a fact, although it has been pretty generally forgotten, that the murky city at the head of the Ohio helped to shape the whole petroleum industry. Pittsburgh men developed the first Pennsylvania oil-fields, made the first oil markets, and developed the system of transporting the fluid which built up the greatest of American financial hierarchies.

Early in the fifties Charles Lockhart, who lived in Pittsburgh, began to deal in petroleum. In those days it was used as a medicine and sold by the bottle. Ultimately Mr. Lockhart became a director of the South Improvement Company, one of the real parents of the Standard Oil. He was, perhaps, the pioneer of all the oil operators.

More dramatic is the story of Captain Jacob J. Vandergrift, another of the early oil monarchs. He came from a hardy river family, and rose from cabin-boy to captain. When Colonel Drake made the memorable strike on Oil Creek that set all the country by the ears, Vandergrift hurried to the scene

of the discovery. He soon saw that the man who solved the problem of oil transportation would reap a rich harvest.

The Civil War put a temporary stop to his operations, but with peace he set about capitalizing his plans. He came to the conclusion that the cheapest available method was to use bulk boats. He built a dozen, towed them to Oil Creek, filled them with oil, and returned to Pittsburgh. On one of these trips he cleared eleven dollars a barrel, or seventy thousand dollars on his whole cargo.

Captain Vandergrift was among the first to lay a pipe-line for oil. He formed the United Pipe Lines, which subsequently became part of the vast network that now gridirons the whole country, bearing the mark of the National Transit Company, the Standard's great artery. To Captain Vandergrift also belongs the credit of having introduced natural gas into Pittsburgh for

fuel and industrial purposes.

Typical of a later period is Colonel James H. Guffey, who has probably opened more oil-producing country than any other man, for it was he who tapped the Texas, Kansas, and Oklahoma fields. He started in life as a railroad clerk, and then became a contractor in the Pennsylvania oil-fields. During his career he has amassed three or four fortunes, and he now has extensive coal, gold, and silver interests. He has long been active in politics, and is the Pennsylvania member of the Democratic national committee.

What happened in coal and oil has happened in many other activities. Glass has reared a dozen great Pittsburgh fortunes. One of the early manufacturers was J. B. Ford. His son, Emery Ford, would have been another glass king if he had lived. Some years ago, when he was traveling in Europe with his friend William H. Price, he contracted smallpox in Genoa. The local authorities speedily arrived in force to carry the sick man to the pest-house. Meanwhile, however, Price had gone down-town, had bought the house, and then defied the police to throw him out. It became his castle, and for a month he nursed young Ford, who finally succumbed. Mr. Price is now president of the Diamond National Bank, of Pittsburgh, and one of the millionaire yield.

THE HEROIC AGE OF IRON

We now come to the real epic in the romance of Pittsburgh—the imperial era of

steel, wherein the mastery of millions reached its most bewildering proportions. The basis of a new epoch of our national wealth, it has carried the prestige of American industrial achievement to the remotest ends of the earth.

At the first mention of steel, there troops before the mind the image of the Carnegie battalions; but iron was in the very soul of Pittsburgh long before the future Laird of Skibo set out from Scotland. Even while he was carrying telegraph-messages in Allegheny, destiny was shaping the industry to which he was later to give a golden age. William Kelly, down in the Kentucky hills, and Henry Bessemer, in England, were perfecting the process that was to revolutionize the whole drama of metal by producing cheap steel.

It was in these perilous fifties that the first of the steel Titans stepped upon the stage where he was to have such big part. Andrew Kloman had not yet set up the small forge at Millvale, where he hammered the first bolt of the structure that grew into the United States Steel Corporation, when Benjamin Franklin Jones went into the steel business. With his advent, the heroic age of iron began. For sixty years he loomed large amid its dust and din. He personified Mr. Carnegie's ideal of a steelmaster; he was in every sense a masterful

and compelling personality.

Mr. Jones's ancestors crossed the ocean with William Penn, and settled in Philadelphia. His father, a surveyor, was of Welsh blood; his mother was mingled Alsatian and Scottish. Here was a cross that made for hardihood and thrift. When he was fourteen, the family moved to New Brighton, in western Pennsylvania, and four years later the boy set out to make his fortune. Few glowing opportunities beckoned to the youth of the land in those days; careers and fortunes had to be wrested out

Young Jones practically tramped to Pittsburgh. It was the canal-boat era, and his first employment was as receiving-clerk for the Mechanics' Line, which transported freight from Pittsburgh to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. At the head of the concern was Samuel M. Kier. During his first year the boy got his board and scant wages. but at the end of three years he was manager, and when he was twenty-one he was a partner in the firm, which be-

came Kier & Jones.

of harsh circumstance.

Jones had a rare vision, and foresaw the changes that soon came thick and fast upon the growing nation. He saw that the railroad would put an end to canal-boat profits, and he appreciated the great need of iron in the development of the country. On his advice, the firm bought an iron furnace in

Indiana County.

It was a crude, almost inaccessible plant. The only available ore was of poor quality, and there was no tariff to lessen the force of foreign competition. Mr. Kier became discouraged and quit, but Jones, who was young and resolute, kept to his faith in iron. In 1851 he became associated with Bernard Lauth, who was building the American Iron-works, near Pittsburgh, and the firm became Jones & Lauth. He was barely twenty-seven when he took charge of what grew into the greatest of all the independent steel establishments.

It was typical of Mr. Jones's business creed that in all the years of his activity few changes were made in the personnel of his business. In 1854 James Laughlin, a packer and banker, drawn by the young man's brilliant attainments, formed a connection with him. A few years later, when Mr. Lauth retired, the name of Laughlin was substituted for his in the firm. Henceforth Jones and Laughlin were inseparably linked in the conquest of steel.

The firm has been a close family concern; no one entered it save through birth or marriage. No wires ran from it to Wall Street; stock manipulation had no part in its development. All that the public was asked to do was to buy its product. In time came the sons of the first Laughlin, Major George M., Henry A., and James, Jr.; and now their sons, the third generation, are in the business. So far only the second generation of the Joneses has qualified for service.

From first to last, Mr. Jones believed in the old-fashioned partnership. Business, to him, was like the journalism of bygone times—a deep and personal thing. The patriarchal idea in industry appealed to him, and he was a veritable incarnation of

the principles for which he stood.

In the earlier years, when his great South Side works were already spreading out over acres of ground, he was at his desk at seven o'clock every morning. During the forenoon he was busy in the mills; in the afternoon he went down-town to sell goods, and at night he disposed of his correspondence. There is a legend in his plant to-day that

when a new office-building was constructed no gas fixtures were installed in his office, in order to prevent him from working after business hours.

When, as a mere youth, he entered the iron business, the old guard were first amused and then amazed by his progress. They called a meeting, and asked him to attend. The chairman rose and said:

"Mr. Jones, we will recognize you, if you promise not to take our men and our

business."

The young ironmaster clapped his hat on his head and stalked out, saying:

"I don't want that kind of recognition!"
He was one of the first manufacturers to use Lake Superior ore. It was characteristic of the breadth and foresight of his business judgment that he left nothing to chance or the middleman. He procured from the original sources all the material he used; he owned ore-fields, natural gas-wells, cokeovens, and coal-mines.

His greatest service to the steel-worker was his conspicuous part in bringing the "sliding scale" of wages into existence. When he advocated it, back in 1863, it was regarded as revolutionary; now it is fundamental. This scale preserves a fair relation between the wages paid the men and the ruling market price of their product.

For eighteen years he was president of the American Iron and Steel Association. He was a delegate to the convention that nominated James G. Blaine for the Presidency, and he was chairman of the Republican national committee during the campaign that followed. He was a devoted admirer of the Plumed Knight, and prided himself on what was really a marked resemblance to him. He accompanied Mr. Blaine on several important speech-making trips, and when the candidate was too tired to do the hand-shaking Mr. Jones sometimes represented him.

It was to Mr. Jones that Blaine wrote the famous letter from Florence, in 1888, declining to run for the Presidency, and it was he who was among the first to solicit Benjamin Harrison to enter the national political field. He never sought office, but in 1899 he received sixty-nine votes for United States Senator. It represented the united opposition in the Pennsylvania Legislature to Ouay, who was seeking reelection.

Mr. Jones lived to see his business grow from forty tons a day to three thousand, and that capacity is now doubled. A host of fifteen thousand men rally around his industrial flags. There is no greater tribute to his genius as an ironmaster than the fact that the institution that he reared is to-day the only one of its kind which provides real competition to the Steel Corporation, and which has resisted all overtures for amalgamation.

When he died, in 1903, no one mourned his loss more than his lifelong friend and some-time business foe, Andrew Carnegie, who called him the "Nestor of Steel."

There is, as all of us know, little sentiment in business, but if you go to the office-building of the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, in Pittsburgh, you will find, on a top floor, a room still dedicated to Mr. Jones. Here are the simple, time-beaten, flat-topped desk that he used, and the plain swivel chair in which he sat. Around are the portraits of his old friends and work-mates. It is as if he had just left it, for there is about the office a certain effective simplicity, breathing the personality of the man who ruled it.

THE INDEPENDENT STEEL KING

With the passing of the elder Jones, a new independent steel baron took the throne. There stepped into the headship of the house his son, B. F. Jones, Jr., who occupies an eminence in steel all his own.

One reason for this is the fact that he is himself a strong personality; another is that his canny father had no illusions about the sons of the rich. After sending his boy to Princeton, he gave him a grilling course in steel. He was started in the sales department, mastering the all-important activity which provides the life-blood of business. Then he went through the financial end. When he was thirty-two, he was chairman of the board. At thirty-four, when his father passed away, he had been president of the company for a year.

Closely associated with him to-day are the Laughlins of the third generation—a group of clean, well-set-up college men who are doing a full day's work wherever their post of duty may happen to be. A cousin, William Larimer Jones, nephew of the original B. F., is general superintendent, and a real Jones. Thus the tradition of the fathers

is being preserved.

THE CARNEGIE ERA

Exactly thirteen years after B. F. Jones started his career as an ironmaster, Andrew

Carnegie bought an interest in the Iron City Forge, operated by Andrew Kloman, whose principal partner was Henry Phipps. This triumvirate, therefore, stands at the head of a long and glittering array of princes of steel.

The whole Carnegie story has already been told in detail in this magazine. It need only be recalled here as part of Pittsburgh's

golden legend.

The canny little Scot, born in a weaver's cottage in Dunfermline, is a modern industrial King Arthur. He gathered around him the paladins of industrial knighthood, waved above them the magic wand of his marvelous organizing genius, and they rose as millionaires. Altogether, he made it possible for each of forty men to write a seven-figure check.

Of the giants whose genius was linked with his, Henry C. Frick remains the most powerful. He is Pittsburgh's greatest landlord, is reputed to be the heaviest stockholder in the Pennsylvania Railroad, and is head and front of a vast variety of profit-

able interests.

Henry Phipps, oldest of the famous partners, has emancipated himself from the turmoil of trade, but Charles M. Schwab, the mechanical wizard of the Carnegie era, and the most picturesque of all the associates, is still in the strife of steel, head of the great Bethlehem works.

Besides those I have already mentioned, the partners whom Mr. Carnegie reared to the millionaire estate include George Lauder, William H. Singer, Henry M. Curry, Lawrence C. Phipps, Alexander R. Peacock, Francis T. F. Lovejoy, Thomas Morrison, George H. Wightman, Daniel M. Clemson, James Gayley, Andrew M. Moreland, Charles L. Taylor, Alfred R. Whitney, William W. Blackburn, John C. Fleming, Ogden Hoffman, Millard Hunsiker, GeorgegE. McCague, James Scott, William E. Corey Joseph E. Schwab, Lewis T. Brown, David G. Kerr, Homer J. Lindsav, Hampden E. Tener, Jr., George Megrew, Gibson D. Packer, William B. Dickson, Albert C. Case, John McLeod, Charles W. Baker, Henry P. Bope, John Walker, and Alva C. Dinkey.

Mr. Carnegie has long since left business cares behind him; but while steel endures, the massive, blackened bulks of Homestead, Duquesne, and Braddock—cradles of our steel supremacy—will stand as symbols

of his leadership.

Before we pass from the glamour of steel, let us turn for a moment to one other noteworthy figure—a man who gave to Pittsburgh's dominant industry an interesting tradition. This is Henry W. Oliver, boyhood companion of Andrew Carnegie, whose life was a series of dramatic climaxes, and who combined the speculative daring of James R. Keene with the constructive courage of E. H. Harriman.

He was born in Ireland, and, like Carnegie, he started as a messenger-boy. His first venture in steel was as a maker of bolts and nuts. Then he became the associate of Rockefeller and Frick in the "billion-dollar wilderness"—the Lake Superior ore region. He made and lost half a dozen fortunes, but died very rich. To-day a street in Pittsburgh bears his name, and the fine Oliver sky-scraper is a tribute to his foresight and fortune.

Of all the early knights of steel, Henry W. Oliver was the most dashing. His was a wonderfully magnetic personality. During his periods of financial misfortune, his workmen labored for weeks without wages, so devoted were they to their chief.

He believed in discipline. Once he took a friend to his mill on Sunday. A new watchman, who did not know Mr. Oliver, ordered him out. When he protested, the man threatened to kick him out. He went. Next day he sent a letter to his superintendent, commending the watchman's nerve, and suggesting that his wages should be increased.

Two Olivers to-day maintain the integrity of the family millions. The eldest is David -"Uncle Dave," they call him in Pittsburgh—who has ceased million-making and is interested in public education. The other is United States Senator George T. Oliver, who succeeded P. C. Knox, and who has long been a power in Pennsylvania politics and journalism. He owns two Pittsburgh newspapers - the Gazette-Times and the Chronicle-Telegraph. He was trained for the law, but, following the family bent, went into steel. His two sons, George S. and Augustus Oliver, representing the third generation in Pittsburgh affairs, are keen, alert newspaper publishers, with whom the Oliver future seems safe.

WESTINGHOUSE, MAKER OF MILLIONAIRES

Andrew Carnegie was not Pittsburgh's only creator of millionaires, though he was, of course, by far the most productive.

George Westinghouse not only created a whole new industry, but several great fortunes as well.

There is this parallel between Westinghouse and Carnegie as wealth-builders: The wizard of the air-brake drew around him engineers and scientists, a group of geniuses who dealt in an intangible thing—inventive power. The steelmaster, on the other hand, assembled industrial talent and capitalized it to the utmost, with the word "output" as his rallying cry.

The few men who were far-sighted enough to aid the air-brake in its precarious days were enriched. Among them were Robert Pitcairn, fellow messenger-boy of Carnegie, and later a power in Pittsburgh transportation; W. W. Card, whose story I have already told; John R. McGinley, whom Mr. Westinghouse took from the schoolroom and made a millionaire, and Walter Uptegraff, who began as messenger and is now his confidential representative.

At sixty-five Mr. Westinghouse is still adding to the list of three hundred inventions that stand to his credit. The sun never sets upon some device of his, for the air-brake hisses into Jerusalem, sputters out of Skagway, and stops cars in Hankow.

THE AVERAGE PITTSBURGH MILLIONAIRE

So far I have dealt, in the main, with powerful groups or families whose names have been linked with large achievement, and who have created fortunes out of the well-known Pittsburgh staples. But it is characteristic of the extraordinary wealth of the city that it has scores of other millionaires, of whom the outside world has practically never heard.

Few people, for example, associate lumber with the beehive of Pittsburgh industry, yet you have only to turn to the Babcocks to see what it can do in millionaire-making. Twenty-five years ago these two brothers were handling timber in a Detroit yard at a dollar a day; now their holdings aggregate ten millions. They have shaved forest-clad mountainsides, established whole communities, and yet found time for valuable public service. E. V. Babcock is a member of the new city council which succeeded the old graft-ridden shame of Pittsburgh, and F. R. Babcock is president of the Chamber of Commerce.

Lumber started at least one other Pittsburgh millionaire on the road to fortune. In August, 1884, F. F. Nicola, aged twenty-

four, deposited two hundred dollars in a Pittsburgh bank. He had saved it out of his earnings as a timber clerk at Ann Arbor, for he worked while he attended college. He set up in the lumber business for himself, and prospered. Once he had to take some land in exchange for material, and realty became his passion. To-day he is Pittsburgh's most dazzling operator, yet permanency of improvement has attended his ventures.

About twelve years ago he built a milliondollar hotel in an out-of-the-way corn-field. People thought he was insane. Now he has reared about it a whole civic center, which includes a memorial hall, an armory, and fine clubs, and will in time embrace the new University of Pittsburgh. It was Mr. Nicola who vivified a string of decrepit railroad properties, and sold them to George J. Gould as the nucleus of the Pittsburgh division of the Wabash system. He is a dreamer of indomitable will, and he has seen some of his big dreams come true.

A type of the young, clear-cut, self-made man of millions is W. H. Donner, who got his start running a small flour-mill in Columbus, Indiana. He was attracted to tin-plate, and located a plant on a farm site near Pittsburgh which is now the prosperous town of Monessen. After it was absorbed by the tin-plate trust, he organized the Union Steel Company, in which he had the backing of the Mellons. Around this establishment he built the town of Donora, which is named after him. The Steel Corporation considered his mills good enough to buy. Now he is a factor in finance, a director of the Mellon National Bank, and a force to be reckoned with.

The story of the Garland brothers is like that of the Babcocks, only they were born amid the emerald uplands of Ireland. Robert Garland resembles Mr. Roosevelt in person, manner, and general character. has taken up one of the new occupations of the Pittsburgh millionaire, which is to sit on an industrial commission, organized to boom the city's attractions for diversified industries. With his brother, John W. Garland, he forms a firm that is a power in the

iron trade.

Here is the romance of another Pittsburgh millionaire. Not so very many years ago Russell Boggs was peddling milk in the little town of Harmony, thirty miles from Pittsburgh. He saw the difficulty that his father and other farmers had in getting

their products to the city market, and made up his mind to remedy it some day.

He went to Pittsburgh, started as errandboy in a dry-goods store, and is now a magnate of retail trade. One of the first things that he did when he came into his own was to connect up the old home town with the traction lines that went to the big city. Altogether he owns a hundred miles of trolleys.

His compeer in self-made success is Ioseph W. Marsh. In his teens Marsh drove a grocery-wagon by day and studied stenography by night. His employer told him that he would have to work in the evenings, but he gave up his position rather than abandon his studies. The business college got him a place in the Westinghouse offices. One morning Mr. Westinghouse's personal stenographer was ill, and Marsh answered the ring for dictation. The great inventor was so much impressed with the young man's intelligence that he promoted him rapidly. Later, Marsh went into business for himself, and is now a power in conduit manufacture.

I might continue this list of wonder tales through many pages. I might tell how H. J. Heinz, of "fifty-seven varieties" fame, started by vending horseradish from a wheelbarrow, and became a food king; how J. W. and W. S. Kuhn rose from bank clerks to financial eminence: how Isaac. Morris, and Henry Kauffman graduated from pedlers' carts to the ownership of a great department-store; how John H. Jones tunneled his way through a coal-mine to a coal baronetcy; how John J. Flannery left his undertaker's shop to find a fortune in vanadium; how J. I. Buchanan stepped from a post as private secretary to the stewardship of millions.

The law is another calling that has made millionaires in Pittsburgh, as is shown by such instances as Philander C. Knox and George W. Guthrie. In all, there are perhaps a hundred other names that might be added to the golden roster. Indeed, the subject is so large that it would require a whole book, rather than a magazine article,

to tell the complete story.

Behind this princely panorama of Pittsburgh riches is a deep and far-reaching significance. It proves that there is no witchery about wealth; that there, as elsewhere in this country of vast and thrilling opportunity, energy, thrift, and vision have combined to create a masterful community.

CATCHING UP WITH ROOSEVELT

BY JUDSON C. WELLIVER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY MR. MUNSEY

THE less a man has done, who has done anything at all notable, the easier it is to remember what he has done; the more a man has accomplished, the more difficult it is to keep in mind the victories he has won.

Mr. Roosevelt has done so much in the big arena, has recorded so many triumphs and set in motion so much worth-while thought, that he has overtaxed our memories, leaving us just a bit muddled as concerns the record of his achievements.

The purpose of this article of Mr. Welliver's, however, is not to discuss Mr. Roosevelt's successes or failures, his merits or defects, but to make clear our own change of viewpoint.

We are moving forward so rapidly in this period of political and social evolution that what was radical yesterday is conservative to-day; what we fought yesterday as dangerous and revolutionary policies are to-day accepted as wholesome, welcome measures, against which few, if any, would raise a note of protest. They fit to-day as if they had always been with us. The simple fact is that we have caught up with them.

This Welliver article treats the subject merely from its legislative phase, and in this phase it does no more than give a microscopic suggestion of the tremendous opposition Roosevelt met and overcame. The measures he initiated are so full of common sense and justice, and have worked out so well, that the very men who opposed them most bitterly would now fight as hard for their retention as they fought against them and against Roosevelt as their sponsor.

We forget these things in the mad rush of our lives, forget the initiative and human energy and determined force spent in prying out the old and installing the new. The world is sodden in its prejudice against anything new, and fights doggedly for what is.

Strenuous as was the fight in the halls of Congress against Roosevelt and his policies, it was mild as compared with the combined fight put up against him by the railroads, by Big Business, and by Wall Street almost to a man—the big fellows and the little fellows alike. No man has ever been more bitterly denounced and more thoroughly hated than Roosevelt was by the "financial district" and all its allied contacts,

It fought him with all the force of its terrible power; fought him in the open and from ambush; fought him through legislation and the lobby; fought him through the press and in any way and every way known to men of vast wealth and to corporations of yet vaster wealth. But Roosevelt won out, and he won because he was right, and because the American people believed in him and his policies, and were back of him.

It does not follow that all the men who opposed Roosevelt, in and out of Congress, were actuated by selfish purposes Some of them doubtless were, but the great majority

were not. They stood for what was because it was. They lacked the imagination to

grasp the new, and shuddered at the approach of any change.

That was as of yesterday, a long-ago yesterday. The archaic practises, which were then the liberties of man, are to-day dim in our memories, disowned and discredited. The radicalism of Roosevelt has taken their place, and has already mellowed into conservatism, with the approval and indorsement of those who once opposed it.

This is "catching up with Roosevelt." Congress has caught up with him, Wall Street has caught up with him, and radicalism has gone beyond him. Of all the big progressives, Roosevelt is to-day preeminently the biggest and sanest conservative—a progressive

conservative.

I hope you will read with care Mr. Welliver's illuminating article. Not to know the facts he states is to be badly equipped for the discussions ahead of you during the coming campaign—discussions in which you will be involved in the drawing-room, at dinners, at your clubs, in business circles, and everywhere, whether at home or abroad.

In the three years since Theodore Roosevelt retired from the Presidency, public opinion, intelligence, and conscience have been "catching up with Roosevelt."

I am going to compare some of the prophecies of evil that greeted his policies with the benefits that have flowed from their crystallization into law. I shall point out some of the notable cases in which Roosevelt, though not a lawyer, proved wiser than some of the best lawyers. I shall show wherein his judgment of the Constitution and its limitations was more accurate than that of statesmen who had set themselves up as the very keepers of the ark of the constitutional covenant.

By all means the greatest monument to Mr. Roosevelt's efforts for reform is the Dolliver-Hepburn Railroad Act. As early as 1901 he began urging the need of such legislation. In December, 1903, he declared in his message that "the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission should be made thoroughgoing, so that it could exercise complete supervision and control over the issue of securities as well as over the

raising and lowering of rates."

The Congressional session of 1905-1906 was given over largely to consideration of the Dolliver-Hepburn measure. It finally became law on June 29, 1906, and has therefore been in effect nearly six years. In the beginning, such legislation was scouted by railroad and financial interests. Today, it would be impossible to organize a respectable support among these same elements for a proposal to repeal the measure. It has ended rate wars, steadied traffic conditions, put a stop to unregulated and injurious competition; has largely quieted

the popular outcry against railway management, and has put securities on a sounder basis than ever before.

THE FIGHT AGAINST A GOOD BILL

All these things are to-day of common knowledge. But when Mr. Roosevelt began agitation for the law he met the most stubborn resistance. When his followers urged measures along these lines the controlling powers in Congress smothered them. It was not until Roosevelt had persistently appealed to public opinion, and finally brought it into step with his policies, that the old Cannon machine in the House yielded and passed the bill. When the collapse finally came the opposition went completely to pieces, and the House was well-nigh unanimous for the measure.

But this only meant that the responsibility had been shifted to the Senate. The Aldrich-Hale machine was relied upon to save the day that its allies in the House had lost.

Accordingly, the bill was referred to the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, which held it an unconscionably long time. Most of the Republicans on the committee were flatly opposed to reporting it. Senator Dolliver, its real author; Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, and Senator Cullom, of Illinois, were the only friendly Republicans. The others—Senators Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Kean, of New Jersey; Foraker, of Ohio; Crane, of Massachusetts, and Elkins, of West Virginia—held out against the bill.

For dreary week after week it seemed certain that the committee would refuse to report the measure at all, and that it would die an inglorious death by asphyxiation in the committee. Such a fate had often been meted out to bills which the powers dared not openly kill, yet would not allow to live. But there was a new factor to be reckoned with. Roosevelt in the White House was mightily in earnest. He had come to the He appealed to the country. He reasoned with men who were honestly opposed. He showed the railroad managers that it was better to accept moderation when it was offered than to fight it off and dam up a

SOME OF THE NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATION

- 1. Dolliver-Hepburn Railroad Act.
- 2. Extension of Forest Reserve.
- 3. National Irrigation Act.
- 4. Improvement of waterways and reservation of water-power sites.
- 5. Employers' Liability Act.
- 6. Safety Appliance Act.
- Regulation of railroad employees' hours of labor.
- Establishment of Department of Commerce and Labor.
- 9. Pure Food and Drugs Act.
- 10. Federal meat inspection.
- 11. Navy doubled in tonnage and greatly increased in efficiency.
- 12. Battle-ship fleet sent around the world.
- State militia brought into coordination with army.
- Canal Zone acquired and work of excavation pushed with increased energy.
- 15. Development of civil self-government in insular possessions.16. Second intervention in Cuba; Cuba re-
- stored to the Cubans.

 17. Finances of Santo Domingo straightened out.
- 18. Alaska Boundary dispute settled.
- 19. Reorganization of the consular service.
- 20. Settlement of the coal strike of 1902.

- 21. The government upheld in Northern Securities decision.
- 22. Conviction of post-office grafters and public-land thieves.
- 23. Directed investigation of the Sugar Trust customs frauds, and the resultant prosecutions.
- Suits begun against the Standard Oil and Tobacco companies and other corporations for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.
- Corporations forbidden to contribute to political campaign funds.
- 26. Keeping the door of China open to American commerce.
- 27. Bringing about the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War by the Treaty of Portsmouth.
- Avoiding the pitfalls created by Pacific Coast prejudice against Japanese immigration.
- Negotiating twenty-four treaties of general arbitration.
- Reduction of the interest-bearing debt by more than \$90,000,000.
- 31. Inauguration of movement for conservation of natural resources.
- 32. Inauguration of the annual conference of Governors of States.
- Inauguration of movement for improvement of conditions of country life.

POLICIES RECOMMENDED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

- 1. Reform of the banking and currency system
- 2. Inheritance tax.
- 3. Income tax.
- Passage of a new employers' liability act to meet objections raised by the Supreme Court.
- 5. Postal savings-banks.

- 6. Parcel-post.
- 7. Revision of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act.
- Legislation to prevent overcapitalization, stock-watering, etc., of common carriers.
- Legislation compelling incorporation under Federal laws of corporations engaged in interstate commerce.

crisis of his career. To lose now was to lose all. He must break the Senate machine, as he had broken that of the House, or it would be master, not he.

So he went at the fight with all his power.

tide of public opinion which would finally overwhelm them in a deluge.

He imparted his energy to his loyal friends in the committee, and at length they won the first victory. The Democrats and the three friendly Republicans forced the bill out without any report. The opposition, in order to injure its standing before the Republican Senate, directed Senator Tillman, a Democrat, to make the report, instead of Senator Dolliver. At the time, the tories esteemed this a marvelously clever coup, but its actual effect was to whet popular indignation, and to strengthen the demand for the measure.

Roosevelt now had his fight out in the daylight, where the country could watch it, where his enemies were at their greatest

disadvantage.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL BUGBEAR

Instantly the opposition changed its tactics. It began to fight the *form* of the legislation; to discover fatal defects; to worry about the Constitution and the attitude of the courts. When the bill came before the Senate, Mr. Aldrich, as leader, proclaimed

his policy thus:

"A majority of the Republican members of the committee did not join in favor of the report, for the reason that, in their judgment, an attempt should have been made to remedy obvious and admitted defects. Clear and adequate provision should have been made for subjecting the orders of the

commission to judicial review."

Senator Foraker, of Ohio, a great lawyer and a leading force in the Senate, opposed all governmental rate-making whatever. He declared that this legislation was "so contrary to the spirit of our institutions, and of such drastic and revolutionary character, that the consequences are likely to be most unusual and far-reaching." He said that Congress did not have the power to do the thing which the bill proposed, and that it was most fortunate for the country that it did not. There was no necessity for such legislation, and it "had not one line in it that afforded any remedy whatever against the greatest and most serious evils that have been mentioned. If it does not fail and perish in the courts," he went on, "experience will shortly demonstrate the utter impracticability of rate-making by a commission." He predicted ruin to the railroads if the legislation should pass.

Senator Scott, of West Virginia, declared that "a careful study of the railroad situation where government control obtains will show the evils resulting, and force the belief that governments cannot make rates that will meet the needs of trade and industry." Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, a very alert watchdog of the Constitution, declared:

"Many others think that the pending measure is in more than one respect of doubtful constitutionality, to say the least. I think I may justly say that many of us regard it as unconstitutional in one or two

important particulars."

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, described the essential feature of the bill "as a direct assault upon the Constitution. It cannot succeed," he added, "unless it can ride down or evade the express provisions of the Constitution which define and protect the judicial powers of the courts, and all its important provisions are framed for this purpose."

That was the terrifying argument to which the measure's opponents were always turning. A study of the *Record* develops that most of the reputed great lawyers on the Republican side predicted that the bill would be found unconstitutional in very important respects, if not as a whole. Yet, after more than five years, not a single provision of that long and involved measure has been so held!

THE CONGRESSIONAL CAVILERS' CHORUS

Senator Clarke, of Arkansas, adopted the familiar tactics of declaring the measure worthless because it did not go far enough.

"The bill as it now stands," he said, "is' based upon an erroneous theory of regulation from its very first provision to its last. It betrays a rare ignorance of the evils to be overcome and of the methods available to Congress in suppression."

Representative Sibley, of Pennsylvania, with more frankness than was indulged in by these velvet-footed statesmen who professed fear of the bill's constitutionality, expressed the thought at the bottom of most opposition minds when he said:

"Not all men supporting this bill are socialists and anarchists, but every socialist and every anarchist does indorse this bill."

Representative McCall, of Massachusetts,

put it thus:

"It is upon the advocates of this bill to show that we should set aside the American system of freight-rates, which has given us rates hardly half as high as are paid by the other great countries of the world, although our railroads pay their labor twice the wages paid in other countries. Give us a reason why we should discard a system which has been a success for a system which has been a failure."

Representative Littlefield, of Maine:

"I do not believe that a tribunal of seven men should be at one and the same time a detective agency, a prosecuting attorney, and a lord high executioner, even though railroads may be the subjects aimed at."

I have quoted indiscriminately from Democrats and Republicans alike, attempting to illustrate the variety of argument and innuendos adduced by the opposition.

So they talked, week after week; talked the winter away into the spring, the spring into the summer, bent on wearing out the President and smothering the bill.

ONE MAN AGAINST A SYSTEM

But the one man who found himself matched against a system welcomed the test. He took up the gage and forced the fighting. He seized every advantage, drove his enemies out of one position after another, and gave a demonstration of staying quality that astounded the opposition. The redoubtable Senate machine was brought to realize that it had met a new kind of attack.

In this struggle time was on the side of Roosevelt, because he knew how to use it, and seemed incapable of weariness. The country came to his aid. The latent power of real but unorganized sentiment made itself felt. Commercial bodies, political organizations, and civic forces came forward to align themselves with the President. Senators were made to understand that the voters were looking on and "keeping tabs." Political careers were put in jeopardy. Constituencies fell afoul of their Senators; togas began to slip away from shoulders that had long worn them in the proud confidence of secure possession. What was the use of beating Roosevelt if, in doing so, his enemies must meet their own destruction?

Thus statesmen began to consult the oracle of their personal ambitions; and as they interpreted its answer, they understood that their salvation was in lining up for the President's bill.

Desertions from the opposition began to be rumored, then confirmed. Defeat stared the Aldrich machine in the face. The day came when a safe majority could be counted for the bill. Then defeat was followed by panic, and panic degenerated into rout.

Roosevelt's victory was complete, sweeping. When the long-awaited hour came, with the final vote on the bill, Republicans and Democrats lined up together for it, and the roll-call showed a majority so large as to be all but unanimous! The men who did not dare vote against the bill contented themselves by supporting it and uttering doleful prophecies of failure, which have not come true.

Thus was won the greatest victory of the Roosevelt administration. It was so complete that it seemed impossible for the opposition ever to pull itself together for a struggle to regain the lost ground.

But not so. Before two years had passed the same old enemies were again in the field for an effort to undo, by indirection, the great achievement. Roosevelt was forced into a fight to save what he had won. The story of how the reactionary House leaders tried to starve the Dolliver-Hepburn law to death, by refusing appropriations for its enforcement, recalls one of his bitterest fights and most signal victories.

THE BATTLE FOR SECTION TWENTY

The law included, as its twentieth section, a provision that the Interstate Commerce Commission should provide a uniform system of accounting for all railroads, require reports, have access to their accounts, and inspect these, to insure that the law was being obeyed.

This was and is widely regarded as the most important feature of the act. It is a guarantee against discrimination, for if government inspectors go through the accounts, it must be practically impossible to give rebates without their knowledge.

There was determined hostility to this provision, and its opponents intrigued to destroy it. A plot was carefully laid, to be sprung when the Sundry Civil Bill of 1908 was passed.

By that time the Interstate Commission had perfected the uniform system of accounting, and needed inspectors and accounting experts to investigate the books of railroads, precisely as bank-examiners investigate banks. Accordingly the commission asked Congress for half a million dollars for such experts.

The Committee on Appropriations, in framing the bill, cut this amount to fifty thousand dollars—a figure so utterly inadequate that it was ridiculous. The tory leaders were determined that section twenty must be destroyed, and knew that if the commission had no money to enforce it, it would fail. The failure could be made a pretext for its repeal.

Speaker Cannon was in fullest sympathy

with this plot; so were such members of the appropriation committee as Chairman Tawney, and Messrs. Gardner, of Michigan; Smith, of Iowa; Keifer, of Ohio; Livingston, of Georgia; Fitzgerald, of New York, and Sherley, of Kentucky. The job was set up very quietly, and it was only by accident that Roosevelt learned of the plot. Without delay, he prepared a special message, insisting that at least three hundred and fifty thousand dollars should be provided.

This message was the signal for the hardest fight the Cannon forces made at that session. It was a conclusive test of strength between Roosevelt and the machine.

The House leaders had intended to make their fight from ambush; to jam through their fifty-thousand-dollar item while nobody was watching; to fool Roosevelt.

He didn't fool. Learning the plot, he exposed it with his ringing message, which once more brought the fighting out into the open. Then he sent for every friendly member of the House, rallied all the doubtful ones who could be reached, sounded the alarm to the country, and forced the issue.

THE CANNON MACHINE AT BAY

It was a tense occasion, that gray morning in late April, 1908, when the crucial item in the Sundry Civil Bill was reached. Both sides had spent several days in summoning their forces and planning for the struggle. To both, it meant far more than appeared on the surface. Down to that day, the Cannon organization had been able to suppress all the big "policy measures" that Roosevelt was urging. Committees packed against them would not bring them out. The session would be a failure unless Roosevelt should seize an opportunity to inflict a square and fair defeat upon his opponents. If he should win in this trial, he would be master of the situation.

The long day of debate opened with a large attendance in the House. Everybody knew that the fate of the session really hung in the balance. Masks were off, gloves cast aside. It was to be a finish fight. Never before had the real bitterness of the old House leadership been so openly displayed.

Chairman Tawney, of the Appropriations Committee, big, forceful, direct, fearless, led the machine's phalanx. As soon as the amendment had been offered to raise the appropriation from fifty thousand dollars to three hundred and fifty thousand, he was on his feet, and the battle was open.

"If section twenty is to depend upon an army of examiners for its enforcement," Mr. Tawney protested, "that section is an absolute failure. Who has ever advocated that, because we had enacted a law of that kind, therefore Congress should provide an army of examiners for the purpose of supervising the conduct of every man to determine whether or not he was obeying the law? Why, gentlemen, it will require an army of men, and ultimately result in a Federal audit of all the accounts of the transportation companies. I submit that we should not become hysterical over this proposition. The committee oppose the populistic demand for unnecessary appropriations for that service."

Mr. Sherley, of Kentucky, declared that section twenty meant "to take a burden upon the government that not only is useless, but will be expensive beyond the dream of men. I protest against the theory that we must have an army of inspectors and spies on the men of America during each hour of the working day to see that they

do not disobey the law."

Mr. Keifer vociferously echoed this appeal to prejudice, declaring that "the time is coming when somebody should cry 'Halt' against this vicious method of attacking business under the cover of assailing public corporations, and treating them all as if they were criminal organizations."

And Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York, he who one year later led a little band of reactionary Democrats in saving the Carmon

rules, declared:

"I have not reached that point yet where I believe every man engaged in business is

endeavoring to act illegally."

Mr. Richardson, of Alabama, declared that "the amount of fifty thousand dollars follows upon prudent, careful lines, but the increase proposed is a leap in the dark. The time has not come when I will go so far as to do wrong and injustice to the railroads, and at the same time injure the public by stimulating and encouraging an inspection that will promote no one's interests."

There was vastly more of the same sort during that debate, which was frankly recognized as the crucial test between Roosevelt and his enemies for that session. At the close of the discussion, the three-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar item was voted into the bill by the close vote of eighty-seven to seventy-two.

I have gone into detail in this instance

because it illustrates the blindness which affected chronic opponents of Roosevelt's policies. Section twenty has since that time proved itself everything that Roosevelt's supporters believed it. You could not to-day muster a corporal's guard in either branch of Congress to repudiate that provision. It has done more than any other thing to give force and vitality to the prohibitions against discriminations and rebating. Enlightened railroad men and financiers are in complete agreement as to the beneficent results that have flowed from the stoppage of these practises. They have been "catching up with Roosevelt."

FEDERAL INSPECTION OF MEATS

Whenever Roosevelt set about to regulate business he was accused of malicious purpose to injure business. As this was true in the case of railroad-rate regulation, so it was in that of pure-food legislation, which was attacked on the ground that it would work havoc to a great industry. It was true, likewise, when Roosevelt in 1908 wrote a special message on the conditions in the great meat-packing establishments, and demanded Federal inspection of meats.

The outcry which ignorance and prejudice raised in opposition was echoed from end to end of the country. At first there was flat denial of the conditions he had described. Then an avalanche of letters and telegrams protested that the charges were certain to ruin both the domestic and the foreign trade in meats. Country merchants, bankers, agricultural societies, live-stock associations, boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and individuals by the thousands—every interest that could be reached and aroused—protested against the policy which the President had demanded.

He then sent experts to the packing centers to ascertain the facts. Their reports convinced the public of the necessity for bettering the existing conditions.

As a result of this investigation, Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, presented an amendment for inspecting and labeling meats, which was adopted by the Senate without debate. But in the House it met a determined opposition. The reactionary Cannon machine, headed by Cannon, William Lorimer, reputedly a special representative of "big business," and James W. Wadsworth, chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, undertook first to prevent the legislation, and then to make it as mild as pos-

sible. Practically everybody pretended to favor legislation; but the Cannon-Wadsworth ring was determined to make it weak and ineffective.

So the bill was sent to the House Committee on Agriculture, which returned a substitute for the Beveridge provision. Concerning this substitute, Mr. Roosevelt wrote a letter to Representative Wadsworth, which is a classic of its kind. He said:

I have gone over your bill very carefully, and the more I investigate your proposed substitute the worse I find it. Almost every change is one for the worse; it is very, very bad. I am sorry to have to say that this strikes me as an amendment which, no matter how unintentionally, is framed so as to minimize the chance of routing out the evils in the packing business. Doubtless it suits those who object to a thoroughgoing inspection, but I am convinced that it will be in the long run a heavy blow to the honest stock-raisers and the honest packers. I cannot even promise to sign it, because the provisions are so bad that, in my opinion, if they had been deliberately designed to prevent the remedy of the evils complained of, they could not have been worse.

This brought the fight to a crisis. The Wadsworth substitute was modified along the line of Roosevelt's demands, and House and Senate at last agreed on the efficient inspection that has since prevailed.

The results of this reform have proved exactly contrary to all the gloomy predictions of disaster. If Noah had gone out predicting a terrific drought, and recommending the installation of an irrigation system, his mistake would have been no more egregious than was that of the people who insisted that "Roosevelt was trying to ruin the American meat business." The inspection system has put that business on a safer basis than ever before, opened markets that were formerly denied, made American meats a standard the world over, and so strengthened the industry that to-day a proposal to repeal the law would be opposed by the very people who originally fought its enactment.

THE FIGHT FOR PURE FOOD

In his message to Congress on December 5, 1905, Mr. Roosevelt urgently recommended legislation to regulate interstate commerce in misbranded and adulterated foods, drinks, and drugs.

"Such a law," he said, "would help legitimate manufacture and commerce, and would tend to secure the health and welfare of the consuming public." The agitation for Federal pure-food legislation had been going on for twenty years, but the patent-medicine venders, food-fakers, and adulterators had managed to prevent legislation. Many States had secured pure-food laws, and all enlightened foreign countries had them. It was only when Roosevelt took hold of the matter that

things began to happen.

In this, as in other cases, the stock argument against the reform was that it was beyond the powers of the national government. Thus Mr. Adamson, of Georgia, to-day chairman of the House Committee on Interstate Commerce, opposed the legislation on the ground that "it invaded the police authority of the States." He declared that "there is no use to have hydrophobia against State lines, nor to talk about a man marching in red-handed rebellion because he says there are some things Congress ought not and cannot do. I do not mean to declare that this legislation per se is vicious in all respects, but in some respects I regard it as exceedingly so."

Mr. Henry, of Texas, to-day chairman of the powerful Committee on Rules, gravely feared that pure-food legislation would overthrow the Constitution. Eloquently and earnestly he spoke in justification of

his vote against the measure.

"At every session of Congress," he said,
"we have sent to our desk a copy of the
Constitution. We have uplifted our hands
and sworn to support it. And so far as I
am concerned, when it becomes apparent
that a bill is in flagrant violation of the
Constitution, I intend to keep my oath of
office as a Representative of the people. If
we give this power to Congress, we usurp
it. We rob the States of their inherent sovereignty. An adjudication of the Supreme
Court is worth nothing here to-day. We
are throwing law, precedents, and authority to the winds!"

HARK, HARK, THE WATCHDOGS BARK!

Mr. Bartlett, of Georgia, now a leader in the Democratic House, was just as strong in conviction that our institutions were

gravely menaced.

"This bill," he said, "is based upon the idea that because the police laws of the States may not be enforced to the satisfaction of all, the Congress should invade the States and enact laws to prevent frauds, impositions, and adulterations of foods; a power which Congress does not possess,

never possessed, and which this act will prove futile to establish."

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, was no less vigorous. He declared that "this bill is too crudely drawn and too loose-jointed. There is too much power placed here in the hands of the bureau. Let the basis of criminal action be laid down in the law, and let us not leave it to regulation promulgated by Dr. Wiley, or the Secretary of Agriculture, or anybody else."

Senator Bailey, of Texas, widely regarded as the great constitutional authority of the Senate, put this objection to the Pure

Food Law into his speech:

"If it were an aftempt in good faith to regulate commerce, there could be no doubt as to the power of the Federal government; but as it is intended, understood, and supported for the purpose of protecting the people of the several States against injurious articles of food and drink, it is purely and only an exercise of the police power, and therefore not within the power of the Federal government."

In these excerpts, taken at random, we get the general slant of the objections to pure food and pure drugs. The thing that Mr. Roosevelt wanted was unconstitutional, impracticable, subversive, a usurpation of powers that belong only to the States, and a betrayal of the people into the hands of the

food poisoners!

The only trouble with these gentlemen was that they had not at that time caught up with the Roosevelt policy. How many of them would to-day advocate repeal of the Pure Food Law, or repeat the arguments which they then used in opposition to a statute that now commands the unanimous approval and support of the country, after five years of enforcement?

The fact is that there isn't an intelligent citizen, North or South, East or West, that would raise his finger against pure food and pure drugs. It is on the purity of these things that the very existence of the race

depends.

CORPORATIONS AND CAMPAIGN FUNDS

In his message to the Congressional session of 1906 and 1907, President Roosevelt reiterated an earlier recommendation to prohibit corporations from contributing to campaign funds. He raised no objection to payments by individuals, but urged that gifts from corporations should be forbidden.

To this measure, as to many others, the

opposition was of two kinds—open and covert. The measure was held up a long time in the effort to prevent a vote, for it was realized that the great majority would not dare vote against it. The familiar procedure of side-tracking and pigeonholing was employed, but Roosevelt wouldn't stand for this. He forced the bill before the House by main strength. Representative Mann, of Illinois, then a lieutenant of Cannon, now leader of the Republican minority, flatly opposed it.

"I am not in favor of this bill," he said.
"I do not believe that the government has constitutional authority to regulate and control all the elections in the country. Although I know the popular demand that we shall prevent the influence of corporations, and although that influence ought to be controlled, I have the courage of my convic-

tions on this question."

Mr. Grosvenor, of Ohio, declared that "no good will come of this legislation. If you want to purify politics, you must go further, and provide that no man shall contribute any money. You ought to provide that no man shall be a candidate for office unless he can prove to a nonpartizan committee that he has not got a cent on God's earth, and that he will not corrupt anybody!"

Despite much more of this sort of opposition, public sentiment was strongly in favor of the legislation. Backed up by Mr. Roosevelt, the measure passed, and was ap-

proved January 26, 1907.

THE EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY PROBLEM

The development of a Federal code of employers' liability legislation once more illustrates the procedure by which legislation and public opinion have been slowly "catching up with Roosevelt." He repeatedly recommended proper protection for wage-workers, to guarantee compensation to those injured or killed in industry, or to their families. In cooperation with Senator LaFollette, he secured passage of a measure dealing with accidents to the employees of interstate carriers.

This measure, though only a beginning in the direction of the comprehensive system of liability legislation that Roosevelt favored, aroused intense opposition, because it was a beginning. It passed late in his administration. Some months after he had ceased to be President, it was invoked in a personal injury suit in Connecticut. The case involved injuries sustained in connec-

tion with interstate commerce, and the Federal statute was brought into the case.

Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, head of the supreme bench of Connecticut, wrote an opinion in the case, holding broadly that the Federal law was unconstitutional. The national government, he argued, had no business thus attempting to usurp powers of the States.

Later, Judge Baldwin was nominated for Governor of Connecticut. Roosevelt vigorously assailed him because of that decision, denouncing its reasoning as archaic and

impossible.

Judge Baldwin defended himself in kind. The exchanges developed such acrimony as to attract national attention. During his campaign for Governor, Judge Baldwin even threatened to sue the former President for libel. Mr. Roosevelt was game. Nothing would please him better; he dared his antagonist to sue, but of course the Nutmeg

jurist decided not to do so.

The incident dropped from sight; but, meanwhile, that same employers' liability act which Judge Baldwin had held invalid was pressing its devious way toward a decision in the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision came a few weeks ago. It went precisely to the merits of the Roosevelt-Baldwin controversy. Baldwin had held that law unconstitutional. Roosevelt had denounced him for doing so, reflecting rather severely on his judicial qualifications, and staking his own reputation on the declaration that the law was constitutional.

The Supreme Court held that Roosevelt

was right, Baldwin wrong!

It was a complete vindication. Though not a lawyer, the former President had backed his judgment of law and Constitution against that of an experienced jurist,

and had won.

Despite that there was determined opposition to all employers' liability legislation, almost always based on the claim that the particular bill was unconstitutional in form, Mr. Roosevelt persistently pressed for more definite and inclusive measures. Finally, not long before he went out of office, Congress passed a resolution providing for the creation of a special Congressional commission to study the whole subject, to determine the forms which Federal legislation might properly take, and to report a bill. As a result, after three years, that commission has "caught up with Roose-

velt" by reporting a project of employers' liability legislation based on the German

and English systems.

Like so many other things that Roosevelt recommended, this was altogether too advanced for immediate adoption by Congress. But here, as in other matters, our legislators are now "catching up with Roosevelt," and indications are that another year will see a really modern and adequate system included in the Federal laws.

JUSTICE FOR GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES

Closely related to this legislation was the act, drawn in accord with Mr. Roosevelt's recommendations, to grant employees of the United States compensation for injuries sustained in the course of their employment. Prior to its passage an employee of the government had no recovery if injured. The government could not be sued like an industrial corporation. There was vigorous objection even to so reasonable a measure. It was voiced by Mr. Bailey, of Texas, thus:

"I never was more certain of anything in my life than I am that this is a bad bill. It is vicious in principle, in that it sends men for the determination of what ought to be a legal right to an officer of the government who need not be, and generally is

not, a lawyer."

Of the same class of social legislation for the benefit of workers was the act of 1907 limiting the working hours of railroad employees. In regard to this measure, Mr. Williams, of Mississippi, declared himself "in absolute and hearty accord with the minority members of the committee, who see in the bill nothing but a sham, a delusion, and a pretense." But the legislation passed, and has produced excellent results, bringing justice to men who were grossly and sometimes inhumanly overworked by heartless managements.

During his second administration, Mr. Roosevelt became deeply interested in the Federal regulation of corporations engaged in interstate commerce other than carriers. In a message on January 31, 1908, he declared that "recent court decisions had made it desirable that there should be additional legislation concerning the relations between the great corporations and the public." A bill was introduced (Senate 6440, Sixtieth Congress, Second Session) to supplement the Sherman Anti-Trust Act by providing for the registration and licensing of corporations, requiring the fullest pub-

licity concerning their affairs, forbidding consolidations without approval of the Federal authorities, and giving such authorities the right to withdraw the license of any corporation found to be in restraint of interstate commerce.

AN ATTEMPT TO CLARIFY THE LAW

This measure, in short, proposed to leave the present Anti-Trust Act substantially unchanged, but to add provisions to facilitate its administration and to enable the government to inform itself concerning the business of corporations. Since the Standard Oil and Tobacco decisions, it has been almost universally admitted that such legislation is needed. The demand has gone up from all quarters that the laws shall be made more definite and specific, so that men of affairs may know at the inception of an enterprise whether it is legal or not.

It is difficult to realize that so recently as three years ago such a proposal as this was unanimously rejected by the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, and that the bill which proposed such a supplementing of the Anti-Trust Law was turned down with an elaborate and unfavorable report. Yet such is the fact. The committee reported on January 26, 1909, and its concluding observations, which I will quote, are cer-

tainly illuminating to-day:

The act [the Sherman Law] as it exists is clear, comprehensive, certain, and highly remedial. It practically covers the field of Federal jurisdiction, and is in every respect a model law. To destroy or undermine it at the present juncture, when combinations are on the increase, and appear to be as oblivious as ever of the rights of the public, would be a calamity. In view of the foregoing, your committee recommends the indefinite postponement of the bill.

It may be doubted whether a single man who served on that committee, three short years ago, would to-day sign a report that the Sherman Act "is in every respect a model law." Yet that report was made for the specific purpose of killing Roosevelt's attempt to end the uncertainty which surrounded the Anti-Trust Act. Written by Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, and signed by the entire committee, it was put forth as the conclusive answer to Roosevelt's efforts to improve the anti-trust laws.

WAS ROOSEVELT RIGHT, OR THE SENATORS?

In the light of the well-nigh unanimous present-day demand for such legislation, it is worth while to recall who were the members of that committee which vetoed Roosevelt's efforts to secure the very thing the country to-day desires. They were:

Senators Clark, of Wyoming; Nelson, of Minnesota; Depew, of New York; Foraker, of Ohio; Dillingham, of Vermont; Kittredge, of South Dakota; Knox, of Pennsylvania; Fulton, of Oregon—Republicans. Bacon, of Georgia; Culberson, of Texas; Clarke, of Arkansas; Overman, of North Carolina, and Rayner, of Maryland—Democrats.

Who was right, Mr. Roosevelt or the Senators?

Perhaps the answer can be given by recalling that the Senate, shortly before it adjourned last summer, directed its Committee on Interstate Commerce to hold hearings on the Federal control of interstate business, to determine what was needed, and how to accomplish it, along the very lines of the legislation that Roosevelt had urged and that the committee had unanimously rejected! This, again, suggests that we have been "catching up with Roosevelt."

THE WATER-POWER QUESTION

On January 15, 1909, Mr. Roosevelt vetoed the construction of a dam across the James River, in Missouri, to create a waterpower. This message gave the public its first view of the "water-power trust," since widely exploited.

The veto was based on the fact that no proper provisions were included to protect the public interests in the power. The House committee protested that the Federal government had no authority to impose such provisions. It was the same old argument, that the Constitution would not permit the Federal power to safeguard the public interest. The President had objected to the bill because it did not provide a time limit upon the privilege, and did not reserve to the government the right to fix a charge for the use of the power.

The policy laid down by Roosevelt in this connection has since been approved by both Congress and the country in various cases. It is now accepted as good law and sound public policy, that the government should impose the very conditions demanded by Roosevelt. Yet when he first demanded those conditions, the Senate Committee on Commerce reported flatly that Congress could not constitutionally impose them.

The gentlemen composing this committee

were Senators Frye, of Maine; Elkins, of West Virginia; Nelson, of Minnesota; Gallinger, of New Hampshire; Penrose, of Pennsylvania; Depew, of New York; Perkins, of California; Hopkins, of Illinois; Piles, of Washington; Crane, of Massachusetts, and Smith, of Michigan-Republicans. Martin, of Virginia; Stone, of Missouri, Simmons, of North Carolina; McLaurin, of Mississippi; Clarke, of Arkansas, and Newlands, of Nevada-Democrats. They assured the Senate that the thing that has since become the policy of the country simply could not be done. Another case in which Mr. Roosevelt was right and the timid constitutionalists wrong!

THE GREAT CONSERVATION MOVEMENT

The time will come when it will be recognized that the greatest policy which Roosevelt inspired found its expression in the national conservation movement.

It was a new conception; Roosevelt had to invent the very name as well as the program of the movement. In the beginning, it was so big and ambitious that unimaginative people regarded it as impracticable. But Roosevelt found means with which to precipitate it into the realm of the practical. He called the first conference of Governors, and with them brought together a body of leaders in national thought, men with minds and conceptions broad enough to understand what he was trying to do. Out of this gathering grew not only the organization of the House of Governors, but also a substantial development of sentiment in favor of the most practical measures for the conservation of national resources.

To Roosevelt, and to the movement as it developed under Roosevelt's leadership, conservation was anything but a vague and shadowy proposition. It contemplated getting out of the soil the largest possible yield of wheat, corn, and cotton, and at the same time preserving most effectively the producing capacity of the land. It had purposed to utilize the national waterways for both navigation and power, and to assure that these facilities should be provided to the public at reasonable rates.

It looked to the preservation of the public domain in the public interest, so that its exploitation by private interests for private profit should be stopped. It designed not only to save our remaining forests, but, so far as possible, to restore those already too recklessly destroyed. It contemplated great-

er efficiency and economy in mining operations, that our coal supplies might elast longer. It short, it took cognizance of the national tendency toward extravagance, and brought the nation up with a sharp turn to a realization that its excesses, if continued, must ultimately reduce its economic level to that of the rest of the world.

Part and parcel of the Roosevelt conservation program was the withdrawal of a vast area from the open public domain, and its addition to the forest reserves, under conditions which made it impossible for private exploiters to secure title to it. In line of this policy, he transferred no less than one hundred and forty million acres from the public domain to the forest reserves.

There was bitter hostility on the part of private interests that wanted these lands, and their withdrawal from the market was repeatedly denounced as illegal and unconstitutional. But Mr. Roosevelt stood firmly by his proposition that the public was entitled to first consideration in administering the public domain, and his policy has been vindicated not only by public opinion, but by the action of his successor, who has added nearly three million acres to the hundred and forty millions that Roosevelt put into the forest reserves.

In like fashion Mr. Roosevelt withdrew very considerable areas in order to protect water-powers within the public domains.

ROOSEVELT AND THE INCOME TAX

In December, 1906, Mr. Roosevelt vigorously took up the question of the taxation of incomes, and urged it upon the attention of Congress. On this subject he said:

"There is every reason why, when next our system of taxation is revised, the national government should impose a graduated inheritance and, if possible, a graduated income tax."

He wanted the tax, and doubted whether it was necessary, as a preliminary, to amend the Constitution. He advised that if it were possible to establish the tax without waiting for amendment, this should be done.

The income tax suddenly became a burning issue during the tariff session of 1909, immediately after Mr. Roosevelt had gone out of office. A strong element in the Senate believed, with Mr. Roosevelt, that it was not necessary to amend the Constitution. Mr. Taft himself had expressed the opinion that the Supreme Court would sustain properly drawn legislation.

Accordingly, there was introduced, as an amendment to the Payne-Aldrich bill, an income-tax provision. At one time the polls of the Senate showed a majority of one or two votes for it. But meantime President Taft had become doubtful about the point on which, during his campaign, he had expressed so much confidence. He suddenly decided that an amendment of the Constitution was necessary.

In this he was supported by the reactionary Senators, and they devised, as a substitute, the corporation-tax measure that is now Mr. Aldrich proposed substituting the corporation tax for the income tax, and on adopting the substitute the Senate voted yeas, forty-five; nays, thirty-one.

Thus the Roosevelt policy was rejected. The income tax was killed for the time being. but in order to allay public indignation it was necessary to submit a constitutional amendment. This cannot become a part of the Constitution until ratified by threefourths of the States. The failure to follow Roosevelt and the progressives has given the opponents of the income tax a chance to defeat it in the State Legislatures, and it is still uncertain whether three-fourths of the States will assent to it.

If the advice of Roosevelt had been followed, the law would have been put on the statute-books with the Payne-Aldrich tariff, and would probably have been sustained by

the court.

ROOSEVELT AND THE PANAMA CANAL

President Roosevelt's determined measures to insure the construction of the Panama Canal were bitterly opposed. He was criticized for his alleged relations to the insurrection on the isthmus, and to the establishment of an independent Republic of Panama. But his vigorous handling of the matter prevailed, and made certain, despite the opposition of the transcontinental railroads, that the canal would be built.

The opposition rallied for its last stand in the attempt to override Mr. Roosevelt's wishes, and the recommendations of the American engineering experts, that a lock canal should be constructed. It would not be fair to state that all those who, in Senate and House, voted in favor of a sea-level canal were actuated by a secret desire that no canal at all should be built. It is certain, however, that practically everybody who wanted to prevent or delay the construction of any canal lined up in favor of the sea-level plan. Mr. Roosevelt opposed it because of the great expense, the uncertainty as to its feasibility, and the much longer time necessary to build it. He wanted a canal with locks, such as is now almost completed; and it is interesting to recall that the President's estimates of cost and time have been justified by the actual experience of construction.

The canal is to be opened to the world's commerce in 1913. The misgivings and uncertainties so boisterously proclaimed by Roosevelt's opponents have long since been forgotten in the national satisfaction at the proximate and assured completion by this government of the greatest engineering work ever performed by men—the biggest gift bestowed upon the world by any nation.

THE CHAMPION OF A STRONG NAVY

From the time when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy under McKinley, Mr. Roosevelt was always and uniformly an advocate of building a great and powerful navy. After his accession to the Presidency, he pressed with redoubled energy for constant and uniform expansion of the battle fleet, and to his insistence is due the fact that to-day our fleet is second among those of all nations.

Without doubt, our possession of a vastly superior naval force was one of the most important factors in assuring peace with Japan during the troublous period of negotiation concerning the admittance of Japanese laborers to this country. More than this, Mr. Roosevelt was able to give the world a most impressive testimonial of American naval power by sending the fleet on its memorable trip around the world in 1908.

That trip, by the way, provided one more occasion for the discomfiture of the Roosevelt critics. There were such in plenty, who denounced the project as a piece of rare folly, declaring that the fleet would never succeed in the grand tour; that half its members would be lost in the Straits of Magellan; that the vessels would be worn out and obsolete by the time they arrived home, if any of them were fortunate enough to do so, and much more of the same sort.

The event proved that Roosevelt knew his navy better than his critics knew it. The fleet returned intact to Hampton Roads, with every vessel in fighting trim, after a triumphal tour such as no other armada in the history of the world had ever undertaken. It carried the American flag and the solid evidence of American power to all the seas,

to every quarter of the world, for the inspec-

OTHER ROOSEVELT IDEAS

Although postal savings-banks had been in operation in many countries for a long time, little was known of the system in this country, and people who advocated it were widely regarded as cranks, until Roosevelt made it part of his program. He repeatedly demanded legislation establishing both this and the parcel-post. He pointed out that "postal savings-banks are now in operation in practically all the great civilized countries except the United States," and urged that a beginning be made in the direction of the parcel-post by establishing it on rural routes.

Although postal savings-banks were not opened until some time after Roosevelt had left the White House, his long fight developed the sentiment that made them possible, and this is fairly to be catalogued as one of his great accomplishments. Already its success is assured.

As to the parcel-post, the movement started by Roosevelt has now gained such headway and force as to assure early passage of the law providing for it. This will be another belated demonstration of the tendency to "catch up with Roosevelt."

When it became necessary to send troops a second time into Cuba to restore order, all the world believed that the occupation would be permanent. But again Roosevelt was right, and nearly everybody else wrong; when order was restored the American arms were withdrawn.

Just as this instance of rigid adherence to the letter of international faith improved Latin America's opinion of us, so Roosevelt's part in bringing peace between Russia and Japan vastly enhanced our status among the powers of the Old World. When he first offered mediation, it was looked upon as an utterly hopeless undertaking, and few had any faith in the possibility of a successful outcome. Later, while the Portsmouth conference was in session, it looked more than once as if the negotiations must fail; but the moral force of Roosevelt's influence proved to be a decisive and compelling factor in the deliberations of the warring powers.

To Roosevelt's initiation and insistence is due the adoption of the national irrigation policy which has added a small empire to the richest arable area of the nation. Roosevelt's persistent demand for better conditions of women and children in industry brought about a nation-wide investigation, and aroused an interest which is certain to result in useful legislation.

THE COUNTRY LIFE COMMISSION

There is no more striking example of Roosevelt's intellectual leadership than is afforded by his appointment of a Country Life Commission. It is but very lately that the swift course of events has brought us to a proper perspective of this episode. Mr. Roosevelt saw the close association between the cityward movement of population and the upward trend of living costs. He realized the need of keeping a proper balance of population between city and country. To do that, the country must be made more attractive, more livable. It must offer the inducement of larger rewards for the best effort. Socially, industrially, educationally, it must be made more inviting.

So, before the rest of us had yet reached this conception, Roosevelt had the idea and went at the task of developing it. He named the Country Life Commission and set it at these big and important problems. It did much excellent work; but Congress, not having "caught up with Roosevelt," would have none of it. An appropriation to continue the work was denied, and the project had to

be dropped.

But note now how great a movement was set afoot, and how it has expanded, despite the picayunish economies of a short-sighted legislative policy. To-day the slogans of that movement are blazoned everywhere. "Back to the farm" is the motto of the most universally indorsed propaganda of the time. Its origin, inspiration, and endowment with a real national purpose must be referred directly to Roosevelt.

Nobody doubts now that it is one of the most desirable social evolutions of the time. The whole nation has caught the idea that was in Roosevelt's mind; and in doing so it has given us a splendid measure of the difference between the broad vision of Roosevelt and the narrow conceptions of a Congress that would have killed this whole movement if it had had the power.

If the government had acted on Mr. Roosevelt's recommendations, and had accomplished what it is possible for a government to accomplish, the question of the high cost of living might now be in the way of a satisfactory solution. The eternal law of

supply and demand, after all, is the chief factor in the price of foodstuffs and of everything else. Whatever governmental encouragement would tend toward turning the tide of population back to the land would increase the output of our farms, and would mean cheaper living prices for us all. Here there is another great opportunity for "catching up with Roosevelt."

THE VINDICATION OF ROOSEVELT

For constructive work and individual initiative, no President has ever achieved results at all comparable to those of Roosevelt's seven years in the White House. With his retirement the constructive, progressive movement in national affairs waned, and accomplishment has since been confined chiefly to the execution of some of the policies to which Roosevelt's initiative and energy gave so much momentum.

The measures that Mr. Roosevelt actually big-sticked into the statutes while outraged conservatism cried loudly against "tyranny" and "dictatorship" are now accepted as wise by the very people who then protested. Proposals that were denounced as ruinous to business are now lauded as its conservators.

The explanation is that the country has been "catching up with Roosevelt." Most of it was pretty well up with him all the time; but the people who prophesied disaster in doleful tones have now caught pace with the others, and the nation is practically of a mind as to the safety, desirability, and usefulness of the Roosevelt policies.

Roosevelt and Rooseveltism have been vindicated by experience. The newest of the Roosevelt laws have been in force about three years; the oldest, about ten. They have been tried and found not wanting. They have stood the test of enforcement. The fears of lawyers that they would be held unconstitutional have been brushed aside by the courts. The predictions that ruin and business calamity would follow in their trail have proved groundless. The policy of government control and regulation of industry, transportation, and finance has been adopted as the program of the future.

Going back over the record of accomplishment under Roosevelt, comparing the forecasts of failure with the facts of success, only one conclusion can be drawn: Roosevelt was right. The constitutional sharps, the laissez-faire economists, the timid statesmen, the terrified captains of enterprise,

were wrong.

THE MUSCAMOOT ORPHAN

BY CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN'S TENANTS," "THE UNACCOUNTABLE COOK." ETC.

EN SHILLING, who was a marine engineer, sailed out of Portland, Maine, on a vessel in the coastwise trade. His career in the engine-room began on the old Dolly P., which plied the Great Lakes between Erie ports and Duluth, carrying coal up and iron down, but salt water won him away. This did not please

his elder brother, Cap'n Saul.

After Ben had coddled his engines some four years in the coastwise trade aforesaid, he decided to pay a winter visit to Cap'n Saul in Algonac, which is on the St. Clair River, a part of the Great Lakes waterway; and consequently he packed a new yellow satchel and came. Cap'n Saul did not expect the visitor, but was in no whit surprised when his brother battered on his door.

"Come in," said he, taking the satchel and setting it on the hall floor. "I'm glad to see you, and I s'pose you've got to be a

real sailor on salt water."

"Sailor!" replied Ben, stepping within. "There never was a sailor in these parts. Steamboat men you have, I admit it; but on the lakes are no sailors. You can run a barge on a pond you can see across on a clear day. I shall tell you about sailors."

"You shall not," said Cap'n Saul, picking up his brother's new yellow satchel and

setting it outside on the door-step.

Ben lifted it and walked slowly away. They never saw each other again. Five years later Ben returned to the lakes, found a berth in the engine-room of the Muscamoot, married a wife, who was stewardess of the vessel, and became father to a son, who subsequently was known as the Muscamoot Orphan.

About the lakes are many persons who bear similar titles. In the little towns where sailormen have their homes, you will find women who are referred to as the Dobbin Widow or the Hunneker Widow, and children who are described as the So-and-So

This is because the lakes de-Orphan. mand their yearly rental from the vessel folk, sometimes large, sometimes small, but always payable in the commodity which man, once parting with, never can regain. And the name of the vessel on which he sails, never to make harbor again, attaches

itself to widow or child.

The story of Cap'n Saul's ejection of his brother because of insult offered the men of the lakes became a legendary matter, and one of which the town was proud. It was never spoken of before the cap'n, nor was his brother named-excepting once when Mose Larkins, hearing that Ben had come West, mentioned the fact to the old man. The cap'n looked into Mose's eyes, and that worthy began to back off the sidewalk. When he had backed quite into the road, Cap'n Saul passed on without a word.

Nobody attempted to tell cap'n that Mrs. Ben had made him an uncle by becoming the mother of a son, because nobody in Al-

gonac had heard of the event.

It was late in the fall of 1909, Cap'n Saul being now retired from active sailoring, that the Muscamoot broke in two on Superior, and carried down with her sixteen men and one woman. One of the men was Ben Shilling, and the woman was his wife. Little Ben, left ashore with a spinster relative of Mrs. Ben's, became, as soon as the news reached Alpena, where he boarded during his parents' absences, the Muscamoot Orphan.

Miss Swan, hitherto largely supported by the board paid for the little fellow, faced a crisis. No matter how willing she may have been to keep the child, her circumstances made it a thing impossible; yet she dreaded to send him to an institution where charity receives orphans much as the peni-

tentiary welcomes convicts.

At this point she bethought herself of Cap'n Saul, whom she had never seen, and

whom she had heard described in hard terms. He was the child's uncle, his father's brother, and should offer a refuge; but the tale of the turning out of Ben, colored highly now, and sundry other tales, all enhanced by distance and rancor, bade her hesitate. Would not the man who had shown his long-absent brother the door for a word refuse to receive the son? Would not that strange, silent, secretive, forbidding old man set the child's satchel on the porch, as he had done the father's, and close the door after him?

It seemed probable, but it must be put

to the adventure.

EXPENSES of the journey were readily contributed by neighboring sailor folk, and Miss Swan, with the Muscamoot Orphan under her wing, set out dubiously for Algonac, where they arrived dusty and worn from hours of travel. Inquiry was made straightway for Cap'n Saul Shilling, and information given that he was absent in Marine City for the day and night, so the spinster and her charge spent the interval in a hotel.

When she appeared next morning on the broad porch, congregating-place of the unemployed, she looked timidly about, seeking out one from whom to elicit information. In Algonac it is easier to answer questions than to have others supply answers to yours, for Algonac is curious. Miss Swan decided on Mose Larkins, already tipped back in his wire-braced armchair. She selected him because of a certain habit of face which said that he was subdued, and would answer a question with an answer instead of a counter query.

"Can you direct me to Cap'n Saul Shill-

ing's house?"

She held little Ben tightly by the hand, and he stared at Mose with big eyes.

A visible effort enabled Larkins to lift an arm. He jerked his thumb generally toward the north, and replied:

"Straight ahead. White cottage, four popple-trees, red boat-house."

Is he home yet?'

"Nope. Marine City. Went in his launch. Back to-night."

"Oh, dear!"

Miss Swan considered the havoc another day's hotel-bill would work to her financial resources.

"What's the matter?" Mose asked.

"I'm bringin' his brother Ben's baby for him to take," announced Miss Swan.

At the words, six red armchairs and six pairs of elevated feet banged upon the floor of the porch. So directly afterward as to seem a part of the same sound, the six loungers roared:

"What?"

It was not a question, though it bore the inflection. It was a mixture of snort, exclamation, and note of derision.

"The Muscamoot Orphan," said Miss Swan, drawing little Ben into the foreground by the hand.

"Him?" Mose pointed at the child in

excitement.

Miss Swan nodded. Ben shook his head several times, and the five other loungers shook their heads in unison. Then they fixed their eyes on little Ben, and stared at him until only the dignity of four years kept him from bursting into frightened

"What," began Mose-"what in tunket made you bring him to Cap'n Saul?"

"There wa'n't no other place."

"Ho!" laughed the bald-headed man at the end of the line. "Ho! Cap'n Saul and

a baby. My golly!"
"Miss"—Mose stood up, as if to render assistance in the carrying out of his suggestion-"I guess you better git your grip and board the train before Cap'n Saul comes home. Don't never take no baby to him, 'specially Ben's baby. Why, miss, I mentioned Ben's name to him once, and honest, miss, I was plumb thankful to git away Don't do it, miss. He's a hard man, and one that no chances is to be took with. Shall I git your satchel?"

Miss Swan shook her head, but began to

regret her coming.

"I'm goin' to try," she declared.

"You got more courage'n I have, miss." Five heads nodded in agreement with Mose. "It ain't so much what he'd do, nor yet what he'd say, but the way he'd look at you out of them twinklin' eyes of his'n. I'd rather have some fellers hit me with their fist, miss, than to have Cap'n Saul look at me when he's mad."

"Don't he like babies?"

"Dunno's he dislikes babies special, more'n he does folks, but cap'n he don't like no one, and "-here the bald-headed man wagged his shining pate solemnly-"he hated Ben. He hated him from stem to gudgeon, miss."

Somewhere within Miss Swan was a supply of courage undreamed of even by herself. Now, to her surprise, she found it

there and drew on it liberally.

"I don't care if he hates the hull of creation!" she snapped. "This here Muscamoot Orphan is his own nephy. It's his duty to look after him, and he's goin' to do it, if there's any way of makin' him; so don't none of you think you can scare me off. I guess he won't go so fur's to bite me!"

She turned squarely on her well-worn heel and returned to the parlor, leaving the six men gasping with amazement and primed for conversation with a topic not to be exhausted in one day's sitting, nor in two.

Miss Swan kept much to the dingy parlor, with its musty furniture of another generation, emerging only for her meals, or rising briefly, like a diver, for a breath of air. She had arranged with Mose to inform her of Cap'n Saul's arrival. To say that she apprehended the announcement would be an underestimation of her state of mind. She really feared to carry her mission to the old sailorman; but like all good missionaries, she stowed away her personal feelings on the subject, and went forward steadfastly with the object in hand.

Since the conversation with the doughty six on the piazza, she felt that there could be but one outcome. Cap'n Saul would cast the Muscamoot Orphan and herself out of the house. She would have to carry Ben back to Alpena, and after that-what?

Her only speculation was as to the cap'n's manner of casting out. She pictured it in many fashions, and none was less terrifying than another. But her duty was clear. The attempt must be made, and she would make it, "even if the old reprobate sets the dog onto me," she declared to herself.

EVENING came, with its darkness and autumn chill, which invaded even the parlor reserved for regular dollar-a-day patrons of the hotel. It disturbed Miss Swan, and it disturbed the Muscamoot Orphan, who had been napping since supper. He complained sleepily, and his guardian was beginning to forget her own difficulties in soothing him, when Mose poked his head through the doorway and bawled:

"Cap'n's la'nch comin' in!" It was evident that he had been looking forward to the announcement with the zest of a boy waiting for a balloon ascension. " I'll

show you the way," he volunteered.

Now that Miss Swan was face to face with the event, she wished herself safely at home; but once more she drew on her reserve of courage, and, taking little Ben by the hand, she followed Mose up the road.

Mose was evidently expectant. Now and again he chuckled and glanced sidewise at his convoy. Miss Swan clung tightly to the child's hand and walked too rapidly for his short legs. She chuckled not at all.

"There," pointed Mose, "is the house." It was a tidy, white, story-and-a-half dwelling, securely fenced, hidden by vines, and shaded by huge maples. Very quiet and dim and peaceful it looked for the hab-

itation of a savage old man.

Suddenly the gate was dashed open, and a hatless individual, all sprawling arms and legs, came through, not traveling under his own power. From the shadows within a great voice roared unintelligibly. The person who came missilelike from the yard found his feet, and, not stopping to retrieve his hat, sped down the road, breathing heavily, flailing his arms to add a notch to his pace, his eyes staring and his face screwed up with terror.

"Somebody's been callin' on cap'n!"

whispered Mose dryly.

Miss Swan drew a deep breath.

"Let's set a minnit," she begged. "Give him a chance to cool off!"

Mose was quite willing to accept the suggestion. Fifteen minutes passed before Miss Swan's reservoir of courage was replenished: then she arose, followed by Mose and the orphan, and marched steadfastly forward like one who would win her Victoria Cross or remain under the wall.

Through the gate they passed, Mose careful that it should not click, and up to the house. The front rooms were dark.

"Let's go 'round back," proposed Mose.

"Cap'n likes it better."

From an open window in the rear there shone a light. Urged by curiosity to see what manner of man she was to encounter, Miss Swan approached and peered within. The cap'n sat at a table, with a chest of drawers at the far side of him, and seemed to be arranging numerous papers for inspection. Miss Swan scrutinized him with intuitive eye, and sighed. Unpromising indeed was his presentment, she decided.

As her eyes became accustomed to the light, she perceived that it was not papers

the cap'n arranged, but pictures. Her curiosity held her fast, and she continued to

watch.

"There!" she heard the cap'n rumble.
"He might 'a' been like that one," and he lifted a photograph. "A leetle, fat feller!"
The old man regarded the picture silently for minutes. Miss Swan saw that it was the photograph of a baby. "He might 'a' been like that one, sure—maybe with blue eves and valler hair."

Miss Swan strained forward to see the other pictures. All were of children—photographs, drawings, colored prints—dozens and dozens of them. There were little boys and little girls; there were babies of cradle age and chaps in knickerbockers. All sorts and conditions of babies were there, collected painstakingly by the old man from

many sources.

Again he spoke.

"I might 'a' had two crops by now. There would 'a' been my own, and then there would 'a' been their own. Mine would 'a' growed up and married—sure, married and had children of their own!"

He picked up another picture and held it before his eyes. Miss Swan saw the lone-

someness, the longing in them.

"See them leetle hands!" the cap'n went on. "Ain't them cunnin'? Leetle hands to pull an old feller's whiskers. He'd 'a' called me 'granddad'—sure, 'granddad.' And we'd 'a' gone sailin' and fishin' together—sailin' and fishin'."

Here a long pause intervened, while the cap'n looked at picture after picture.

"They're all han'some," he said, "all babies is. Light ones is nice, and dark ones is nice. I wouldn't 'a' cared a straw which he was, just so he was—but there ain't none, not even one to remember. Nothin'—nothin' but pictures. Now look at that there leetle feller a grinning' out at me, just grinnin' and grinnin' with mischief into his eye! I'd 'a' liked to had one like him!"

Miss Swan was leaning half through the window, at great risk of discovering herself. Her cheeks were wet with comprehending tears, her clenched hand pressed to her mouth to keep her agitation silent.

"Any kind would 'a' done, but I didn't never have one, nor even touch one. Never touched a baby—prob'ly never will. Baby'd holler, and his mammy'd take him away. Here's one with curls that a old feller could twist around his finger. Look at 'em—and

leetle laigs that wobble when he runs, 'cause he don't know how very good. I've seen babies run—"

Miss Swan reached behind her and drew the Muscamoot Orphan to her side. Within, Cap'n Saul talked of the baby he had never known, and looked through dimmed eyes at the pictured treasures of others.

"Anyhow, I got these," he said, "and nobody can't take 'em away from me—nobody! Poor leetle chaps, shut up in them drawers all day! Poor leetle chaps!"

Miss Swan lifted little Ben and whispered in his ear. Then gently, silently, she set him on the floor inside the window.

"Run to the man," she whispered, "and

call him 'granddad.'"

For a moment the Muscamoot Orphan stood frightened, undecided. Then his eyes caught the bright colors of the pictures; they traveled to the face of the old man, and the child took a step forward. Something seemed to reassure him.

Miss Swan held her breath. Mose was

bursting with what he had seen.

Nearer and nearer crept little Ben, while the cap'n turned picture after picture, still

commenting in his deep voice.

"If I could 'a' had just one! Other folks has lots, but there wasn't never none for me. I wouldn't 'a' cared, it could 'a' been any kind—but I would 'a' liked a boy best, I guess—a boy to grow up and be a sailorman like his granddad. But a girl 'd 'a' done. Any kind would 'a' done!"

Little Ben reached the old man's side, where for an instant he stood abashed. Then with chubby hand he reached up and

touched Cap'n Saul's arm.

"Granddad!" he said in baby tones. Miss Swan withdrew from the window.

IV

CAP'N SAUL had no loose ends to his nerves, so he did not start. His face changed an l hardened before he turned. Somebody had intruded into his most sacred privacy. The level, steely look that had driven Mose off the sidewalk came into his eyes, and he moved his head slowly to glare at the intruder.

Miss Swan, from her concealment, could not see the changing expressions on the rugged old face. She could not see the shift from anger that promised volcanic outbreak to unbelieving astonishment, or the further alteration which brought a softness of line that sat not altogether ill on the countenance of Cap'n Saul.

The old fellow shook his head a trifle

"First time I ever see somethin' that wasn't there!" he muttered.

"Granddad!" repeated little Ben.
"P'etty pictures!"

Cap'n Saul extended a gnarled hand, an unconvinced hand, expecting to touch nothing. It fell on Ben's warm, moist hair, and there it lingered. Ben, now filled with con-

fidence, smiled.

Without doubt, it gave the cap'n a shock to find his hallucination living and real to the touch. He ejaculated something not intelligible, and moved forward in his chair.

"Who be you?" he demanded, in tones so lacking in hardness, so low, so yearning, that Mose refused to credit his ears. "Who be you?"

"Me," replied little Ben, who had become accustomed to the title, "am ve Muscamoot Orphant."

"The Muscamoot Orphan!" For a moment the name conveyed nothing to the cap'n. Then his brow corrugated, his chin became set like a jutting rock. He was thinking,

not of the child before him, but of his brother Ben—his brother who had spoken ill words of the men of the lakes. But almost instantly the hardness vanished. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Little Ben."

"Ben!" the cap'n repeated after him.
"Little Ben!" Even now he failed to recognize the fact. "Little Ben who?"

"Little Ben Shillin'," answered the orphan.

The cap'n leaned forward, placed a hand on either shoulder of the child, and drew him close within the radiance of the lamp. His eyes questioned every feature slowly and minutely. What he sought was plain-written there, and with a rasping sound in his throat he clutched the child and drew him into his arms.

"Ben's baby! Brother Ben's baby!" he muttered brokenly. "I never knowed, I never knowed! My own flesh and blood—my baby—for me to be granddaddy to! My leetle Ben!"

Miss Swan went quite away from the window now. She walked around to the front door and knocked. She knocked boldly, for there was no longer any fear in her heart.

THE ENDLESS ROAD

Nor all the joy of life is lost,
Not all its savor, glad and keen;
There still are seas I've never crossed.
There still are lands I've never seen.
Still one may find his joyous chance
To follow on, with courage high,
Where leads the trail of old romance
That is not dead and cannot die!

While there's a road that one may tread,
While there's a ship that spreads a sail,
My heart shall triumph o'er my head
And lure me to the wander-trail.
And when I've seen all lands and men.
Made all the ports there are to make,
Why, I shall seek them once again,
Like faithful friends—for old sake's sake!

They say with age I shall forget
The open road, the open sea;
Yet every year renews the fret,
The fever in the heart of me!
Not all the joy of life is lost,
Not all its savor, glad and keen;
There still are seas I've never crossed,
There still are lands I've never seen!

EDITORIAL

THE SOUTHERN REPUBLICAN MACHINES

GRATIFYING reception was accorded by the Southern press, and indeed by the newspapers of the whole country, to the exposure, in the February Munsey, of Republican political conditions in the South. Assurances have been received, from many and varied sources of influence, that our plain statement of existing conditions will have substantial weight in determining whether the present method of Southern representation shall be changed. The fight for a better system will be made once more in the Republican national convention next June, and indications are that this time it will be won.

As to several Southern States, no effort was made, for want of space, to detail the exact office-holding relations of political managers. The writer of the article contented himself with assurance that those conditions which he had described in detail as existing in some States prevailed in others. Various correspondents, however, have indicated their interest by urging that their own commonwealths deserved special mention. Almost everybody with such a protest seems certain that his own State is really the worst exhibit that could be made. For ourselves, we find little to choose. They are all too bad to be tolerated.

The circumstances surrounding the preparation of such an article made it inevitable that some mistakes should creep in. General Powell Clayton, national committeeman from Arkansas, was referred to as an employee of the Department of Justice, when in fact the Powell Clayton who holds such a position is not the national committeeman, but a relative and namesake. For this error—which does not in any way weaken the force of our remarks on the situation in Arkansas—we apologize.

A few other mistakes of minor importance have been pointed out, but the comment of Southern newspapers seems to justify the conclusion that the article has met with hearty approbation where the conditions with which it dealt are best known.

THE PASSING OF THE RAILROAD AUTOCRAT

ITH the death of Edwin Hawley there passed away almost the last of the overlords of our American railroads. The little, gray-faced man who rose from messenger to magnate, and who succumbed to the grind of the moneygods at sixty-two, was one of the few survivors of that small group of strong men who personally owned or controlled great transportation systems. The gradual elimination of these autocrats is significant of the tendency of the times.

Mr. Hawley was, in some respects, a miniature Harriman. He had the Harriman genius of railroad assimilation, but he lacked the masterful will and constructive force of the Wizard of the Pacifics. For a time he was regarded as the legitimate successor of the man whom he had once fought so bitterly, but ill-health interfered with the consummation of his largest plans. He gave, however, ample evidence of his ability to recast, if not to reconstruct, tottering railroad properties, and to convert them, temporarily at least, into profit-producers. He was a shrewd broker in railways, and, as such,

was a more beneficent, or less maleficent, influence than the mere speculator, such as John W. Gates.

It was not so much what Mr. Hawley did as what he stood for that made his type dangerous. In sum and substance, it was the principle of one-man power. In other days, this form of autocracy found its most complete exemplification in the first of the Vanderbilts; later, Edward H. Harriman personified and incarnated it.

To-day, it is becoming impossible for one man to regard a vast railroad system as his personal property. Equally out of date is individual proprietorship of a great institution like a life-insurance company, after the tradition established by Henry B. Hyde with the Equitable. The old-time financier has marched from the scene step by step with the railroad autocrat; and the world in general is the better for his passing.

There are various excellent reasons for this significant revolution. One is the much more drastic supervision over corporate life which our Federal and State governments have instituted. Another is the fact that directors have, to a great extent, ceased to be dummies, and have learned that they must really direct. The third and most important fact is that the people have at last come to realize their right to a voice in the management of the corporations that serve them.

The million stockholders in the industrial and railroad corporations of the country are to-day asserting themselves as the real rulers. The new stewardship is of the many, and not of the one. It marks a new and better era in our business life.

THE MAYORALTY OF NEW YORK AS A POLITICAL GRAVEYARD

PON the completion of the second year of his term of office, Mayor Gaynor received the congratulations of his friends and some approving comment from the press. He deserved what his friends said and what the press said, and yet he must have felt—probably with disappointment, possibly with resentment—that the praise of to-day falls far short of the brilliant prophecies which attended his advent to the office. In the earlier days of his mayoralty there were people predicting that he would be the next Governor of the State, or even the next President of the United States. Within two years he has fallen from the height of a Presidential possibility to the level of a man whom people think it a compliment to call a good mayor.

It would scarcely be fair to say that for this fall Mayor Gaynor himself is to blame. Neither can it be said that fortune has been more unkind to him than to others. A goodly list of notable men have preceded him along the same road. Some of them, like himself, were talked of for the Presidency. One or two of them—John T. Hoffman, for example—came within measurable distance of nomination for that office. Yet not one of them garnered anything but disappointment.

It has been a custom in New York, from a very early time, for the municipal government to set a lamp at the gate or door of every mayor, as an honor due to the head of the city's administration. It might almost be more fitting to erect a tombstone—a mark to the memory of a career doomed to end in shattered hopes.

For instance—not to go back beyond the recollection of living men—no family names in New York's history are more widely or more justly honored than those of Cooper and of Hewitt. The service of the Cooper Institute will keep them fresh in the gratitude of New Yorkers for all time. But Edward Cooper and Abram S. Hewitt were mayors of the American metropolis. Hewitt, when he took the office, had served well in Congress, and was a statesman of national repute; Cooper was held in highest esteem in the world of business and industry, and had political ambitions of no mean order. But each of them, when he left the mayoralty, had finished his career.

Among the more recent mayors there have been representatives of almost all political parties and groups. Tammany men and anti-Tammany men, independents, fusion tickets, citizens' tickets—all these have had their chance to name their mayor. But each party, in turn, has been dissatisfied with its choice, and has soon forgotten his service. If one should go into any gathering of New Yorkers, call out the name of a former mayor, and ask, "His services and his rewards were what?" the response would be but an echo—"What?"

The most signal instances in point were perhaps Seth Low and George B. McClellan. Mr. Low gave up the presidency of a great university to take the office, and the reformers who had nominated him foretold a new and brighter era in civic affairs. Mr. McClellan, elected by Tammany, was the son of a famous sire, and was known as a gentleman of high purpose and brilliant promise. Yet neither of these two men could break the dismal record of failure.

Theodore Roosevelt once sought the mayoralty of New York, but was beaten at the polls. May it be said that this defeat made possible his remarkable subsequent career?

The reason for all this seems to lie partly in the very greatness of the American metropolis. The chief magistrate of New York may be a pygmy, but he is a pygmy upon a monument that lifts him high, so that he is seen from afar. Judged from a distance, he shows all the proportions of a national and commanding figure. It seems quite possible for him to stride with one step to the Governorship, and from thence to the Presidency; but, unfortunately, the mayor cannot stride. Held to the petty politics of a local office, he must walk with the mincing steps of a hobbled man. The more he strives to stride, the nearer he is to a tumble.

Here, again, we encounter the sinister fact that is so fruitful a source of evil in American politics—the division of our voters, not along real and living issues, but upon mere names of Democrat or Republican, to the confusion and defeat of almost every effort to get our gravest evils remedied. When a community consents to maintain a system of political control by which Democratic bosses in the city combine with Republican bosses in Albany against the true interests of the people, it is not surprising that every successive mayor, when venturing upon his office, finds beneath his feet a quagmire as treacherous as "that Serbonian bog betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old, where armies whole have sunk."

The present mayor has fared as his predecessors fared before him. It is not likely that the rest of his term will greatly change the situation. But the solid men and good citizens of the metropolis might ask themselves why they not only tolerate but sustain a system of politics which, so far from making the mayoralty a stepping-stone to the highest offices of State and nation, perverts it into an undertaking parlor.

THE ST. PAUL DIVIDEND AND RAILROAD FINANCE

HE St. Paul Railway recently reduced its annual dividend rate from seven to five per cent. It had been on a seven-per-cent basis for years, and, with its efficient management and strong hold on public confidence, it could probably have been kept there, at least for a time, without very difficult financial manipulation.

Nevertheless, the management deemed it wise to deal frankly with investors. The company has recently completed its Pacific Coast extension, running through an undeveloped territory, and not unnaturally there has been some recession of profits on the increased investment. The parallel to a private business is complete and obvious. In time, the St. Paul will probably be stronger and more profitable for the enterprise that has dictated its expansion, and it will gain in the confidence of investors because of the conservatism that has dictated a reduction of dividends.

There is no reason why a railroad should be expected to earn the same dividend regularly, year after year. No man expects his private business to do that. Every man understands that the very expansion which means bigger things in future may necessitate a temporary shrinkage of profits.

If these things are not so readily understood in connection with great public corporations, it is partly because, in the past, these concerns have not dealt so candidly with the people. Under the new régime of governmental supervision, it is easier for them to be frank with the public. Men charged with responsibility for great affairs have learned that such a policy is the best.

We have had welcome evidence, of late, that dividend rates, market quotations, and balance-sheet showings reflect actual conditions more fairly than they once did. It is one of the best proofs of an improved tone in the whole world of business.

FIRES AND CARELESSNESS

NE day, not long ago, a powerful fire-engine of the new motor type was driven through the streets of the crowded down-town district in New York, with its siren whistle shricking. Those who saw its noisy advance feared, for a moment, that another conflagration of the sort that gutted the Equitable Building had started. The windows of the sky-scrapers bobbed with faces, and the sidewalks were thronged with a watching crowd.

As the engine passed, the spectators saw that it carried huge placards bearing this inscription:

The careless throwing away of lighted matches, cigars, and cigarettes endangers life and property, is a misdemeanor, and will be prosecuted.

JOSEPH JOHNSON, Fire Commissioner.

Here was a spectacular and ingenious device upon the part of an energetic fire commissioner to bring home the lesson of a tragic conflagration, and to arouse the citizens of New York to the very vital issue of fire-prevention.

Everybody understands that there is an intimate relationship between waste and the excessive cost of living; but the various elements that make up waste are by no means generally understood. One of them, however, is particularly obvious, and it is one as to which the United States possesses unenviable preeminence. That is the annual fire loss.

British newspapers have taken keen interest in the descriptions of the Equitable fire—which is believed to have been due to the careless casting aside of a lighted match. Not merely did the very large loss in this particular case impress the Englishmen, but also the fact that our cities are full of structures so big and so filled with valuables that the burning of a single building is likely to impose a vastly greater loss here than abroad.

It appears from the records that although London has a very much larger population than New York, yet in 1910 the English capital had only 3,205 fires, while New York had 14,495. The destruction of property in the latter city was thrice as great as in the former, or about five times as much per capita. The total fire loss in the United States for that year was estimated at \$214,000,000.

Of course, everybody understands that fire loss is in nowise compensated to the community by insurance; rather, it is simply transferred from the few individual losers to the whole community. As a matter of fact, the community's loss is double the actual destruction caused by the flames, because the conduct of the insurance business costs about as much as the amount of indemnity paid.

Certainly there is no realm in which the possibility of effective reform is more

apparent than in this of reducing the fire waste, so much of which is due to culpable and even criminal carelessness.

THE COMMERCE CLAUSE AND LIQUOR TRAFFIC

THE Louisville and Nashville Railroad, having refused to accept liquors for transportation from Indiana into no-license territory in a Southern State, was made defendant in an action to compel it to perform the service. The railroad protested that the State to which the liquors were destined had a prohibition law, which it felt under some obligation to respect. The affair duly reached the United States Supreme Court, which decided that the railroad must transport the liquor. The State had no right to interfere with interstate commerce.

We do not doubt that this is the legal and constitutional aspect of the matter, yet we cannot regard it as a wholly satisfactory settlement of the question. Largely because of the race situation, Southern States have found it necessary to restrict or prohibit the liquor traffic. They have a right to make such restrictions, and they should have a right to enforce them, which under present conditions they cannot do. They know their own affairs, and they understand the conditions that make such regulations necessary, better

than the Constitution-makers of the eighteenth century.

The commerce clause, written in a generation when commerce in its modern sense was unknown, is the dead hand of a bygone age holding our present concerns in a grip of ice. It was invoked against pure-food legislation, against meat-inspection laws, and against child-labor statutes. Now it is relied on to prevent the South establishing social legislation which—in many communities, at least—it peculiarly needs. No wonder a good many people who refuse to be regarded as dangerous radicals indulge occasional misgivings as to whether our Constitution is wholly fitted to our times and needs.

RICHES AND OPPORTUNITY

HE series of articles on the millionaire yield of the great American cities, which begins elsewhere in this magazine, has a larger significance than merely presenting a gallery of rich men. It conveys a striking lesson to the youth of the land, because it tells how opportunity may be capitalized, and how our financial dynasties began with humble, obscure, and sometimes almost hopeless circumstance. It will show that the foundations of our great fortunes are rooted in self-made stuff.

One point brought out in the Pittsburgh article is well worth a word of emphasis here, because it bears upon every other community. It concerns the curious mystery which many people associate with the accumulation of vast wealth. Analyze the stories of the pioneers in million-making, and without exception you will find that no magic

was employed, no occult means were invoked.

Behind the increase of wealth is the principle of starting right, and then making what money you own work so that it will make more money. Many men spend their whole lives in looking for some grand and glittering opportunity to "strike it rich," not knowing that the chance of at least a competence is nearly always within their grasp,

if they will only employ the simplest rules of caution and discrimination.

The close study of the American millionaire also shows the all-important relation that locality bears to financial and industrial success. Pittsburgh's proximity to coal, Cleveland's extraordinary facilities for handling ore, San Francisco's position at the gate of the Pacific, have been compelling factors in their advance. But neither locality nor inheritance can guarantee wealth. The old adage that it is harder to keep money than to make it finds its illustration in every community and in every activity. The price of riches is incessant labor; the penalty that attaches to its maintenance is eternal vigilance.



NO ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF HER AS A CANDIDATE FOR STARVATION

THE POWER OF PRAYER

BY WELLS HASTINGS

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN IN THE BROWN DERBY." ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER

N her knees beside the cot, which in the daytime masqueraded as a divan, Leila Blaine poured out her sobbing supplications, asking aid and direction in her extremity, and passionately pleading that he should be given back to her. If she had been of smaller faith, she might long ago have lost belief in the efficacy of prayer. For six terrible months she had prayed practically the same thing—that some means of living should be shown to her, that somehow she might exist until his return, and that Heaven would send him

back safe and sound. And all this time her fortunes had grown worse.

He had left her buoyantly, big with the high hope that was normal to his age and nature, assuring her of his speedy return from the land of gold. He would bring back such wealth as should make possible all their dreams of life, and raise both of them high above the uncertain plane of drudging manual labor. And though her heart had misgiven her, she had let him go; for she knew that he could never be really happy or content otherwise.

But hers had been the greater gamble. She was risking, she had felt, the happy little commonplaces that would have satisfied her, on the doubtful chance of the wealth he thought they needed. To her his trip to the Klondike seemed as awful and perilous as if he had proposed going to the North Pole itself. She believed in him and thought he would win, if any man could, but any such distant victory seemed to her problematical.

It was more than a year since he had kissed her good-by, and she had expected him back in six months. She had always prayed for him, but of late she had discovered new depths in herself through the very passion of her supplications. Since December she had had no word, no answer to a single prayer. Her less fervent pleas on her own account had remained unanswered. She had never contemplated the possibility of starving, but now starvation grimaced over her very shoulder.

He had gone off light-heartedly, because she was in a position that both of them thought secure, doing office work which she found not unpleasant for employers who valued her highly. Together they had put the case to the head of the firm, a genial, sympathetic old gentleman, who had quite approved and understood, and who had told them that his only regret was that there was even a distant prospect of losing Leila. But the firm had failed, as firms sometimes will, even when directed by old gentlemen of the most genial nature, and the ill fortune which had overtaken it seemed to pursue Leila relentlessly.

The failure had come some time after his last letter, and perhaps the very distraction of her anxiety had had something to do with the uncertainties of her subsequent employment. She had begun to think of a position as something short and ephemeral, and something cruelly hard to find. It seemed to her as if she had trudged every chasmed channel of the great city. She almost believed in luck, so consistently had it turned against her.

She had been unemployed for almost a month, and had fifteen cents in her pocket-book. Ten of this must be spent in car fare, for she lived far up-town, and the firm which had answered her last advertisement was at the other end of the city, a distance impossible to walk. She knew by experience that she could dine on the

other five, but after that-what, even if

they took her? She could hardly expect them, she reflected, to make her an advance.

Perhaps there was something more that she could pawn; perhaps something might happen. At any rate, she was going to put the best face upon the matter, and with that end she set about washing the tears from her own.

Certainly no one would have thought of her as a candidate for starvation as she gained the platform of the Elevated and pushed her way bravely into the packed train. It was, she considered, something that concerned herself only, and she had scrupulously hidden every sign of the horrid specter. Although most of her wardrobe lay in usurious camphor, she had kept her best tailor suit as something sacred, a treasured necessity to a seeker of employment. The ruffled waist peeping between the lapels of the trim coat was beautifully fresh and starchy, for she had washed it herself, and had ironed it with such solicitude as another woman might give her iewels.

Many other women were standing, but as she reached for a strap two young men on different sides of the car rose and offered their seats to her. After hesitating for a moment between them, she took the seat of the one who appeared less weary, and dropped into it with a little murmur of thanks—an unconscious but momentous decision, for it brought her elbow to elbow with Slip Egan.

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SLIP accepted her philosophically, reflecting that the young man who had escaped him carried, in all probability, nothing of great value; for he had already decided that his former neighbor's watch-chain was plated. Like many of his kind, Slip preferred "moll-buzzing" to "leather-pulling." In other words, the contents of women's pockets interested him professionally more than the more dangerous abstraction of the leather wallets of the other sex.

He could not exactly be called a woman specialist, because, when easy opportunity offered, his taste was catholic enough to turn to masculine valuables; but he took more pride in his work with women, and felt himself more at home in their pockets. There was a certain romance about them, he felt. He might only smear his fingers on a powder-puff, or touch a crisp bundle of bills, or even, with rare good fortune, a piece of jewelry. There was no telling what



FROM BEHIND HIS NEWSPAPER HE APPRAISED LEILA CAUTIOUSLY

might be in a hand-bag, or a small and difficult pocket. The erratic, feminine idea of security was a constant source of amaze-

ment and delight to him.

From behind his newspaper he appraised Leila cautiously. Her suit, he determined, was good, but he noted with some disappointment that the sleeves had been altered from some former cut to their present modish style. Her black gloves fitted her well, but the finger-tips had been carefully mended, and retouched, he thought, with ink. Her shoes, from the little peep he got of them, might or might not have been resoled. She looked prosperous, but there had been evident economies.

Still, economy was a hobby with some women. He remembered that once he had taken five hundred dollars from the pocket of a dyed dress. That was it, that was part of the fun of it—with a woman you could

never be sure.

He glanced up at her face, and admitted to himself that she was pretty. She was smiling, but he thought he saw a suspicion of tears in her eyes. Certainly there had

been tears there lately.

Softness of heart was not one of Slip's virtues. He was rather romantic than sympathetic. Often, at the theater, his attention had been drawn from the poor little hand-bag of the woman next him, to be engulfed in snuffling regard for the histrionic sufferings of the play's abused heroine. He hissed the villain with the best of them; for he knew something of villainy. This girl, he thought, would make an ideal little heroine.

It was not altogether this, however, which made him hesitate. Romance was all very well in its way, but it was only as a rare treat that he let it interfere with business. He had another reason. He had been lucky, and he dreaded superstitiously

to "strain his luck."

Not many hours ago, he had brought off a very successful coup, the third he had accomplished from the dangerous, detective-ridden precincts of a world-famous firm of jewelers. His victim had been a man—a large and muscular-looking young man—so that the adventure had been more perilous, and in retrospect filled Slip with a more complacent satisfaction. He had followed his intended victim for blocks, before he had seen him joyfully greeted by friends and dragged, with some show of reluctance, into the crowded bar of a big café.

There the crowd and the hilarity of the new-met friends had given Slip his opportunity. He had been unable to get at the wallet, which he suspected made that bulge in the young man's breast pocket, but he was well content with what he had found in a side pocket—a small, square, cushion-topped box, which he had had in mind from

the very first.

Now, as he sat watching the girl, he felt the big diamond with appraising thumb. The box he had kicked into a convenient sewer. He knew pockets too well to trust them, and he had slipped the ring upon his little finger, with the stone turned inward. He kept feeling of it nervously, much as a child will feel with his tongue the unfamiliar gap of a new-lost tooth; for it fitted insecurely. He had tried it on his third finger, at first, but it was just too small. Slip's hands were slender and graceful, as became his profession, and on his little finger the ring hung loosely.

The train was fast getting down-town. The girl might, he reflected, get out at any station. If she had been bent on shopping, he would have lost her already. He sternly collected his wandering thoughts. A man should be above superstition. Besides, the thing he had done had been outside his custom, a dilettante excursion, taken partly for pure excitement, a successfully gratified whim of his that surely could have no effect upon his subsequent legitimate business. This woman was fair game, and possibly rich game. It was folly to delay any longer.

The train was grinding into a station. When the doors were flung open, a puff of wind blew his newspaper, flapping wide, across her lap and into her very face. Under its cover, Slip's practised hand stole into her pocket, while he murmured profuse and awkward apologies. Leila hardly heard them, for she too had been dreaming, and she realized with a start that the guard was shouting his distortion of the name of her station. Waiting passengers had already begun to stream into the car.

She sprang to her feet, and with some excitement made her way to the door, leaving behind her a disappointed gentleman of the nether world, who cursed the well-known abruptness of womankind in perfervid silence that he longed to break. But the car was in motion again, and it was too late to

follow her.

If Slip could have got out, however, and climbed the steps on the other side, he would soon have seen her; for Leila, as she had dreaded, had met the ill chance which she had struggled to put from her mind. The place, the position that was to stand between her and that gaunt thing she knew to be looking over her shoulder, was already taken. They were very sorry, but the former incumbent had suddenly changed her

She knew it would be wiser, now that she was down-town, to visit the newspaper offices, make a list of the day's likely "want" advertisements, and try each one in person, on the bare chance of finding something. But she could not do it; she was faint and dizzy and heart-sick, and she wanted to be alone, to draw her shades



mind and come back again. They were sure, however, that Leila would have little trouble in finding something to do. New York, they assured her cheerily, was full of positions.

Welliam Vim Dresser

She had bravely winked back the tears and turned directly homeward. Home, as she knew it, was empty and heartless and bare, but she was driven there by an uncontrollable impulse. upon the world that jostled her and shut her out. In short, she longed for a good cry. Her dizziness should have told her that she needed a good meal.

She climbed the stairs droopingly, and, once in her room, found that she could not cry after all; things were too bad for that.

It came over her sickeningly that he might be dead, and she was too weak to put the thought from her. Many and many a time it had come knocking at her heart at midnight, but until now she had given it no admittance. He was hers, and it could not be! He was going to come back—perhaps very rich, but that did not matter. He was going to come back—that was all she cared for. But now, in her dumb despair, that waiting doubt gripped her.

Some one knocked loudly on her door, but she could not open it. There was something sacred in her grief. But the knocking continued, loud and impatiently imperative, so that she shuddered and staggered wanly to her feet. She withdrew the shot bolt, and gathering her last strength, stood erect as the door was pushed open.

HE could not see her paleness in the sudden light, but he shouted boyishly aloud at the joy of seeing her. Stooping, he gathered her up close in his arms, swinging her clear from the floor in the new, buoyant strength he had earned with his fortune. She had not even time to think him a specter. His kisses fell warm on her cold little cheek, and she could hear him dimly, through the staggering joy of her senses, whispering the old, dear, pet names in her ear.

She moved her head and kissed him; and then, with a great sigh of happiness, she permitted herself to faint-a performance which she had been putting off for weeks.

When she came to herself, he was bending anxiously over her and rubbing her wrists. She closed her eyes for a moment, luxuriating in the rasp of the calloused hands. She felt as if the world throbbed and jolted beneath her; then she realized dimly that she was in a taxicab.

"Where are we going?" she asked, with something of her old vivaciousness.

He slid an arm about her and drew her

close against his shoulder.

"That's a lovely first remark," he laughed contentedly. "We are going for a large, thick, juicy steak, since you're so practical-a steak right now, because you need it. We can have the peacock's tongues and the other dew-dabs any time afterward -or all the time afterward, if you like, although I don't suppose they'll be good for you. You poor little thing! What on earth has been the trouble?'

"Nothing much," she sighed contentedly, for the past months of horror seemed trifling things now. "Only-only I was so worried when your letters stopped!"

He reached his free hand into one of his

bulging breast pockets.

"I brought them with me," he said. "I had to break your letter-box to do it. They were all there, all thirty of them. must have been delivered this morning. You see, mail by dog-sled is rather uncertain."

When she had eaten a little, and the deferential waiter had withdrawn, she began scolding him as he deserved. Her color had come back again, and he thought her lovely.

"Do you mean to say," she asked, "that you got to town this morning, and didn't come to me right away? What do you mean by it, sir? Are you going to treat me

that way always?"

He blushed boyishly beneath his tan. "Well," he stammered, "I know now it was foolish, but I sort of wanted to burst upon you, Leila. I have made money, and there is more coming, and I wanted to come to you right, in new clothes and all that, so

that you could be proud of me when we went out together-and when we are married to-morrow."

"Oh!" she protested.

"When we are married to-morrow," he repeated calmly. "And you have never had a ring-a decent one, that is-and it took some time to choose that. I am afraid it is too big for you, even as it is."

He felt in his pockets, then began heaping their contents on the table in front of

him in scrupulous self-disgust.

"It's not there!" he said at last. "I've been touched like a Reub the first crack out of the box! Never mind, I'll get another."

"Another what?" asked Leila.

"Another ring. I got you a dandy this morning."

The tears rose to Leila's eyes, it was so silly and so sweet of him; but she remembered that they were in a public place, and saw that people were already looking at She felt hastily for her handkerchief. Her exploring fingers found something round and hard, and she drew it out and stared at it in amazement. It was inscribed within, "Frank to Leila."
"Is this it?" she asked in a whisper.

He took it from her outstretched hand and examined it in a wonder more wideeyed than her own.

"Yes," he said. "How did it get there?" Could she be dreaming? No, she knew that this was reality. But awake or dreaming, the thing was awesome. laughed. After all, what did it matter? The man before her was the greater miracle.

"I don't suppose that we shall ever know," she said. "It is a little too large."

And only a mournful pickpocket and the Power who answers lonely women's prayers ever did know.

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XXXIX-QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN AND THE MAROUIS MONALDESCHI

BY LYNDON ORR

WEDEN, to-day, is one of the peaceful kingdoms of the world, whose people are prosperous, well governed, and somewhat apart from the clash and turmoil of other states and nations. Even the secession of Norway, a few years ago, was accomplished without bloodshed, and now the two kingdoms exist side by side as free from strife as they are with Denmark, which once domineered and tyrannized over both.

It is difficult to believe that long ago, in the Middle Ages, the cities of southern Sweden were among the great commercial centers of the world. Stockholm and Lund ranked with London and Paris. They absorbed the commerce of the northern seas, and were the admiration of thousands of travelers and merchants who passed through them and trafficked with them.

Much nearer to our own time, Sweden was the great military power of northern Europe. The ambassadors of the Swedish kings were received with the utmost deference in every court. Her soldiers won great battles and ended mighty wars. The England of Cromwell and Charles II was unimportant and isolated in comparison with this northern kingdom, which could pour forth armies of gigantic blond warriors, headed by generals astute as well as brave.

It was no small matter, then, in 1626, that the loyal Swedes were hoping that their queen would give birth to a male heir

to succeed his splendid father, Gustavus Adolphus, ranked by military historians as one of the six great generals whom the world has yet produced. The queen, a German princess of Brandenburg, had already borne two daughters, who died in infancy. expectation was wide - spread and intense that she should now become the mother of a son; and the king himself was no less anxious.

When the event occurred, the child was seen to be completely covered with hair, and for this reason the attendants at first believed that it was the desired boy. When their mistake was discovered, they were afraid to tell the king, who was waiting in his study for the announcement to be made. At last, when no one else would go to him, his sister, the Princess Caroline, volunteered to break the news.

Gustavus was in truth a chivalrous, highbred monarch. Though he must have been disappointed at the advent of a daughter, he showed no sign of dissatisfaction, or even of surprise; but, rising, he embraced his sister, saying:

"Let us thank God. I hope this girl will be as good as a boy to me. May God preserve her now that He has sent her!"

A GREAT SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

It is customary at almost all courts to pay less attention to the birth of a princess than

EDITOR'S NOTE-This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Recent articles in the series have dealt with "The Story of Pauline Bonaparte" (January, 1911): "Robert Burns and Jean Armour" (February); "The Story of Richard Wagner" (March); "Honoré de Balzac and Evelina Hanska" (April); "The Story of the Carlyles" (May); "The Story of Mme. de Staël" (June); "Charlotte Corday and Adam Lux" (July); "George IV and Mrs. Fitzherbert" (August); "The Story of Prince Charles Edward Stuart" (September); "Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester" (October); "Napoleon and Marie Walewska" (November); "Goethe and Charlotte von Stein" (December); "The Mystery of Charles Dickens" (January, 1912); and "The Story of Karl Marx" (February). mances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychoto that of a prince; but Gustavus displayed whom he named Christina. He ordered that a much-loved son, as well as a successor.

from the first he took his child under his his chivalry toward this little daughter, own keeping, and treated her as if she were



QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN, THE DAUGHTER AND SUCCESSOR OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS From a drawing by M. Stein after the portrait by Bourdon

the full royal salute should be fired in every fortress of his kingdom, and that displays of fireworks, balls of honor, and court functions should take place; "for," as he said, "this is the heir to my throne." And so

He joked about her looks when she was born, and when she was mistaken for a boy.
"She will be clever," he said, "for she has taken us all in!"

The Swedish people were as delighted

with their little princess as were the people of Holland when the present Queen Wilhelmina was born, to carry on the succession of the House of Orange. On one occasion, the king and the small Christina, who were inseparable companions, happened to approach a fortress where they expected to spend the night. The commander of the castle was bound to fire a royal salute of fifty cannon in honor of his sovereign; yet he dreaded the effect upon the princess of such a roaring and bellowing of artillery. He therefore sent a swift horseman to meet the royal party at a distance, and explain his perplexity. Should he fire these guns or not? Would the king give an order?

Gustavus thought for a moment, and then

replied:

"My daughter is the daughter of a soldier, and she must learn to lead a soldier's

life. Let the guns be fired!"

The procession moved on. Presently fire spurted from the embrasures of the fort, and its batteries thundered in one great roar. The king looked down at Christina. Her face was aglow with pleasure and excitement; she clapped her little hands and laughed, and cried out:

"More bang! More! More!"

This is only one of a score of stories that were circulated about the princess, and the Swedes were more and more delighted with the girl who was to be their queen.

Somewhat curiously, Christina's mother, Queen Maria, cared little for the child; and, in fact, came at last to detest her almost as much as the king loved her. It is hard to explain this dislike. Perhaps she had a morbid desire for a son, and begrudged the honors given to a daughter. Perhaps she was a little jealous of her own child, who took so much of the king's attention. Afterward, in writing of her mother, Christina excuses her, and says quite frankly:

She could not bear to see me, because I was a girl, and an ugly girl at that. And she was right enough, for I was as tawny as a little Turk.

This candid description of herself is hardly just. Christina was never beautiful, and she had a strong, harsh voice. She was apt to be overbearing, even as a little girl. Yet she was a most interesting child, with an expressive face, large eyes, an aquiline nose, and the blond hair of her people. There was nothing in this to account for her mother's intense dislike for her.

It was currently reported, at the time,

that attempts were made to maim or seriously injure the little princess. By what was
made to seem an accident, she would be
dropped upon the floor, and heavy articles
of furniture would somehow manage to
strike her. More than once a great beam
fell mysteriously close to her, either in the
palace or while she was passing through the
streets. None of these things did her serious harm, however. Most of them she luckily escaped; but when she had grown to be
a woman one of her shoulders was permanently higher than the other.

"I suppose," said Christina, "that I could be straightened if I would let the surgeons attend to it; but it isn't worth while

to take the trouble."

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR

When Christina was four, Sweden became involved in the great war that had been raging for a dozen years between the Protestant and the Catholic states of Germany. Gradually the neighboring powers had been drawn into the struggle, either to serve their own ends or to support the faith to which they adhered. Gustavus Adolphus took up the sword with mixed motives, for he was full of enthusiasm for the imperiled cause of the Reformation, and at the same time he deemed it a favorable opportunity to assert his control over the shores of the Baltic.

The warrior king summoned his army and prepared to invade Germany. Before departing he took his little daughter by the hand, and led her among the assembled nobles and councilors of state. To them he entrusted the princess, making them kneel and vow that they would regard her as his heir, and, if aught should happen to him, as his successor. Amid the clashing of swords and the clang of armor this vow was taken, and the king went forth to war.

He met the ablest generals of his enemies, and the fortunes of battle swayed hither and thither; but the climax came when his soldiers encountered those of Wallenstein—that strange, overbearing, arrogant, mysterious creature whom many regarded with a sort of awe. The clash came at Lützen, in Saxony. The Swedish king fought long and hard, and so did his mighty opponent; but at last, in the very midst of a tremendous onset that swept all before him, Gustavus received a mortal wound, and died, even while Wallenstein was fleeing from the field of battle.

The battle of Lützen made Christina

Queen of Sweden at the age of six. Of course, she could not yet be crowned, but a council of able ministers continued the policy of the late king, and taught the young queen her first lessons in statecraft. Her intellect soon showed itself as more than that of a child. She understood all that was taking place, and all that was planned and arranged. Her tact was unusual. Her discretion was admired by every one; and after a while she had the advice and training of the great Swedish chancellor, Oxenstierna, whose wisdom she shared to a remarkable degree.

Before she was sixteen she had so approved herself to her counselors, and especially to the people at large, that there was a wide-spread clamor that she should take the throne and govern in her own person. To this she gave no heed, but said:

"I am not yet ready."

A MASCULINE QUEEN

All this time she bore herself like a king. There was nothing distinctly feminine about her. She took but slight interest in her appearance. She wore sword and armor in the presence of her troops, and often she dressed entirely in men's clothes. She would take long, lonely gallops through the forests, brooding over problems of state, and feeling no fatigue or fear. And indeed why should she fear, who was beloved by all her

subjects?

When her eighteenth year arrived, the demand for her coronation was impossible to resist. All Sweden wished to see a ruling queen, who might marry and have children to succeed her through the royal line of her great father. Christina consented to be crowned, but she absolutely refused all thought of marriage. She had more suitors from all parts of Europe than even Elizabeth of England; but, unlike Elizabeth, she did not dally with them, give them false hopes, or use them for the political advantage of her kingdom.

At that time Sweden was stronger than England, and was so situated as to be independent of alliances. So Christina said, in

her harsh, peremptory voice:

"I shall never marry; and why should you speak of my having children? I am just as likely to give birth to a Nero as to an Augustus."

Having assumed the throne, she ruled with a strictness of government such as Sweden had not known before. She took the reins of state into her own hands, and carried out a foreign policy of her own, over the heads of her ministers, and even against the wishes of her people. The fighting upon the Continent had dragged out to a weary length, but the Swedes, on the whole, had scored a marked advantage. For this reason the war was popular, and every one wished it to go on, but Christina, of her own will, decided that it must stop; that mere glory was not to be considered against material advantages. Sweden had had enough of glory; she must now look to her enrichment and prosperity through the channels of peace.

THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA

Therefore, in 1648, against Oxenstierna, against her generals, and against her people, she exercised her royal power and brought the Thirty Years' War to an end by the so-called Peace of Westphalia. At this time she was twenty - two, and by her personal influence she had ended one of the greatest struggles of history. Nor had she done it to her country's loss. Denmark yielded up rich provinces, while Germany was compelled to grant Sweden membership in the German diet.

Then came a period of immense prosperity through commerce, through economies in government, through the improvement of agriculture and the opening of mines. This girl queen, without intrigue, without descending from her native nobility to peep and whisper with shady diplomats, showed herself in reality a great monarch, a true Semiramis of the north, more worthy of respect and reverence than Elizabeth of England. She was highly trained in many arts. She was fond of study, spoke Latin fluently, and could discourse with Salmasius, Descartes, and other accomplished scholars without showing any inferiority to them.

She gathered at her court distinguished persons from all countries. She repelled those who sought her hand, and she was pure and truthful and worthy of all men's admiration. Had she died at this time history would rank her with the greatest of women sovereigns. Naudé, the librarian of Cardinal Mazarin, wrote of her to the sci-

entist Gassendi in these words:

To say truth, I am sometimes afraid lest the common saying should be verified in her, that short is the life, and rare the old age, of those who surpass the common limits. Do not imagine that she is learned only in books, for she is equally so

in painting, architecture, sculpture, medals, antiquities, and all curiosities. There is not a cunning workman in these arts but she has him fetched. There are as good workers in wax and in enamel, engravers, singers, players, dancers, here as will be found anywhere.

She has a gallery of statues, bronze and marble, medals of gold, silver, and bronze, pieces of ivory, amber, coral, worked crystal, steel mirrors, clocks and tables, bas-reliefs and other things of the kind; richer I have never seen even in Italy; finally a great quantity of pictures. In short, her mind is open to all impressions.

But after she began to make her court a sort of home for art and letters, it ceased to be the sort of court that Sweden was prepared for. Christina's subjects were still rude and lacking in accomplishments; therefore, she had to summon men of genius from other countries, especially from France and Italy. Many of these were illustrious artists or scholars, but among them were also some who used their mental gifts for harm.

QUEEN CHRISTINA'S DECADENCE

Among these latter was a French physician named Bourdelot-a man of keen intellect, of winning manners, and of a profound cynicism, which was not apparent on the surface, but the effect of which was lasting. To Bourdelot we must chiefly ascribe the mysterious change which gradually came over Queen Christina. With his associates, he taught her a distaste for the simple and healthy life that she had been accustomed to lead. She ceased to think of the welfare of the state, and began to look down with scorn upon her unsophisticated Swedes. Foreign luxury displayed itself at Stockholm, and her palaces overflowed with beautiful things.

By subtle means, Bourdelot undermined her principles. Having been a Stoic, she now became an Epicurean. She was by nature devoid of sentiment. She would not spend her time in the niceties of love-making, as did Elizabeth; but beneath the surface she had a sort of tigerish, passionate nature, which would break forth at intervals, and which demanded satisfaction from a series of favorites. It is probable that Bourdelot was her first lover, but there were many others whose names are recorded in the annals of the time.

When she threw aside her virtue Christina ceased to care about appearances. She squandered her revenues upon her favorites. What she retained of her former self was a carelessness that braved the opinion of her subjects. She dressed almost without thought, and it is said that she combed her hair not more than twice a month. She caroused with male companions to the scandal of her people, and she swore like a trooper whenever she was displeased.

Christina's philosophy of life appears to have been compounded of an almost brutal licentiousness, a strong love of power, and a strange, freakish longing for something new. Her political ambitions were checked by the rising discontent of her people, who began to look down upon her and to feel ashamed of her shame. Knowing herself as she did, she did not care to marry.

Yet Sweden must have an heir. Therefore, she chose out her cousin Charles, declared that he was to be her successor, and finally caused him to be proclaimed as such before the assembled estates of the realm. She even had him crowned; and finally, in her twenty-eighth year, she abdicated altogether and prepared to leave Sweden. When asked whither she would go, she replied in a Latin quotation:

"The Fates will show the way."

In her act of abdication she reserved to herself the revenues of some of the richest provinces in Sweden, and absolute power over such of her subjects as should accompany her. They were to be her subjects until the end.

The Swedes remembered that Christina was the daughter of their greatest king, and that, apart from personal scandals, she had ruled them well; and so they let her go regretfully, and accepted her cousin as their king. Christina, on her side, went joyfully and in the spirit of a grand adventuress. With a numerous suite she entered Germany, and then stayed for a year at Brussels, where she renounced Lutheranism. After this she traveled slowly into Italy, where she entered Rome on horseback, and was received by the Pope, Alexander VII, who lodged her in a magnificent palace, accepted her conversion, and baptized her, giving her a new name, Alexandra.

THE MARQUIS MONALDESCHI

In Rome she was a brilliant but erratic personage, living sumptuously, even though her revenues from Sweden came in slowly, partly because the Swedes disliked her change of religion. She was surrounded by men of letters, with whom she amused herself, and she took to herself a lover, the Mar-

quis Monaldeschi. She thought that at last she had really found her true affinity, while Monaldeschi believed that he could count

on the queen's fidelity.

He was in attendance upon her daily, and they were almost inseparable. He swore allegiance to her, and thereby made himself one of the subjects over whom she had absolute power. For a time he was the master of those intense emotions which, in her, alternated with moods of coldness and even cruelty.

Monaldeschi was a handsome Italian, who bore himself with a fine air of breeding. He understood the art of charming, but he did not know that, beyond a certain time, no one could hold the affections of

Christina.

However, after she had quarreled with various cardinals, and decided to leave Rome for a while, Monaldeschi accompanied her to France, where she had an immense vogue at the court of Louis XVI. She attracted wide attention because of her eccentricity and utter lack of manners. It gave her the greatest delight to criticize the ladies of the French court—their looks, their gowns, and their jewels. They, in return, would speak of Christina's deformed shoulder and skinny frame; but the king was very gracious to her, and invited her to his hunting-palace at Fontainebleau.

While she had been winning triumphs of sarcasm, the infatuated Monaldeschi had gradually come to suspect, and then to know, that his royal mistress was no longer true to him. He had been supplanted in her favor by another Italian, one Sentanelli, who was

the captain of her guard.

Monaldeschi took a tortuous and roundabout revenge. He did not let the queen know of his discovery, nor did he, like a man, send a challenge to Sentanelli. stead, he began by betraying her secrets to Oliver Cromwell, with whom she had tried to establish a correspondence. Again, imitating the hand and seal of Sentanelli, he set in circulation a series of the most scandalous and insulting letters about Christina. By this treacherous trick he hoped to end the relations between his rival and the queen; but when the letters were carried to Christina she instantly recognized their true source. She saw that she was betrayed by her former favorite, and that he had taken a revenge which might seriously compro-

This led to a tragedy, of which the facts

were long obscure. They were carefully recorded, however, by the queen's household chaplain, Father Le Bel; and there is also a narrative written by one Marco Antonio Conti, which confirms the story. Both were published privately in 1865, with notes by Louis Lacour.

THE EXECUTION OF MONALDESCHI

The narration of the priest is dreadful in its simplicity and minuteness of detail. It may be summed up briefly here, because it is the testimony of an eye-witness who knew Christina and understood her enigmatic character.

Christina, with the marquis and a large retinue, was at Fontainebleau in November, 1657. A little after midnight, when all was still, the priest, Father Le Bel, was aroused and ordered to go at once to the Galerie des Cerfs, or Hall of Stags, in another part of the palace. When he asked why, he was told:

"It is by the order of her majesty, the

Swedish queen."

The priest, wondering, hurried on his garments. On reaching the gloomy hall he saw the Marquis Monaldeschi, evidently in great agitation, and at the end of the corridor the queen in somber robes. Beside the queen, as if awaiting orders, stood three figures, who could with some difficulty be made out as three soldiers of her guard, wearing corselets under their cloaks and swords buckled to their belts.

The queen motioned to Father Le Bel, and asked him for a packet which she had given him for safe-keeping some little time before. He gave it to her, and she opened it. In it were letters and other documents, which, with a steely glance, she displayed to Monaldeschi. He was confused by the sight of them and by the incisive words in which Christina showed how he had both insulted her and had tried to shift the blame upon Sentanelli.

Monaldeschi broke down completely. He fell at the queen's feet and wept piteously, begging for pardon, only to be met by the cold answer:

"You are my subject and a traitor to me. Marquis, you must prepare to die!"

Then she turned away and left the hall, in spite of the cries of Monaldeschi, to whom she merely added the advice that he should make his peace with God by confessing to Father Le Bel.

After she had gone the marquis fell into a torrent of self-exculpation, and cried for mercy. The three armed men drew near and urged him to confess for the good of his soul. They seemed to have no malice against him, but to feel that they must obey the orders given them. At the frantic urging of the marquis, their leader even went to the queen to ask whether she would relent; but he returned shaking his head, and said:

"Marquis, you must die."

Father Le Bel undertook a like mission, but returned with the message that there was no hope. So the marquis made his confession in French and Latin and Italian, but even then he hoped; for he did not wait to receive absolution, but begged still fur-

ther for delay or pardon.

Then the three armed men approached, having drawn their swords. The absolution was pronounced; and, following it, one of the guards slashed the marquis across the forehead. He stumbled and fell forward, making signs as if to ask that he might have his throat cut. But his throat was partly protected by a coat of mail, so that three or four strokes delivered there had slight effect. Finally, however, a long, narrow sword was thrust into his side, after which the marquis made no sound.

Father Le Bel at once left the Galerie des Cerfs and went into the queen's apartment, with the smell of blood in his nostrils. He found her calm and ready to justify herself. Was she not still queen over all who had voluntarily become members of her suite? This had been agreed to in her act of abdication. Wherever she set her foot, there, over her own, she was still a monarch, with full power to punish traitors at her will. This power she had exercised, and with justice. What mattered it that she was in France? She was queen as truly as Louis XIV was king.

The story was not long in getting out, but the truth was not wholly known until a much later day. It was said that Sentanelli had stabbed the marquis in a fit of jealousy, though some added that it was done with the connivance of the queen. King Louis, the incarnation of absolutism, knew the truth, but he was slow to act. He sympathized with the theory of Christina's sovereignty. It was only after a time that word was sent to Christina that she must leave Fontainebleau. She took no notice of the order until it suited her convenience, and then she went forth with all the honors of a reigning monarch.

CHRISTINA'S LATER YEARS

This was the most striking episode in all the strange story of her private life. When her cousin Charles, whom she had made king, died without an heir, she sought to recover her crown; but the estates of the realm refused her claim, reduced her income, and imposed restraints upon her power. She then sought the vacant throne of Poland; but the Polish nobles, who desired a weak ruler for their own purposes, made another choice. So at last she returned to Rome, where the Pope had her received with a splendid procession, and granted her twelve thousand crowns a year to make up for her lessened Swedish revenue.

From this time she lived a life which she made interesting by her patronage of learning, and exciting by her rather unseemly quarrels with cardinals, and even with the Pope. Her armed retinue marched through the streets with drawn swords, and gave open protection to criminals who had taken refuge with her. She dared to criticize the pontiff, who merely smiled and said:

"She is a woman!"

On the whole, the end of her life was pleasant. She was much admired for her sagacity in politics. Her words were listened to at every court in Europe. She annotated the classics, she made beautiful collections, and she was regarded as a privileged person whose acts no one took amiss. She died at fifty-three, and was buried in St. Peter's.

She was bred a man, she was almost a son to her great father; and yet, instead of the sonorous epitaph that is inscribed beside her tomb, perhaps a truer one would be the words of the vexed Pope:

" E donna!"

AS THE YEARS PASS

Come softly, years, though be your coming swift,
That thinking not of you life's way I go,
Glad for the sun, the rain, love's precious gift—
Then, sudden, find the hills are white with snow!

THE SARCOPHAGUS OF A SINGLE FLOWER

A ROMANCE OF FLORENCE AND THE MAREMMA

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL

AUTHOR OF "AN IDYL UNDER THE TERROR," "THE RÔLE OF A GENTLEMAN," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY GEORGE GIBBS

E were, as the Italian proverb has it, not in the world, but in Maremma. Carpenter had challenged me to a summer journey through that land of misty memories and malaria, believing that our enthusiasm for Etruscan remains would render us fever-proof.

On that memorable evening we had arrived at a small town upon a sudden little hill rising like an island in the wastes of brilliant green. Though the sun was far down toward the blue horizon line of the Mediterranean, waves of heat still quivered above the plain, to be changed with the first coolness into ghostlike wraiths of mist.

After arranging at the wretched inn for our lodging, we sought the principal church, that we might make the acquaintance of the priest and hear from him the traditions of the neighborhood. The Angelus bell guiding us, we passed along the solitary streets, encountering only a few pale, listless women and children. The church itself, at whose steps the town suddenly ended, looked gaunt and bleached in the white glare of the setting sun. Lifting the leather curtain, we passed into a bare nave, from whose walls frescos by forgotten masters were scaling.

As we advanced toward the altar, we became aware of a kind of mortuary chapel, breaking the smooth expanse of the south wall, and containing three sarcophagi, at the sight of which Carpenter gave an exclamation of delight. I laid a warning finger on my lips, for I saw that by the farthest one a young girl was kneeling.

An old priest with a benign expression now emerged from the sacristy, and came forward to greet us. As we whispered our names and the object of our visit, the girl rose from her knees and left the chapel, evidently with the intention of speaking to the padre, until she perceived that strangers were with him.

As she passed us, even Carpenter, cold and blind antiquarian as he was, looked in wonder upon the sorrow-penetrated beauty of her face. Italy breeds such loveliness from time to time, as if in vindication of Raphael and Da Vinci. Instinctively we turned to the priest with questions in our eyes.

"The Signorina Beatrice Cecina," he murmured, "the last member of an old family of these parts."

"Yet she wears the peasant costume," Carpenter commented.

The padre seemed to think our curiosity entirely justified.

"She is very poor," he explained. "In her orphaned babyhood she was adopted by her father's steward and his wife, old peasant people whose remains now rest in two of those sarcophagi."

At the mention of these treasures it became evident that for Carpenter, at least, the girl no longer existed. His eyes glowed with an antiquarian's ardor.

"They are purest Etruscan," he said in

his dry, curator voice—"of alabaster, and indicating, I perceive by the single, double, and triple flowers of their decoration, that they once contained the bodies of a young, of a middle-aged, and of an old person. Where were they found?"

"Upon the farm of the steward, the foster-father of the Signorina Beatrice—in one of the subterranean tombs with which

this soil is honeycombed."

Carpenter left us to examine the three ancient coffins more closely. I turned to the priest.

"Even a stranger can see that the Signorina Cecina is in great sorrow."

The padre sighed.

"Alas, yes! The sarcophagus of a single flower, the alabaster tomb of youth, is still empty, but if this tragedy continues I fear that Beatrice Cecina may be laid there."

"What tragedy, father?"

Before answering he looked long and attentively at me.

"You are stopping overnight?"

"Yes, and perhaps longer, should my friend decide upon researches in the neighborhood."

"In that case I insist upon you both coming to my house. The inn is terrible. You could not endure the food. No, do not refuse me. We live in such isolation that when a stranger braves our mists and miasma, it is the least we can do to make him comfortable."

II

That evening, after dinner, the priest and I sat before a fire of driftwood, lighted as a protection against the poisonous mosquitoes. Carpenter had left us for a stroll in the moonlight, after assuring the anxious padre that he had lived for weeks at a time in perfect health among the swamps of tropical countries. I was glad of his absence. I wanted to hear more of Beatrice Cecina.

"And so," I began, "there is a tragedy connected with the beautiful girl we saw

this afternoon?"

"Yes. She was betrothed, when very young, to Silvestro Alfani, the son of her father's dearest friend. The young man was also of an ancient and impoverished family, and, like her, he had been early orphaned. They grew up together, became devotedly attached, and expected to be married on Silvestro's return from the Univer-

sity of Bologna, or as soon as he could establish himself in his chosen profession, the law. What happened at the university I do not know, but I suspect that Silvestro, always a dreamer and an enthusiast, had, in an hour of madness, become involved with one of those secret societies which are the bane of our country. He returned silent, preoccupied, and unresponsive, though seemingly as much in love as ever; but he gave the impression-to me at least-of living under a sword of Damocles. One day it fell. Without a word of explanation or farewell to Beatrice Cecina, to myself, or to any one else, he left for Florence-summoned, without doubt, by an authority he dared not disobey."

"How did you know that he went to

Florence?"

"He had bought a railroad-ticket to that city, and through a priest, an old friend of mine who resides there, I learned that he was living in an obscure quarter and frequenting a café whose proprietor is noted as a political agitator. My friend, the priest, sought out Silvestro, entreating him to send us some word of explanation, but he received no reply from the young man, who appeared, indeed, half distracted at the mention of his betrothed's name. As for Beatrice Cecina, she no longer writes to him. She waits and prays—but she is pining away before our eyes."

I mused a while, thinking that it must be indeed a grave matter which could snatch a young man from a beautiful woman with whom he was deeply in love, and whom he expected soon to marry. Some exaggerated sense of honor was probably behind this defection. I felt instinctively that a girl so apparently noble in mind and soul as Beatrice Cecina could not love a man of small

or traitorous nature.

Strolling next day along the desolate beach, I came suddenly upon the signorina, standing motionless, as if lost in her sad thoughts. The glare of the morning sunlight took not one degree from her loveliness, but it revealed her pallor, and the signs of a wasting grief that might easily prove mortal. She seemed like a white flower grown amid poisonous marshes.

Recognizing me, she bowed, and, picking up her basket of seaweed, went silently on

her way.

That night I told the priest and Carpenter that I was going to Florence to seek Silvestro Alfani.

Carpenter, already in the grip of buried centuries, obsessed with visions of dead knights stretched in corroded gold upon carved slabs beneath the waving grasses of the Maremma-Carpenter looked in dreamy scorn upon his quondam assistant, as if to intimate that I might go where I pleased so long as I left him in this heaven of a swamp, and in the company of a priest who was as well versed in Etruscan remains as in the doctrines of St. Thomas Aguinas. But the padre's eyes kindled with interest. He listened to my theories and plans with a warm glow of sympathy. When I had finished, he gave me his approval and his blessing, then added:

"While you are absent, I shall endeavor to take your place with the learned Signor Carpenter in his search for Etruscan treasures; but my interest in antiquities during these last months, I confess, has been chiefly that the sarcophagus of a single flower

should remain open and empty."

III

THE Inn of the Crimson Sword, as it was melodramatically called, from a long, red stain on its door-post, blocked up the end of an alley of evil smells, all dominated by a composite odor of sour wine and hot oil. I found a brown cave of a place, crowded with tables. Three women served all comers. One of them was very beautiful. From certain words which passed between her and a Caravaggio brigand of a man, whom I identified as the host, I surmised that she was his daughter. She gave me the impression of a woman of great courage, capable both of cruelty and of tenderness.

Suddenly I saw her face assume the blanched, tender, transparent look of a woman in love, as she greeted a young man who had just entered. From his resemblance to the photograph in my pocket, and from the priest's descriptions, I had no doubt

that he was Silvestro Alfani.

Whatever his outward affiliations, he was evidently living in another world than that of the prowling patrons of the inn—a world of the irrecoverable past. His distinguished appearance only added to the effect he gave of being overwhelmingly conscious of some irretrievable blunder along the devious paths on which he was now groping.

Another figure darkened the doorway another swarthy Caravaggio with eyes like rapiers. He looked jealously at the innkeeper's daughter as she lingered by Alfani's table, endeavoring to draw him into conversation. The newcomer approached the pair; then with a curt bow to the young woman—whose name, I learned, was Gemma Dolfi—he brushed her aside and seated himself opposite Silvestro, opening at once a serious conversation with him.

I watched the young man's face as his visitor whispered and gesticulated—saw it grow gray, acquiescent, and hopeless. Gemma hovered in the background, never taking her eyes from the two men. Beneath her lowered eyelids were expressed alternately

fierce hatred and a fiercer love.

That the man talking with Silvestro wielded an absolute authority over him was evident, but it was also clear to me that Silvestro, though obedient, was not cowed. His companion seemed to affect him only as a link in a chain which bound him to more extraordinary fortunes than he had ever dreamed of in his little Maremma village.

I resolved that when he left the inn I

would follow and accost him.

Fortune favored me. I was not far behind him, and near Giotto's famous belltower I overtook him.

"Signor Alfani?"

He turned sharply around.

"Signor Alfani, do you remember the sarcophagus of a single flower in the church at Nello?"

His face became as white as the gardenias that a passing flower-girl held up to him.

"Who are you, signor?" he asked in a low, vibrant voice.

"Do you remember the sarcophagus of a single flower?"

"Remember!"

A world of pain was in his voice. I drove my message deep into his open wound.

"The padre sends you word that they are likely to lay the Signorina Beatrice Cecina in that sarcophagus of dead youth if you do not return."

A despairing cry escaped him.

"She is ill!"

"Well and happy, of course, since she hears nothing from you!"

He turned fiercely upon me.

"You can mock as well as wound! Who are you?"

"A visitor to your village sufficiently interested in the Signorina Beatrice Cecina to wish to see her happy. With the padre's consent and approval, I have come here to ask why you leave her in this miserable suspense?"

As I spoke I took two letters from my pocket and handed them to him. He read them in an agitated silence. Then he

said:

"Will you meet me on the terrace of San Miniato an hour from now, signor? I will tell you all I can of this unhappy matter."

IV

THE sun was setting when Alfani finished his narrative, which, briefly, was this:

While a student at the University of Bologna he had been persuaded to join a club, the real nature of which—to promote political unrest—had been revealed to him only after his initiation. Then he found that he was in a nest of youthful subverters controlled from Florence by Domenico Tosini, the man with whom he had conversed at the inn.

Tosini's life-work, as stated by himself, was to rid the world of those rulers or statesmen who were deemed obstacles to the spreading of the gospel of subversion. Being a powerful personality, within his limited range, he had played upon Silvestro's sense of honor until, in a fatal hour at the end of a students' meeting, the young man had signed a paper pledging himself to obey any mandate issued to him at any moment. The summons had reached him at Nello, telling him that his aid in an approaching crisis was required, and that he must come to Florence at once.

Though he believed that imprisonment or death was probably before him as the result of his being Tosini's tool, he had departed without a word. This night he was to learn from his hated director what

he was to do.

"But do you consider yourself bound by a pledge wrung from you in a moment of high tension at some furious students'

meeting?" I protested.

"The paper I signed is in the possession of Tosini," he replied. "I cannot go back on my word, even though it should cost me my life."

"And if the paper could be taken from

Tosini?"

He smiled faintly.

"What he holds—he holds! Listen, signor. I meet him to-night at this very

spot to learn the nature of my commission. We shall speak in French. You understand French, signor?"

"Yes."

"Be on the other side of this hedge at nine o'clock. What you hear report to the Signorina Beatrice and to the padre. I should be glad of a faithful witness to relate to them under what compulsion I went to prison—or to my death."

He spoke in the passionless voice of the

man for whom life is already over.

"I shall be here. Tell me—is Gemma Dolfi, the innkeeper's daughter, of this band?"

"Poor girl! She has had no chance for any other existence."

"Is she betrothed to Tosini?"

"Her father wishes her to be. Tosini is, in love with her."

"And she is in love with you," I added mentally.

V

THEY were punctual. At first I could distinguish, through the interstices of the hedge, only two blurs of white—their tense, pale faces. Then the powerful figure of Tosini disengaged itself from the surrounding gloom. He began to speak quickly, in excellent French.

I listened with deepening apprehension as the purport of his instructions became clear. A cry of horror from Silvestro interrupted at one point the flow of the even, merciless speech. I had the sensation of seeing a young-winged thing caught in some monstrous web by a misshapen spider.

Tosini ended by an invitation to Silvestro to have supper with him, but this fantastic hospitality was apparently declined, for the two men went separate ways through

the darkness.

I waited for some moments, and then, trembling with agitation over what I had heard, stepped out of my hiding-place. As I did so, a figure emerged from another vantage-point. I recognized Gemma Dolfi.

Her look of comprehension told me that she understood my errand there, as I understood hers. That my presence did not startle her showed me how long she had lived among strange chances and changes.

I bowed. She returned my greeting.

speaking abruptly.

"You are the American who was at my father's inn yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Did you climb this hill for a view of Florence by night?"

"The night is not favorable for a study of the scenery, signorina!"

"Do you understand French?"

"Yes."

"I do not!"

A note of anguish was in her voice, as if she had been baffled at the moment of a great crisis. I was becoming aware that she possessed the intelligence, not of education, but of a strong nature—a far higher type.

".Then," I said, "I have the advantage

of you, signorina."

We stood, two strangers, talking in seeming riddles, yet we knew that we were skirting a subject of intense interest to us both. Suddenly her manner changed from that of inquisition to appeal. Her voice became soft and gentle.

"Can you not share your advantage with me, signor? I fear for—for the life of Sig-

nor Alfani!"

"You have your suspicions, then, that all

is not well?"

"I know that he is in Florence and among—among our people against his will. He was a stranger, but even I could see that he had left all his life behind him somewhere. I know, too, that a crisis is approaching, but for once Tosini has not taken me into his confidence. I came here because of a chance word I had overheard, but—they have spoken in French!"

"You ask me to share my advantage with you, signorina. I will tell what I know. While at the University of Bologna, Silvestro Alfani signed a paper, the full import of which, I believe, was at that time hidden from him. However that may be, he pledged himself to carry out any commission which certain persons might require of him. To-night he learned its exact nature. Within the next six days he starts for Rome to fulfil a pledge from which he shrinks in horror—an errand, in short, of assassination. These leaders are apparently too cowardly for such work themselves, so they make tools of younger men!"

The pallor of faintness overspread her face, but she remained tense and un-

drooping.

"Without doubt Domenico Tosini holds this pledge in his possession," she said in a low, meditative voice, as if speaking to herself. "If it were destroyed, Signor Alfani would be free of this obligation, but he would not be free of Tosini!" "At least he could not be held to a deed for which he has only abhorrence."

"Tosini is a tiger!" she replied. "He would track a deserter to the ends of the earth. He is the supreme menace. The others are merely his tools."

"Better that Alfani should die as a vic-

tim than as a criminal!"

"Why are you so interested in him?" she demanded. "Did you know him at Bologna?"

There are some natures so small that it is safest to tell them nothing, others so great that it is wisest to tell them everything. I knew that Gemma Dolfi belonged to this latter class.

"He was a stranger to me until a week ago," I replied, "when I heard of him through the padre of his native village in the Maremma. He is betrothed to a beautiful girl of noble birth there—and she is

breaking her heart for him!"

I heard the sweep of the wings of tragedy in the very utterance of my words—saw their profound shadows veil Genma's face for a moment. To what depths of bitterness she descended I could not guess, but I felt instinctively that she had known from the first that her love was hopeless.

Still dominant, still uncrushed, she an-

swered:

"I have influence with Tosini. Believe me, signor, I shall use it!"

She asked me my name and address; then, with a proud inclination of her head, she left me and was soon lost in the shadows of the night.

VI

I WENT listlessly through the next two days. Scorching heat plagued Florence. The oppression in the air rendered even the most dramatic events dreamlike and far-off.

In the middle of the afternoon of the second day a messenger arrived, pale and breathless, from the Inn of the Crimson Sword. He implored me to go at once there, that the Signorina Gemma might speak with me before she died. She had been mortally wounded by Tosini—she wished to see me.

As we hurried through the nearly empty streets, the lad told me all that he knew of the affair. It seemed that Tosini had come in very late, when the inn was quite deserted, and had asked for food. The Signorina Gemma had served him, and then had seated herself at the table with him.

They had appeared very happy. One of the servants about the place had remarked that the *signorina* must be at last relenting

and listening to Tosini's suit.

After a while, as if in answer to some plea of hers, he was seen to show her a paper, then to give it to her. Upon getting it into her hands she had torn it suddenly into fragments and had cast these into a brazier of burning charcoal. Tosini became violently angry and drew a knife. It seemed, the boy continued, that she might have saved herself. An open door was just behind her, but she had stood as still as a statue in a cathedral niche and let Tosini stab her.

Tosini had escaped in the panic that followed, but the officers had traced him to the Porta San Niccolò. It was thought that

he would be captured.

The Inn of the Crimson Sword was packed with people as I entered. Among them I saw Silvestro Alfani. The innkeeper met me, his face stained with tears, and at once conducted me into his daughter's presence.

From that small, still room the last echo of earthly passions seemed to have died away. Gemma lay defeated, yet victorious, glad, it would seem, of the price she had paid for another's ransom. I took her hand

"Tosini is a fugitive from justice now," she whispered. "He will probably be cap-

tured before he reaches the coast or the mountains. With him out of the way, there's nothing to fear from the others. My father has promised me to tell them that Silvestro's pledge is annulled—he is safe now and forever!"

I gazed at her through my tears.

"You purchased his safety with your life. Why did Tosini—"

She saw what I wanted to ask.

"When I burned the pledge, I cried out, 'I love Silvestro, not you!' It was then he drew his knife."

"But you could have escaped-"

A weary smile hovered for a moment about her lips.

"Yes, I could have escaped."

"Shall I call Alfani?"

"No, he is suffering enough—but he will soon be happy!"

An hour after her death we received word that Domenico Tosini, seeing that his capture was inevitable, had shot himself some miles beyond the Porta San Niccolò.

Carpenter and I witnessed the marriage of Silvestro Alfani to Beatrice Cecina in the church at Nello. After the ceremony, with the other guests, old friends and neighbors, we led her to the sarcophagus of a single flower. We had turned it into a bride-chest by filling it to the brim with wedding linen and silver.

MY HANDS IN YOURS

I PUT my two hands to my lips, dear heart, That I may not say what I would.

I put my two hands to my eyes, sweetheart, That you may not see what you could.

I put my two hands to my heart, dear heart, That you may not know what is there.

But now they are going to yours, sweetheart— To yours they are stretched in despair!

They are seeking your own dear hands, dear heart, That they may rest there tired and weak,

Weary and worn with the thoughts, sweetheart, That my lips and my eyes would speak.

'Tis lightly and sadly they go, dear heart— Light, since empty, and sad, being dumb;

But poor though they are, perhaps, sweetheart, You will keep them, now that they come!

LIGHT VERSE

I'M GLAD I'M I

DO I pine for the days that are no more? Decidedly, I do not! I'm glad I'm I, and I'm glad I'm here, And I'm pleased with what I've got. I do not care for the old-time knights-Not a solitary groat! I like hot water and a porcelain tub; They may keep their portcullised moat. Do I pine for a coat of armor-plate, Or trousers made of tin? much prefer my breeks of tweed, With suspenders to keep me in. Do I sigh for a spirited chariot-race, Or a falcon on my wrist? Not I, for I own a motor-car, And have birds enough on my list! So I do not blubber or snivel or weep For the days that have gone to pot; For I'm glad I'm I, and I'm glad I'm here,

H. R. Macaulay

Charles Irvin Junkin

AN X-RAY RESULT

And I'm pleased with what I've got!

"THIS X-ray machine is a marvel,"
Said a medical man to his friend;
"It is showing up many a wonder,
And serving a mighty good end.

"Last week I examined a puppy—
You know how they hang out their tongues—
Just a plain, every-day kind of doggie;
I took a good shot at his lungs.

"And when I developed the picture— Now don't tell your sisters and aunts, For it sounds just a little bit shocking— I discovered the seat of his pants!"

STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY

THE CAT

MOST writers treat the Common Cat As nothing much to marvel at; They mention Whiskers, Eyes, and Tails, And tell how Puss retracts her Nails;

They deal with her as Household Pet, Or as the Foe of Rats, and yet Scarce one sees how much there belongs t' her Consideration as a Songster! The Cat's no one-night-stand performer, No peripatetical barnstormer; Night after night, in the same theater, She has her audience Mad to be at her!

The Cat is no tame concert-singer, No special-make-of-piano-bringer; Her talents rise to the Dramatic— Her work is truly Operatic!

All passions—Hate, Despair, and Wo, A Longing for the Long-ago, Demoniac Laugh, or low-voiced Croon, A weird Salute to midnight Moon,

An agonized and lingering Howl Swift rising to heart-breaking Yowl— A voice for every tragic story The Cat has in her Repertory!

In basement, balcony, and dormer Her hearers crowd for this Performer, Late, late at night, when they'd be sleeping, Were she not their attention keeping?

At Opera, when a Star was screeching I've seen men for their hats a reaching; Or else, through some long Wagner number, Beheld dull heads sunk deep in slumber.

But when the Cat these same men hear, Not hats but Boots and Jugs they rear, And, far from slumbering, in a spasm Hurl them, with real Enthusiasm!

Think, then, though she's by nature sleepy, Abhorring subjects wild or creepy, How yet she, Duty faithful at, Sings all night to us—noble Cat!

George Jay Smith

THE CHAPERONE

THE chaperone's the strangest thing
That ever I did see.
She knows that youth will have its fling
Wherever it may be;
And spite of every wall and bar
That hedges them about,
True loves, no matter where they are,
Will always surely out!

No fair duenna ever breathed Since Abel was a kid Who, when Dan Cupid burned and seethed, Could keep the fellow hid; And so I cannot understand Just what her mission is In Cupid's own dear fairy-land Of pure and perfect bliss. And, furthermore, I've watched 'em close-These ladies so severe;

I've had 'em round me, goodness knows, For many and many a year;

But when by some most strange mishap She starts in on her own,

And flirts like time, pray who will chap-Erone the chaperone?

Carlyle Smith

A LEAP-YEAR DILEMMA

NOW what the dickens can I do?
I bring my cry for help to you!
On every side deep wo besets;
My heart runs o'er with black regrets,
For I'm the kind of chap, I trow,
That's never learned to answer "No!"

Whate'er a maiden asks of me.
No matter what the favor be,
I always promptly answer "Yes!"
And hence hath risen my distress—
Distress, indeed, of such a kind
That it has nearly wrecked my mind!

Last week I called on fair Babette, On Susan, Bess, and dear Janette; On Genevieve, Matilda, Jane, Priscilla, Prue, and Madeleine; And—how my poor heart whirls and whirs— Each maiden asked me to be hers!

'Twas "Yes" to Bab and "Yes" to Prue; 'Twas "Yes" to Genevieve and Sue; 'Twas "Yes" to Madeleine, and "Yes" To Jane, Priscilla, Mat, and Bess, And quite a dozen others too; Oh, what the dickens can I do?

Wilberforce Jenkins

THE REFORMED SPELLER'S DREAM

THE spelling-reformer dozed in his lair—
The same being merely his library chair—
When of a strange company he grew aware
That flutterd and buzd all about in the air.

He soon could perceive that the things which so whird

Round his face were in fact each a done-over word,

Which he, by his evilest genius bespurd, Had clipt into shapes that in dreams thus recurd.

First "Lim" took revenge for the way he'd been dubd;

He pind the man's thums, which grew num as if clubd;

While "Siv," whom the speller the wrong way had rubd,

Then bift, cuft, and land him till he was well drubd!

Next, eight mutilated words grabd him, and held The spelling man's hed, now decidedly sweld; While "Colum" took sissors, and, tho the tears

tweld,

Just snipt his nose off—how he cust and he yeld!

The sissors then lopt off his ears, and "Thru"

That what the wretch lackt was to have his neres grooved;

But "Duld" said, "Enuf! We have done what behooved.

Though his neighbors won't know him, he's vastly improved!"

Evan Howard

THE NEW SINGING

THE greatest singer of the age
Is Signor Campolesi,
Who's now appearing on the stage
And setting people crazy.
His method is his very own—
He calls it "dissertation"—
Of course, he cannot sing a tone,
But such interpretation!

There's Mme. Corianne Achille—
I heard her "operate"
The other night in Louisville;
I tell you, it was great!
I only caught a note or two
Above the orchestration—
She hasn't any voice, 'tis true,
But such interpretation!

William Wallace Whitelock

HER HAIR

HER hair was a dying sunset
That weeps o'er a pool of blood:
It tumbled adown her shoulders
In a wanton, golden flood.
At moments it seemed to grow duller:
Again, it would ravish the color
Of roses that bloom and bud.

It was flecked with sparkling sunlight:
The orange had lent its bloom;
The shadows were russet of copper
But faintly spied in the gloom.
My efforts to tell you its beauty
Would fail, though I made it my duty;
Besides, I haven't the room.

I fell in love with the splendor
That seemed to halo her head;
She spurned my marriage proposal,
And would not be wooed or wed.
My spectrum was prone to delusion.
For now I have reached the conclusion
That her hair is just plain red!

T. Stempfel, Jr.

THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND'

BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

AUTHOR OF "BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK," "TRUXTON KING," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

HALLIS WRANDALL, a member of one of the leading families of New York, is found murdered in a suburban road-house. His companion, a woman, presumably the murderess, has disappeared. The dead man is identified by his wife, who comes from New York by a late train. Although it is a stormy winter night, Mrs. Wrandall refuses to stay at the scene of the tragedy. As the last train has gone, she starts back toward the city alone, in a motor-car which her husband left at the inn.

On the way, she encounters a young woman, lost and wandering on the lonely, snow-covered road, whom she recognizes as answering to the description of her husband's companion. Taken into Mrs. Wrandall's car, the stranger admits her identity, confesses her crime, and asks to be taken back to the inn, that she may give herself up to the law. Moved by emotions which she herself scarcely understands, Sara Wrandall refuses this request. Instead, she drives on into the city, to the hotel at which she has been staying. Here she shelters the girl in her own rooms, and puts her to sleep in her own bed.

V

ONG after the girl went to sleep, Sara Wrandall stood beside the bed, looking down at the pain-stricken face, and tried to solve the problem which suddenly had become a part of her very existence.

"It is not friendship," she argued fiercely. "It is not charity, it is not humanity. It's the debt I owe, that's all. She did the thing for me that I could not have done myself, because I loved him. I owe her something for that!"

Later on she turned her attention to the trunks. Her decision was made. With ruthless hands she dragged out gown after gown and cast them over chairs, on the floor, across the foot of the bed—smart things from Paris and Vienna; ball-gowns, street-gowns, tea-gowns, lingerie, blouses, hats, gloves, and all the countless things in which a woman of fashion and means indulges herself when she goes abroad for that purpose, and for no other to speak of. From the closets she drew forth New York tailor-made suits and other garments.

Until six o'clock in the morning she busied herself over this huge pile of costly raiment, some of which she had worn but once or twice, some not at all. She selected certain dresses, hats, stockings, and so forth, which she laid carelessly aside—an imposing pile of many hues, all bright and gay and glittering. In another heap she laid the somber things of black—a meager assortment as compared to the other.

Then she stood back and surveyed the two heaps with tired eyes, a curious, almost scornful smile on her lips.

"There!" she said with a sigh. "The black pile is mine, the gay pile is yours," she went on, turning toward the sleeping girl. "What a travesty!"

Then she gathered up the soiled garments that her charge had worn, and cast them into the bottom of a trunk, which she locked.

Laying out a carefully selected assortment of her own garments for the girl's use when she arose, Mrs. Wrandall sat down beside the bed and waited, knowing that sleep would not come to her.

At half past six she went to the telephone and called for the morning newspapers. At the same time she asked that a couple of messenger-boys be sent to her room with the least possible delay. The hushed, scared voice of the telephone-girl down-stairs convinced her that news of the tragedy was abroad. Mrs. Wrandall could

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imagine the girl looking at the head-lines with awed eyes even as she responded to the call from Room 416, and her shudder as she realized that it was the wife of the

dead man speaking.

One of the night clerks, pale and agitated, came up with the newspapers. He inquired if there was anything he could do. He tried to tell her that it was a dreadful, sickening thing, but the words stuck in his throat. She stood before him, holding the door open; the light in the hall fell upon her white, haggard face. He began to tremble all over, as if with the ague.

"Will you be good enough to come in?" she inquired. "The newspapers—have they

printed the-the details?'

He entered, and she closed the door:

"Just the—just the news that it was Mr. Wrandall," he replied jerkily. "Later on they'll have—"

She interrupted him.

"Let me have them, please." Without so much as a glance at the head-lines, she tossed the newspapers on the table. have sent for two messenger-boys. It is too early to accomplish much by telephone, I fear. Will you be so kind as to telephone at seven o'clock, or a little after, to my apartment? You will find the number under Mr. Wrandall's name. Please inform the butler, or his wife, that they may expect me by ten o'clock, and that I shall bring a friend with me-a young lady. Kindly have my motor sent to Haffner's garage, and looked after. When the reporters come, as they will, please say to them that I will see them at my own home at eleven o'clock."

"Can't I—we—I should say, don't you want us to send word to your—your friends, Mrs. Wrandall—the family, I mean? No

trouble to do it, and-"

"Thank you, no. The messengers will attend to all that is necessary. When my lawyer arrives, please send him here to me

-Mr. Carroll. Thank you."

The clerk, considerably relieved, took his departure in some haste, and she was left with the morning newspapers, each of which she scanned rapidly. The details, of course, were meager. There was a double-leaded account of her visit to the inn and her extraordinary return to the city. Her chief interest, however, did not rest in these particulars, but in the speculations of the authorities as to the identity of the mysterious woman and her whereabouts. There was the likelihood that she was not the only

one who had encountered the girl on the highway, or in the neighborhood of the inn.

So far as she could glean from the reports, however, no one had seen the girl, nor was there the slightest hint offered as to her identity. The newspapers of the previous afternoon had published lurid accounts of the murder, with all the known details, the name of the victim at that time still being a mystery. She remembered reading the story with no little interest. The only new feature in the case, therefore, was the identification of Challis Wrandall by his "beautiful wife," and the sensational manner in which it had been brought about.

She noted the hour at which the news had been received from "special correspondents," and wondered where the shrewd, lynxeyed reporters could have napped while she was at the inn. All the despatches were timed three o'clock, and each paper characterized its issue as an "extra," with Challis Wrandall's name in huge type across as many columns as the dignity of the sheet

permitted.

Not one word of the girl!

Mrs. Wrandall returned to her post beside the bed of the sleeper in the adjoining room. Deliberately she placed the newspapers on a chair near the girl's pillow, and then raised the window-shades to let in the

hard, gray light of early morn.

It was not her present intention to arouse the wan stranger, who slept as one dead. So gentle was her breathing that the watcher stared in some fear at the fair, smooth breast that seemed scarcely to rise and fall. For a long time she stood beside the bed, looking down at the face of the sleeper, a troubled expression in her eyes.

"I wonder how many times you were seen with him, and where, and by whom!" were the questions that ran through her mind. "Where do you come from? Where did you meet him? Who is there that knows

of your acquaintance with him?"

There was no kindly light in her eyes, nor was there the faintest sign of animosity—merely the look of one who calculates in the interest of a well-shaped purpose. Sara Wrandall was estimating the difficulties that were likely to attend the carrying out of a design as yet half formed and Quixotic.

There were many things to be considered. At present she was working in utter darkness. What would the light bring forth?

At eight o'clock her lawyer came, in great haste and perturbation, in response to the letter delivered by one of the messengers. A second letter had gone by like means to her husband's brother, Leslie Wrandall, instructing him to break the news to his father and mother, and to come to her apartment after he had attended to the removal of the body to the family home near Washington Square. She made it quite plain that she did not want Challis Wrandall's body to lie under the roof that sheltered her.

His family had resented their marriage. Father, mother, and sister had objected to her from the beginning, not because she was unworthy, but because her mercantile ancestry was not so remote as his. She found a curious sense of pleasure in returning to them the thing which they prized so highly, and which they had surrendered to her with such bitterness of heart. She had not been good enough for him—that was their attitude. Now she was returning him to them, as one would return an article that had been tested and found to be worthless. She would have no more of him!

Leslie, three years younger than Challis, did not hold to the views that actuated the remaining members of the family in opposing her as an addition to the rather close corporation known far and wide as "the Wrandalls." He had stood out for her in a rather mild but none the less steadfast manner, blandly informing his mother, on more than one occasion, that Sara was quite too good for Challis, any way you looked at it—an attitude which provoked sundry caustic references to his own lamentable shortcomings in the matter of family pride and—intelligence.

He and Sara had been good friends, after a fashion. He was a bit of a snob, but not much of a prig. Her feeling was that if he could be weaned away from the family he might stand for something fine in the way of character. But he was an adept at straddling fences, so that he was never fully on one side or the other, no matter which

way he leaned.

He had not been deeply attached to his brother. Their ways were wide apart. All his life, Leslie had known Challis for what he was; his heart if not his hand was against him. From the first, he had regarded Sara's marriage as a bad bargain for her so. Not once, but many times, had he taken it upon himself to inform her that she was a fool to put up with all the beastly things Challis was doing. When they met to dis-

cuss the escapades of the careless Challis—for she always went to him with her troubles—he characterized as infatuation the emotion that she was prone to call love. In direct opposition to his counseling, she invariably forgave the erring lover, who was her husband.

Once Leslie had said to her, in considerable heat: "You act as if you were his mistress, instead of his wife. Mistresses have to forgive: wives don't!"

And she had replied:

"Yes, but I'd much rather have him a lover than a husband!"—a remark which

Leslie never quite fathomed.

Carroll, her lawyer, an elderly man of vast experience, was not surprised to find her quite calm and reasonable. He had come to know her very well in the past few years. He had been her father's lawyer up to the time of that excellent tradesman's demise, and he had settled the estate with such unusual despatch that the heirs—there were many of them—regarded him as an admirable person, and ever afterward kept him busy straightening out their own affairs. Which goes to prove that policy is often better than honesty.

"I quite understand, my dear, that while it is a dreadful shock to you, you are perfectly reconciled to the—er—to the—well, I might say the culmination of his troubles," said Carroll tactfully, after she had related for his benefit the story of the night's adventure, with reservation concerning the girl who slumbered in the room beyond.

"Hardly that, Mr. Carroll. Resigned, perhaps. I can't say that I am reconciled. All my life I shall feel that I have been

cheated," she said.

He looked up sharply. Something in her tone puzzled him.

"Cheated, my dear? Oh, I see-cheated out of years of happiness. I see!"

She bowed her head. Neither spoke for a full minute.

"It's a horrible thing to say, Sara, but this tragedy does away with another ar. I perhaps more unpleasant alternative — the divorce I have so long been urging you to consider."

"Yes, we are spared all that," she said. Then she met his gaze with a sudden flash of anger in her eyes. "But I would not have divorced him — never! You understood that, didn't you?"

"You couldn't have gone on forever, my

dear child, enduring the-"

· She stopped him with an exclamation.

"Why discuss it now? Let the past take care of itself, Mr. Carroll. The past came to an end the night before last, so far as I am concerned. I want advice for the future, not for the past."

He drew back, hurt by her manner. She was quick to see that she had offended him.

"I beg your pardon, my best of friends," she cried earnestly.

He smiled.

"If you will take present advice, Sara, you will let go of yourself for a spell, and see if tears won't relieve the tension under—"

"Tears!" she cried. "Why should I give way to tears? What have I to weep for? That man up there in the country? The cold, dead thing that spent its last living moments without a thought of love for me? Ah, no, my friend! I shed all my tears while he was alive; there are none left to be shed for him now. He exacted his full share of them. It was his pleasure to wring them from me because he knew I loved him!" She leaned forward and spoke slowly, distinctly, so that he would never forget the words. "But listen to me, Mr. Carroll. You also know that I loved him. Can you believe me when I say to you that I hate that dead thing up there in Burton's Inn as no one ever hated before? Can you understand what I mean? I hate that dead body, Mr. Carroll! I loved the life that was in it. It was the life of him that I loved-the warm, appealing life of him. It has gone out. Some one less amiable than I suffered at his hands, andwell, that is enough. I hate the dead body she left behind her, Mr. Carroll!"

The lawyer wiped the cool moisture

from his brow.

"I think I understand," he said, but he was filled with wonder. "Extraordinary! Ahem! I should say—ahem! Dear me! Yes, yes—I've never really thought of it in that light."

"I dare say you haven't," she said, lying back in the chair as if suddenly exhausted.

"By the way, my dear, have you breakfasted?"

"No. I haven't given it a thought. Perhaps it would be better if I had some

"I will ring for a waiter," he said,

springing to his feet.

"Not now, please. I have a young friend in the other room—a guest who ar-

rived last night. She will attend to it when she awakes. Poor thing, it has been dreadfully trying for her!"

"Good heaven, I should think so!" said he, with a glance at the closed door. "Is

she asleep?"

"Yes. I shall not call her until you have gone."

"May I inquire--"

"A girl I met recently—an English girl," said she succinctly, and forthwith changed the subject. "There are a few necessary details that must be attended to, Mr. Carroll. That is why I sent for you at this early hour. Mr. Leslie Wrandall will take charge—ah!" she straightened up suddenly. "What a farce it is going to be!"

Half an hour later the lawyer departed, to rejoin her at eleven o'clock, when the reporters were to be expected. He was to do the talking for her. While he was there, Leslie Wrandall called her up on the telephone. Hearing but one side of the rather prolonged conversation, Carroll was filled with wonder at the tactful way in which she met and parried the inevitable questions and suggestions coming from her brother-in-law. Without the slightest trace of offensiveness in her manner, she gave Leslie to understand that the obsequies must be conducted in the home of his parents, to whom once more her husband belonged, and that she would abide by all arrangements his family elected to make.

VI

AFTER Mr. Carroll's departure, Mrs. Wrandall gently opened the bedroom door, and was surprised to find the girl wide awake, resting on one elbow, her staring eyes fastened on the newspaper that topped the pile on the chair.

Catching sight of Mrs. Wrandall, she pointed to the paper with a trembling hand, and cried out, in a voice full of horror:

"Did you place them there for me to read? Who was with you in the other room just now? Was it some one about the some one looking for me? Speak! Please tell me. I heard a man's voice—"

The other crossed quickly to her side. "Don't be alarmed. It was my lawyer. There is nothing to fear—at present. Yes, I left the papers there for you to see. You can see what a sensation it has caused. Challis Wrandall was one of the most widely known men in New York; but I suppose you know that without my telling you."

The girl sank back with a groan.

"Oh, what have I done? What will

come of it all?"

"I wish I could answer that question," said the other, taking the girl's hand in Both were trembling. After an instant's hesitation, she laid her other hand on the dark, disheveled hair of the wildeyed creature, who still continued to stare at the head-lines. "I am quite sure they will not look for you here, or in my home.

"In your home?"

"You are to go with me. I have thought it all over. It is the only way. Come, I must ask you to pull yourself together. Get up at once, and dress. Here are the things you are to wear.'

She indicated the orderly pile of garments with a wave of her hand. Slowly the girl crept out of bed, confused, bewil-

dered, stunned.

"Where are my own things? I-I cannot accept these. Pray give me my own-

"You must obey me, if you expect me to help you. Don't you understand that I have had a-a bereavement? I cannot wear these things now. They are useless to me. But we will speak of all that later on. Come, be quick; I will help you to dress. First, go to the telephone and ask them to send a waiter to - these rooms. We must have something to eat. Please do as I tell you!"

Standing before her benefactress, her fingers fumbling impotently at the neck of the night-dress, the girl still stared dumbly into the calm, dark eyes before her.

"You are so good. I-I-

"Let me help you," interrupted the other, deliberately setting about to remove the night-dress. The girl caught it up as it slipped from her shoulders, a warm flush suffusing her face, a shamed look springing into her eyes.

"Thank you, I can-get on very well. I only wanted to ask you a question. It has been on my mind, waking and sleeping. Can you tell me anything about-do you

know his wife?"

The question was so abrupt, so startling, that Mrs. Wrandall uttered a sharp little cry. For a moment she could not reply.

"I am so sorry, so desperately sorry for her!" added the girl plaintively.

"I know her," the other managed to say

with an effort.

"If I had only known that he had a wife-" began the girl bitterly, almost an-

Mrs. Wrandall grasped her by the arm. "You did not know that he had a wife?" she cried.

The girl's eyes flashed with a sudden

fierce fire in their depths.

"As there is a God in heaven, no! I did not know it until-oh, I can't speak of it! Why should I tell you about it? Why should you be interested in hearing it?"

Mrs. Wrandall drew back and regarded the girl's set, unhappy face. There was a curious light in her eyes that escaped the

other's notice.

"But you will tell me-everything-a little later," she said, strangely calm. "Not now, but before many hours have passed. First of all, you must tell me who you are, where you live - everything except what happened in Burton's Inn. I don't want to hear that at present—perhaps never. Yes. on second thoughts, I will say never! You are never to tell me what happened up there, or what led up to it. Do you understand? Never!

The girl stared at her in amazement.

"But I-I must tell some one," she cried vehemently. "I have a right to defend myself--

"I am not asking you to defend yourself," said Mrs. Wrandall shortly. Then, as if afraid to remain longer, she rushed from the room. In the door, she turned for an instant to say: "Do as I told you. Telephone. Dress as quickly as you can."

She closed the door swiftly. Standing in the center of the room, her hands clenched until the nails cut the flesh, she said over

and over again to herself:

"I don't want to know! I don't want to know!'

A few minutes later she was critically inspecting the young woman, who came from the bedroom attired in a street dress that neither of them had ever donned be-The girl, looking fresher, prettier, and even younger than when Mrs. Wrandall had seen her last, was in no way abashed. She seemed to have accepted the garments and the situation in the same spirit of resignation and hope, as if she had decided to make the most of her slender chance to profit by these amazing circum-

They sat opposite each other at the little breakfast-table.

"Please pour the coffee," said Mrs. Wrandall.

The waiter had left the room at her command. The girl's hand shook, but she com-

plied without a word.

"Now you may tell me who you are, and—but wait! You are not to say anything about what happened at the inn. Guard your words carefully. I am not asking for a confession. I do not care to know what happened there. It will make it easier for me to protect you. You may call it conscience. Keep your big secret to yourself. Not one word to me—do you understand?"

"You mean that I am not to reveal, even to you, the causes which led up to--"

"Nothing - absolutely nothing," said

Mrs. Wrandall firmly.

"But I cannot permit you to judge me, to-well, you might say to acquit mewithout hearing the story. It is so vital

to me!"

"I can judge you without hearing all of the—the evidence, if that's what you mean. Simply answer the questions I shall ask, and nothing more. There are certain facts I must have from you, if I am to shield you. You must tell me the truth. I take it you are an English girl. Where do you live? Who are your friends? Where is your family?"

The girl's face flushed for an instant,

and then grew pale again.

"I will tell you the truth," she said.
"My name is Hetty Castleton. My father is Colonel Braid Castleton, of-of the British army. My mother is dead. She was Kitty Glynn, at one time a popular musichall performer in London. She was Irish. She died two years ago. My father was a gentleman. I do not say he is a gentleman, for his treatment of my mother relieves him from that distinction. He is in the Far East—China, I think. I have not seen him for more than five years. He deserted my mother. That's all there is to that side of my story. I appeared in two or three of the musical pieces produced in London two seasons ago, in the chorus. I never got beyond that, for very good reasons. I was known as Hetty Glynn.

"Three weeks ago I started for New York, sailing from Liverpool. Previously I had served in the capacity of governess in the family of John Budlong, a brewer. They had a son, a young man of twenty. Two months ago I was dismissed. Soon afterward, a California lady, Mrs. Holcombe, offered me a situation as governess to her two little girls. I was to go to her

home in San Francisco. She provided the money necessary for the voyage and for other expenses. She is still in Europe. I landed in New York a fortnight ago, and, following her directions, presented myself at a certain bank—I have the name somewhere—where my railroad tickets were to be in readiness for me, with further instructions. They were to give me twenty-five pounds on the presentation of my letter from Mrs. Holcombe. They gave me the money, and then handed me a cablegram from Mrs. Holcombe, notifying me that my services would not be required. There was no explanation.

"On the steamer I had met—him. His deck-chair was next to mine. I noticed that his name was Wrandall—'C. Wrandall,' the card on the chair informed me. I—"

"You crossed on the steamer with him?" interrupted Mrs. Wrandall quickly.

"Yes."

"Had—had you seen him before? In London?"

"Never. Well, we became acquainted, as people do. He—he was very handsome and agreeable."

The girl paused for a moment to collect

herself.

"Very handsome and agreeable," said

the other slowly.

"We got to be good friends. There were not many people on board, and apparently he knew none of them. It was too cold to stay on deck much of the time, and it was very rough. He had one of the splendid suites on the—"

"Pray omit unnecessary details. You

landed and went-where?

"He advised me to go to a hotel—I can't recall the name. It was rather an unpleasant place. Then I went to the bank, as I have stated. After that I did not know what to do. I was stunned, bewildered. I called him up on the telephone, and he asked me to meet him for dinner at a queer little café, far down-town. We—"

"And you had no friends, no acquaint-

ances here?"

"No. He suggested that I should go into one of the musical shows, saying he thought he could arrange it with a manager who was a friend. Anything to tide me over, he said. But I would not consider it, not for an instant. I had had enough of the stage. I—I am really not fitted for it. Besides, I am qualified—well qualified—to be governess—but that is neither here nor

there. I had some money—perhaps forty pounds. I found lodgings with some people in Nineteenth Street. He never came there to see me. I can see plainly, now, why he argued it would not be—well, he used the word 'wise'; but we went occasionally to dine together. We went about in a motor—a little red one. He—he told me he loved me. That was one night about a week ago. I—"

"I don't care to hear about it!" cried the other. "No need of that. Spare me

the silly side of the story!"

"Silly, madam? Do you think it was silly to me? Why—why, I believed him! And, what is more, I believe that he did love me—even now I believe it!"

"I have no doubt of it," said Mrs. Wrandall calmly. "You are very pretty-and

charming.'

"I—I did not know that he had a wife until—well, until—" She could not go on.

"The night before last?"

The girl shuddered. Mrs. Wrandall turned her face away and waited.

"There is nothing more I can tell you, unless you permit me to tell all," the girl resumed after a moment.

Mrs. Wrandall arose.

"I have heard enough. This afternoon I will send my butler with you to the lodging-house in Nineteenth Street. will attend to the removal of your personal effects to my home, and you will return with him. It will be testing fate, Miss Castleton, this visit to your former abidingplace, but I have decided to give the law its chance. If you are suspected, a watch will be set over the house in which you lived. If you are not suspected, if your association with-with Wrandall is quite unknown, you will run no risk in going there; nor shall I be taking so great a chance as may appear in offering you a home, for the time being at least, as companion, or secretary, or whatever we may elect to call it for the benefit of inquirers. Are you willing to run the risk-this single risk?"

"I am perfectly willing," announced the other, without hesitation. Indeed, her face brightened. "If they are waiting there for me, I shall go with them without a word. I have no means of expressing my gratitude

to you for-"

"There is time enough for that," said Mrs. Wrandall quickly. "And if they are not there, you will return to me? You will not desert me now?" The girl's eyes grew wide with wonder.
"Desert you? Why do you put it in that way? I don't understand!"

"You will come back to me?" insisted

the other.

"Yes. Why—why, it means everything to me! It means life—more than that, most wonderful friend! Life isn't very sweet to me, but the joy of giving it to you forever is the dearest boon I crave. I do give it to you. It belongs to you. I—I could die for you!"

She dropped to her knees and pressed her lips to Sara Wrandall's hand; hot tears fell

upon it.

Mrs. Wrandall laid her free hand on the dark, glossy hair and smiled—smiled warmly for the first time in—well, in years, she might have said to herself, if she had

stopped to consider.

"Get up, my dear," she said gently. "I shall not ask you to die for me-if you do come back. I may be sending you to your death, as it is, but it is the chance we must take. A few hours will tell the tale. Now listen to what I am about to say-to pro-I offer you a home, I offer you friendship, and, I trust, security from the peril that confronts you. I ask nothing in return, not even a word of gratitude. may tell the people at your lodgings that I have engaged you as companion, and that we are to sail for Europe in a week's time, if possible. Now we must prepare to go to my own home. You will see to packing my -that is, our trunks-

"Oh, it—it must be a dream!" cried Hetty Castleton, her eyes swimming. "I can't believe—" Suddenly she caught herself up, and tried to smile. "I don't see why you do this for me. I do not deserve—"

"You have done me a service," said Mrs. Wrandall, her manner so peculiar that the girl again assumed the stare of perplexity and wonder that had been paramount since their meeting. It seemed as if she were on the verge of grasping a great truth.

"What can you mean?"

Sara laid her hands on the girl's shoulders and looked steadily into the puzzled eyes for a moment before speaking.

"My girl," she said, ever so gently, "I shall not ask what your life has been; I do not care. I shall not ask for references. You are alone in the world, and you need a friend. I, too, am alone. If you will come to me I will do everything in my pow-

er to make you comfortable and—contented. Perhaps it will be impossible to make you happy. I promise faithfully to help you, to shield you, to repay you for the thing you have done for me. You could not have fallen into gentler hands than mine will prove to be. That much I swear to you on my soul, which is sacred. I bear you no ill will. I have nothing to avenge."

Hetty drew back, completely mystified. "Who are you?" she murmured. "I am Challis Wrandall's wife."

VII

THE next day but one, in the huge, oldfashioned mansion of the Wrandalls in lower Fifth Avenue, in the drawing-room directly beneath the chamber in which Challis was born, the impressive but grimly conventional funeral services were held.

Contrasting sharply with the somber, absolutely correct atmosphere of the gloomy interior was the exterior display of joyous curiosity. This must have jarred severely on the high-bred sensibilities of the chief mourners, not to speak of the invited guests, who had been obliged to pass between rows of gaping bystanders in order to reach the portals of the house of grief, and who must have reckoned with extreme distaste the cost of subsequent departure.

A dozen raucous-voiced policemen were employed to keep back the hundreds who thronged the sidewalk and blocked the street. Curiosity was rampant. Ever since the moment that the body of Challis Wrandall was carried into the house of his father a motley, varying crowd of people shifted restlessly in front of the mansion, filled with gruesome interest in the absolutely unseen, animated by the sly hope that something sensational might happen if they waited long enough.

Men, women, children struggled for places nearest the tall iron fence surrounding the spare yard, and gazed with awed but wistful eyes at the curtained windows and at the huge bow of crape on the massive portals. In hushed voices they spoke of the murder, and expressed a single opinion among them all—the law ought to make short work of her! If this thing had happened in England, said they, there wouldn't be any foolishness about the business; the woman would be buried in quicklime before you knew what you were talking about.

Newsboys, hoarse-voiced and pipe-voiced, mingled with the crowd, and shrieked their extras under the very noses of the always aloof Wrandalls, who up to this day had turned up those noses at the sight of a vulgar extra, but who now looked down them with a trembling of the nostrils that left no room for doubt as to their present state of mind.

Up to the very portals these assiduous pedlers yelped for pennies, and gave in exchange the latest head-lines.

"All about Mr. Wran'all's fun'ral!"
"Horrible extry!"

Motor after motor, carriage after carriage, rolled up to the curb and emptied its sober-faced, self-conscious occupants in front of the door with the great black bow. With each arrival the crowd surged forward, and names were muttered in undertones, passing from lip to lip until every one in the street knew that Mr. So-and-So, Mrs. Thisor-That, and others of the city's most exclusive but most garishly advertised society leaders had entered the house of mourning.

It was a great show for the plebeian spectators. Much better than Miss So-and-So's wedding, said one woman who had attended the aforesaid ceremony as a unit in the well-dressed mob that almost wrecked the carriages in the desire to see the terrified bride. Better than a circus, said a man who held his little daughter above the heads of the crowd so that she might see the fine lady in a wild-beast fur. Swellest funeral New York ever had, remarked another, excepting one 'way back when he was a kid.

But just wait till it's over, said the whole assemblage gloatingly! Wait till they come out with the coffin! Then we'll see something worth while! Who cares for the police? Just wait till then! We'll see his wife, and his mother, and his sister, and they'll all be weeping! Ah, that will be wonderful!

Inside the house sat the carefully selected guests, hushed and stiff and gratified—not because they were attending a funeral, but because the occasion served to separate them from the chaff. They were the elect! It would be going too far to intimate that they were proud of themselves, but it is not stretching it very much to say that they counted noses with considerable satisfaction, and were glad they had not been left out. The real high-water mark in New York society was established at this memorable function. There wasn't a questionable guest in the house, unless one were to question the right of the dead man's widow to be there—

and, after all, she was up-stairs with the family. Even so, she was a Wrandall—remotely, of course, but recognizable.

Mrs. Wrandall the elder was stricken to the heart by the lamentable death of her He was her idol. He was her firstborn, he was her love-born. He came to her in the days when she loved her husband without much thought of respecting him. She was beginning to regard him as something more than a lover when Leslie came, so it was different. When their daughter Vivian was born she was annoyed but respectful. Mr. Wrandall was no longer the lover; he was her lord and master. The head of the house of Wrandall was a person to be looked up to, to be respected and admired by her, for he was a great man; but he was dear to her only because he was the father of Challis, the first-born.

In the order of her nature, therefore, Challis was her most dearly beloved, Vivian the least desired and last in her affections

as well as in sequence.

Challis had always been the wild, wayward, unrestrained one, and by far the most lovable; Leslie, almost as good-looking, but with scarcely a trace of the charm that made his brother attractive; Vivian, handsome, selfish, and as cheerless as the wind that blows across the icebergs in the north.

Challis had been born with a widely enveloping heart and an elastic conscience; Leslie, with a brain and a soul and not much of a heart, as things go; Vivian, with a soul alone, which belonged to God, after all, and not to her. Of course she had a heart, but it was only for the purpose of pumping blood to remote extremities, and had nothing whatever to do with anything so unutterably extraneous as love, charity, or self-sacrifice.

As for Mr. Redmond Wrandall, he was a very proper and dignified gentleman, and

old for his years.

Secretly, Vivian was his favorite. Moreover, possessing the usual contrariness of man, and having been, at one time or other, a hot-blooded lover, he professed also in secret—a certain admiration for the beautiful, warm-hearted wife of his eldest son. He looked upon her from a man's point of view. He couldn't help that. Not once, but many times, had he said to himself that perhaps Challis was lucky to have got her, instead of one of the girls his mother had chosen for him out of the elect.

It may be seen, or rather surmised, that if the house of Wrandall had not been so admirably centered under its own vine and fig-tree, it might have become divided against itself without much of an effort.

Mrs. Redmond Wrandall was the vine

and the fig-tree.

And now they had brought her dearly beloved son home to her, murdered and disgraced. If it had been either of the others, she could have said:

"God's will be done!"

Instead, she cried out that God had turned

against her.

Leslie had had the bad taste—or perhaps it was misfortune—to blurt out an agonized "I told you so!" at the time when the family was sitting numb and hushed under the blight of the first terrible blow. He did not mean to be unfeeling. It was the truth bursting from his unhappy lips.

"I knew Chal would come to this-I

knew it!" he had said.

His arm was about the quivering shoulders of his mother as he said it. She looked up, a sob breaking in her throat. For a long time she gazed into the face of her second son.

"How can you—how dare you say such a thing as that?" she cried, aghast.

He colored, and drew her closer to him.
"I—I didn't mean it," he faltered.
"You have always taken sides against

him," began his mother.

"Please, mother," he cried miserably.

"You say this to me now!" she went on.
"You, who are left to take his place in my affection! Why, Leslie, I—I—"

Vivian interposed.

"Les is upset, mama darling. You know he loved Challis as deeply as any of us loved him."

Afterward the girl said to Leslie, when

they were quite alone:

"She will never forgive you for that, Les. It was a beastly thing to say!" He bit his lip, which trembled.

"She's never cared for me as she cared for Chal. I'm sorry if I've made it worse."

"See here, Leslie, was Chal so—so—"
"Yes. I meant what I said a while ago.
It was sure to happen to him one time or another. Sara's had a lot to put up with."

"Sara! If she had been the right sort of a wife, this never would have happened."

"After all is said and done, Vivie, Sara's in a position to rub it in on us if she's of a mind to do so. She won't do it, of course, but—I wonder if she isn't gloating, just the same!"

"Haven't we treated her as one of us?" demanded she, dabbing her handkerchief in her eyes. "Since the wedding, I mean. Haven't we been kind to her?"

"Oh, I think she understands us perfect-

ly," said her brother.

"I wonder what she will do now!" mused Vivian, in that speech casting her sister-inlaw out of her narrow little world as one would throw aside a burned-out match.

"She will profit by experience," said he, with some pleasure in a superior wisdom.

VIII

In Mrs. Wrandall's sitting-room, at the top of the broad stairway, sat the family—that is to say, the *immediate* family. A solemn-faced footman stood in front of the door, which was fully ajar, so that the occupants might hear the words of the minister as they ascended, sonorous and precise, from the hall below.

A minister was he who knew the buttered side of his bread. His discourse was to be a beautiful one. He stood at the foot of the stairs and faced the assembled listeners in the hall, the drawing-room, and the entresol, but his infinitely touching words went up

one flight and lodged.

Sara Wrandall sat a little to the left of and behind Mrs. Redmond Wrandall, about whom were grouped the three remaining Wrandalls, father, son, and daughter, closely drawn together. Well to the fore were Wrandall uncles and cousins and aunts, and one or two carefully chosen blood-relations to the mistress of the house, whose hand had long been set against less exalted kinsmen.

The room was dark. A forgotten French clock ticked madly and tinkled its quarter-hours with surpassing sprightliness. Time went on regardless. One of the Wrandall uncles, obeying a look from his wife, tiptoed across the room and tried to find a way to subdue the jingling disturber; but it chimed in his face, and he put his black kid glove

over his lips.

Beside Sara Wrandall, on the small pink divan, sat a stranger in this somber company—a young woman in black, whose pale face was uncovered, and whose lashes were lifted so rarely that one could not know of the deep, real pain that lay behind them, in her Irish blue eyes. She had arrived at the house an hour or two before the time set for the ceremony, in company with the widow.

True to her resolution, the widow of Challis Wrandall had remained away from the home of his people until the last hour. She had been consulted, to be sure, in regard to the final arrangements, but the meetings had taken place in her own apartment.

The afternoon before she had received Redmond Wrandall and Leslie, his son. She had not sent for them. They came perfunctorily, and not through any sense of obligation. These two, at least, knew that sympathy was not what she wanted, but peace. Twice, during the two trying days, Leslie had come to see her. Vivian telephoned.

On the occasion of his first visit, Leslie met the guest in the house. The second time he called he made it a point to ask Sara

all about her.

It was he who gently closed the door after the two women when, on the morning of the funeral, they entered the dark, flower-laden room in which stood the casket containing the body of his brother. He left them alone together in that room for half an hour or more, and it was he who went forward to meet them when they came forth. Sara leaned on his arm as she ascended the stairs to the room where the others were waiting. The ashen-faced girl followed, her eyes lowered, her gloved hands clenched.

Mrs. Wrandall the elder kissed Sara and drew her down beside her on the couch. To her own surprise as well as that of the others, Sara broke down and wept bitterly. After all, she was sorry for Challis's mother. It was the human instinct; she could not hold out against it. And the elder woman put away the ancient grudge she held against this mortal enemy, and dissolved into tears

of real compassion.

A little later she whispered brokenly in Sara's ear:

"My dear, my dear, this has brought us together. I hope you will learn to love me!"

Sara caught her breath, but uttered no word. She looked into her mother-in-law's eyes, and smiled through her tears. The Wrandalls, looking on in amaze, saw the smile reflected in the face of the elder woman. Then it was that Vivian crossed quickly and put her arms about the shoulders of her sister-in-law. The white flag on both sides!

Hetty Castleton stood alone and wavering, just inside the door. No stranger situation could be imagined than the one in which this unfortunate girl found herself at the present moment. She was virtually in the hands of those who would destroy her; she was in the house of those who were most deeply affected

by her act on that fatal night. Among them all she stood, facing them, listening to the moans and sobs, and yet her limbs did not give way beneath her.

give way beneath her.

Some one gently touched her arm. It was Leslie. She shrank back, a fearful look in her eyes. In the semidarkness he failed to note the expression.

"Won't you sit here?" he asked, indicating the little pink divan against the wall. "Forgive me for letting you stand so long."

She looked about her, the wild light still in her eyes. She was like a rat in a trap. Her lips parted, but the word of thanks did not come forth. A strange, inarticulate sound, almost a gasp, came instead. Pallid as a ghost, she dropped limply to the divan, and dug her fingers into the stainy seat. As if fascinated, she stared over the black heads of the three women immediately in front of her at the full-length portrait hanging where the light from the hall fell full upon it—the portrait of a dashing youth in riding togs.

A moment later, Sara Wrandall came over and sat beside her. The girl shivered as with a mighty chill when the warm hand of her friend fell upon hers and enveloped

it in a firm clasp.

"His mother kissed me," whispered Sara.

"Did you see?"

The girl could not reply. She could only stare at the open door.

A small, hatchet-faced man had come up from below and was nodding his head to Leslie Wrandall—a man with short side-whiskers, and with a sepulchral look in his eyes. Then, having received a sign from Leslie, he tiptoed away. Almost instantly the voices of people singing softly came from some distant part of the house; and then, a little later, the perfectly modulated voice of a man in prayer.

Behind her, Wrandalls; beside her, Wrandalls; beneath her, friends of the Wrandalls; outside, the rabble, those who would join these black, ravenlike specters in tearing her to pieces if they but knew!

Sitting, with his hand to his head, Leslie Wrandall found himself staring at the face of this stranger among them; not with any definable interest, but because she happened to be in his line of vision, and her face was so white that it stood out in cameolike relief against the ebony setting.

The droning voice came up from below, each well-chosen word distinct and clear a glowing tribute to the irreproachable character of the deceased. Leslie watched the face of the girl, curiously fascinated by the set, emotionless features, and yet without a conscious interest in her. He was dully sensible to the fact that she was beautiful, uncommonly beautiful. It did not occur to him to feel that she was out of place among them, that she belonged down-stairs. Somehow she was a part of the surroundings, like the specter at the feast.

If he could have witnessed all that happened while Sara was in the room below with her guest—her companion, as he had come to regard her, without having in fact been told as much—he would have been lost in a maze of overwhelming emotions.

To go back—the door had barely closed behind the two women when Hetty's trembling knees gave way beneath her. With a low moan of horror, she slipped to the floor, covering her face with her hands.

Sara knelt beside her.

"Come," she said gently but firmly; "I must exact this much of you. If we are to go on together, as we have planned, you must stand beside me at his bier. gether we must look upon him for the last time. You must see him as I saw him up there in the country. I had my cruel blow that night; it is your turn now. I will not blame you for what you did. But if you expect me to go on believing that you did a brave thing that night, you must convince me that you are not a coward now. It is the only test I shall put you to. Come; I know it is hard, I know it is terrible, but it is the true test of your ability to go through with it to the end. I shall know then that you have the courage to face anything that may come up."

She waited a long time, her hand on the girl's shoulder. At last Hetty arose.

"You are right," she said hoarsely. "I

should not be afraid."

Later on, they sat over against the wall beyond the casket, into which they had peered with widely varying emotions. Sara had said:

"You know that I loved him."

The girl put her hands to her eyes and bowed her head.

"Oh, how can you be merciful to me?"
"Because he was not," said Sara, white-

lipped.

Hetty glanced at Mrs. Wrandall's halfaverted face with a queer, indescribable expression in her eyes. Then her nerves gave way. She shrank away from the casket, whimpering like a frightened child, muttering, almost gibbering in the extremity of

despair.

She had lived in dread of this ordeal; it had been promised the day before by Sara Wrandall, whose will was law to her. Now she had come to the very apex of realization. She felt that her mind was going, that her blood was freezing. In response to a sudden impulse she sprang up and ran, blindly and without thought, bringing up against the wall with such force that she dropped to the floor, insensible.

When she regained her senses, she was lying back in Sara Wrandall's arms, and a soft, far-away voice was pleading with her to wake, to say something, to open her eyes.

If Leslie Wrandall could have looked in upon them at that moment, or during the half-hour that followed, he might have guessed who was the slayer of his brother, but it is doubtful if he could have had the heart to denounce her to the world.

When they were ready to leave the room, Hetty had regained control of her nerves to a most surprising extent—a condition unmistakably due to the influence of the older

woman.

"I can trust myself now, Mrs. Wrandall," said Hetty steadily as they hesitated for an instant before turning the knob of the door.

"Then I shall ask you to open the door,"

said Sara, drawing back.

Without a word or a look, Hetty opened the door and permitted the other to pass out before her. Then she followed, closing it gently, even deliberately, but not without a swift glance over her shoulder into the depths of the room they were leaving.

Of the two, Sara Wrandall was the paler as they went up the broad staircase with

Leslie.

The funeral oration by the Rev. Dr. Maltby dragged on. Among all his hearers there was but one who believed the things he said of Challis Wrandall, and she was one of two persons who, so the saying goes, are the last to find a man out—his mother and his sister. But in this instance the mother was alone. The silent, attentive guests on the lower floor listened in grim approval; Dr. Maltby was doing himself proud. They all knew that Maltby knew; and yet how soothing he was!

Thus afterward, to his wife, on the way home after a fruitful silence, spoke Colonel Berkimer, well known to the Tenderloin: "When I die, my dear, I want you to be sure to have Maltby in for the sermon. He's really wonderful!"

"You don't mean to say you believed all

that he said?" cried his wife.

"Certainly not," he snapped. "That's the point!"

IX

THE hatchet-faced little undertaker stood in the open door again, and solemnly bowed his head to Leslie, lifting his dolorous eyebrows in lieu of the verbal question. Receiving a simple nod in reply, he announced that as soon as the guests had departed he would be pleased to have the family descend to the carriages.

Outside, the shivering, half-frozen multitude edged its way up to the line of blue-coats and again whispered the names of the departing guests. Every neck was craned in the effort to secure the first view of the casket, the silk-hatted pall-bearers, and the

weeping members of the family.

"They'll be out with 'im in a minute now," said a hoarse-voiced man who clung to the ornamental face of the tall gate and passed back the word, for he could see beyond the stream of guests into the hallway of the house.

"Git down out o' that!" commanded a policeman, tapping the man sharply with

his night-stick.

"Aw, I ain't botherin' anybody-"

"Git down, I say!"

Grumbling, the man slunk back, and a woman took his place. This was better for the crowd, as her voice was shriller, and she had less compunction about making herself heard.

A small boy crept beyond the line and peered, round-eyed, up the carpeted steps. He received a sharp push from a nightstick and went blubbering back into the

crowd.

All through the eager, seething mob went sharp-eyed men in plain clothes, searching each face with crafty eyes, looking for the sign that might betray the woman who had brought all this about. They were men from the central office. Another of their clan had the freedom of the house in the guise of an undertaker's assistant. He watched the favored few!

There is a saying that a strange, mysterious force drags the murderer to the scene of his crime, whether he will or no, to look upon the havoc he has wrought. He

has been known to sit beside the bier of his victim, to follow him to the tomb, to betray himself at the very edge of the grave. A grim, fantastic thing is conscience!

At last the crowd gave out a deep, hissing breath and surged forward. They were bearing Challis Wrandall down the steps. The wall of policemen held firm; the morbid hundreds fell back and glared with unblinking eyes at the black thing that slowly crossed the sidewalk and slid noiselessly into the yawning mouth of the hearse. No man in all that mob uncovered his head, no woman crossed herself. Inwardly they reviled the police who kept them from seeing all that they wanted to see. They were being cheated.

Then there was an eager shout from the foremost in the throng, and the word went through the crowd, back to the outer fringe, where men danced like so many jumpingjacks in the effort to see above the heads

of those in front.

"Here they come!" went the hoarse whisper, like the swish of the wind.

"That's his mother!" cried a woman's shrill voice triumphantly—even gladly. The speaker was the first to give the news.

"Keep back!" growled the police, lifting

their clubs.

"Which one is his wife?"
"Has she come out yet?"

"Get out of my way, confound you!"
"Say, if these cops was doing their duty,

hov'd

"That's what I say! No wonder they never ketch anything swifter than a streetcar!"

"Say, they don't seem to be takin' it very hard. I thought they'd be cryin' like—"

"Is that his wife?"

"Poor little thing! Ouch! You big

"Swell business, eh?"

"She won't be sayin' 'Where's my wanderin' boy--'"

"That's old man Wrandall. I've waited on him dozens o' times."

"Did they have any children?"

Up in the front rank stood a slender little thing with yellow hair and carmined lips, wrapped in costly furs, yet shivering as if chilled to the bone. Four plain-clothes men were watching her narrowly. She was known to have been one of Challis Wrandall's associates. When she shrank back into the crowd and made her way to the outskirts, hurrying as if pursued by ghosts,

two men followed close behind, and kept her in sight for many blocks.

The motors and carriages rolled away, and there was left only the policemen and the unsatiated mob. They watched the undertaker's assistant remove the great bow of black from the door of the house.

By the end of the week, the murder of Challis Wrandall was forgotten by all save the police. The inquest was over, the law was baffled, the city was serenely waiting for its next sensation. No one cared.

Leslie Wrandall went down to the steamer to see his sister-in-law off for Europe.

"Good-by, Miss Castleton," he said, as he shook the young Englishwoman's hand at parting. "Take good care of Sara. She needs a friend, a good friend, now. Keep her over there until she has—forgotten!"

X

"You remember my sister-in-law, don't you, Brandy?" was the question that Leslie Wrandall put to a friend one afternoon, as they sat drearily in a window of one of the fashionable up-town clubs, a little more than a year after the events described in the foregoing chapters. Drearily, I have said, for it was Sunday, and raining at that.

"I met Mrs. Wrandall a few years ago in Rome," said his companion, renewing interest in a conversation that had died some time before of its own exhaustion. "She's most attractive. I saw her but once. I

think it was at somebody's fête."

"She's coming back to New York the end of the month," said Leslie. "Been abroad for more than a year. She had a villa at Nice this winter."

"I remember her quite well; I was of an age then to be particularly sensitive to female loveliness. If I'd been staying on in Rome, I should have screwed up the courage, I'm sure, to ask her to sit for me."

"Lord love you, man, she's posed for half the painters in the world, it seems to me—like the duchesses that Romney and those old chaps used to paint. Some of those grand old dames must have done nothing but sit for portraits, year in and year out, all their lives. I don't see where they found the time to scratch up the love-affairs they're reported to have had. There always must have been some painter or other hanging around. I remember reading that the Duchess of—I can't remember the name—posed a hundred and sixty-nine times, for nearly

as many painters. Sara's not so bad as all that, of course; but I don't exaggerate when I say she's been painted a dozen times, and hung in twice as many exhibits."

"I know," said the other, with a smile.

"I've seen a few of them."

"The best of them all is hanging in her place up in the country, old man. It's the one my brother liked. A Belgian fellow did it a couple of years ago. Never been exhibited, so of course you haven't seen it. Challis wouldn't consent to its being revealed to the vulgar gaze, he loved it so much."

"I like that!" resented Brandon Booth,

with a mild glare.

"Lot of common, vulgar people do hang about picture-galleries, you'll have to admit that, Brandy. They visit 'em in winter to get in where it's warm, and in summer they go because it's nice and shady. That's the sort I mean."

"What do you know about art or the peo-

ple who-'

"I know all there is to know about it, old chap! Haven't we got Gainsboroughs, and Turners, and Constables, and Corots hanging all over the place? And a lot of others, too; Reynolds, Romney, and Raeburn-the three R's. And didn't I tag along with mother to picture-dealers' shops and auctions when every blessed one of 'em was bought? I know all about it, let me tell you! I can tell you what kind of 'atmosphere 'a painting's got with my eyes closed; and as for 'quality,' and 'luminosity,' and 'broadness,' and 'handling,' I know more this minute about such things than any auctioneer in the world. One can't go around buying paintings with his mother without getting a liberal education in art. She began taking me when I was ten years old. Challis wouldn't go, so she made me do it. Then I always had to go back with her when she wanted to exchange them for something else. which the dealer assured her she ought to have in our collection, and which invariably cost three times as much. No, my dear fellow, you are very much mistaken when you say that I don't know anything about art. I am a walking price-list of all the art this side of the Dresden gallery. You should not forget that we are a very old New York family. We've been collecting for more than twenty years!"

Booth laughed. He liked Wrandall best when he affected mockery of this sort, although he was keenly alive to a certain breath of self-glorification in his raillery. Leslie felt a delicious sense of security in railing at family limitations; he knew that no one was likely to take him seriously.

"Nevertheless, your mother has some really fine paintings," proclaimed Booth amiably, also descending to snobbishness

without really meaning to do so.

He considered Velasquez to be the superior of all those mentioned by Wrandall, and there was the end to it, so far as he was concerned. It was ever a source of wonder to him that Mrs. Wrandall didn't "trade in" everything else she possessed for a single great Velasquez.

"Getting back to Sara—my sister-in-law—why don't you ask her to sit for you this summer? She's not going out, you know, and time will hang so heavily on her hands that she would welcome another portrait

agony."

"I can't ask her to-"

"I'll do the asking, if you say the word."

"Don't be an ass!

"I'm quite willing to be one if it will help you out, old man," said Leslie cheerfully.

"And make one of me as well, I suppose. She'd think me a frightful cub after all those other fellows. After Sargent, me! Ho, ho!

She'd laugh in my face."

"If you could paint that smile of hers, Brandy, you'd make Romney look like an amateur. Most wonderful smile! Let her laugh in your face, as you say, then paint her while she's doing it, and your reputation is made for—"

"Will you have another drink?"

"No, thanks. I can change the subject without it. What time is it?"

Both looked at their watches, and put them back again without remark, to resume the interrupted contemplation of Fifth Avenue in the waning light of a drab, drizzly day. A man in a shiny "slicker" was pushing a shovel in the center of the thoroughfare. They wondered how long it would be before a motor struck him.

Brandon Booth was of an old Philadelphia family—an old and wealthy family. Both views considered, he was qualified to walk hand in glove with the fastidious Wrandalls. Leslie's mother was charmed with him, because she was also the mother of Vivian. The fact that he went in for portrait-painting and seemed averse to subsisting on the generosity of his father, preferring to live by his talents, in no way operated against him, so far as Mrs. Wrandall was

concerned. He could afford to be eccentric; there remained, in the perspective he scorned, a huge fortune to offset whatever idiosyncrasjes he might choose to cultivate.

Some day, in spite of himself, she contended serenely, Brandon would be very, very rich. What could be more desirable than fame, family, and fortune all heaped together and thrust upon one exceedingly interesting and handsome young man? For he would be famous, she was sure of it. Every one said that of him, even the critics, although Mrs. Wrandall didn't have much use for critics, retaining opinions of her own that seldom agreed with theirs. It was enough for her that he was a Booth, and knew how to behave in a drawing-room, because he belonged there, and was not lugged in by the scruff of an ill-fitting dress suit to pose as a Bohemian celebrity.

Moreover, he was a level-headed, wellbalanced fellow, in spite of his callingwhich was saying a great deal, proclaimed the mother of Vivian, in opposition to her own argument that painters never made satisfactory or even satisfying husbands.

Brandon Booth had been the pupil of celebrated draftsmen and painters in Europe, and had exhibited a sincerity of purpose that was surprising, all things considered. The mere fact that he was not obliged to paint in order to obtain a living was sufficient cause for wonder among the artists whom he met and with or under whom he studied. At first they regarded him as a youth with a fancy that soon would pass, leaving him high and dry and safe on something steadier than art. They couldn't understand a rich man's son really having aspirations, although they granted him temperament and ability. But he went about it so earnestly, so systematically, that they were compelled to alter the time-honored tune, and to sing praises instead of whis-tling "I told you so." The only way in which they could account for it all was that he was an American, and Americans are always doing the things one doesn't expect them to do, especially along grooves that ought to be kept closed by tradition.

When he said good-by to his European friends and masters, and set his face toward home, they took off their hats to him, so to speak, and agreed that he had a brilliant future, without a thought of the legacy that one day would be his.

His studio in New York was not a fashionable resting-place. It was a workshop.

You could have tea there, of course, and you were sure to meet people you knew and liked, but it was quite as much of a workshop as any you could mention. He was not a dabbler in art, not a mere dauber of pig-

ments; he was an artist.

People argued that because he was a thoroughbred, and doomed to be rich, his conscious egotism would show itself at once in the demand for ridiculously high prices. In that they were happily fooled, not to say disappointed. He began by painting the portrait of a well-known society woman of great wealth, who sat to him because she wanted to "take him up," and who was absolutely disconsolate when he announced, at the end of the sittings, that his price was five hundred dollars. She would not believe

"Why, my dear Brandon, you will be ruined - utterly ruined - if it becomes known that you ask less than five thousand!" she had cried, almost in tears. "No one will come to you!"

He had smiled.

"A master's price is for a master, not for a tyro. If they want to pay five thousand dollars for a portrait, I can recommend a dozen or more gentlemen whose work is worth it. Mine isn't. Some day I hope to be able to ask five thousand with a great deal more assurance than I now ask five hundred, Mrs. Wheeler, but it won't be until I have courage, not nerve."

"But nobody will sit for a five-hundreddollar portrait!" she expostulated. "Really, Brandon, I prefer to pay five thousand. I can't—I simply cannot tell people that I paid only five—"

"Will you give six hundred?" he asked. his smile broadening.

"Absurd!"

"Seven hundred?"

"Why, it sounds as if you were jewing me up, not I trying to jew you down!" she

cried, dismayed.

"That's the point," he said, with mock gravity. "If my price isn't what it ought to be, in your opinion, it is only fair that I should make concessions. My picture is worth five hundred dollars, but I am willing to do a little better than that by you. I will make it seven-fifty to you, but not a cent more.

"Can't I jew you up any higher, dear

boy?"

"No," with a smile; "but if you will consent to sit to me ten years from now, I

promise faithfully to ask five thousand of you without a blush."

"Ah, but ten years from now I should blush to even think of having my portrait painted."

"Ten years will make no change in you," said Brandon gallantly, "but I expect them to make quite another artist of me."

And so his price was established for the time being. He offset the chilling effect of the low figure by deliberately declining commissions to paint women who fell below a rather severe standard of personal attractiveness. Gross women were not allowed to crowd his canvases; ugly ones who succeeded in tempting him were surprised to find how ugly they really were when the portrait was finished. He made it a point never to lie about a woman, not even on canvas. It made him very unpopular with certain ladies who wanted to be lied about—on canvas.

As the result of his rather independent attitude, he had more commissions than he could fill. When it got about that he cared to paint only attractive women, his studio was besieged by ladies of a curious turn of mind. If they discovered that he was willing to paint them, they dropped the matter and went happily on their way. If they found that his time was so fully occupied that he could not paint them, they urged him to reconsider—even offering to quadruple his price if he would only "do" them.

One exceedingly plain woman, who couldn't be reconciled to nature, offered him twenty thousand dollars if he would paint her for the Metropolitan Museum. Another asked him if he was a pupil of Gainsborough. Finding that he was not, she asked why not, with all the money he had at his command.

He had been in New York for the better part of two years at the time when he is introduced into this narrative. Years of his life had been spent abroad, yet he was not a stranger in a strange land when he took up his residence in Gotham. Society opened its arms to him. It was like a home-coming. Had he been a bridge-player, his coronation might have been complete.

Booth was thirty, or perhaps a year or two older; tall, dark, and good-looking. The air of the thoroughbred marked him. He did not affect loose-flowing cravats and baggy trousers, nor was he careless about his finger-nails. He was simply the ordinary, every-day sort of chap you would meet in Fifth Avenue during parade hours, and you would take a second look at him because of his face and manner, but not on account of his dress. Some of his ancestors came over ahead of the Mayflower, but he did not gloat.

Leslie Wrandall was his closest friend and harshest critic. It didn't really matter to Booth what Leslie said of his paintings; he quite understood that his friend didn't know anything about them.

"When does Mrs. Wrandall return?" asked the painter, after a long period of silence spent in contemplation of the gleaming pavement beyond the club's window.

"That's queer!" said Leslie, looking up.
"I was thinking of Sara myself. She sails next week. I've had a letter asking me to see to the opening of her house in the country. Her place is about two miles from father's. It hasn't been opened in two years. Her father built it fifteen or twenty years ago, and left it to her when he died. She and Challis spent several summers there."

"Vivian took me through it one afternoon last summer."

"It must have been quite as much of a novelty to her as it was to you, old chap," said Leslie gloomily.

"What do you mean?"

"Vivian's a bit of a snob. She never liked the place, because old Gooch built it out of worsteds. She never went there."

"But the old man's been dead for years."

"That doesn't matter. The fact is, Vivian didn't quite take to Sara until after—well, until after Challis died. We're dreadful snobs, Brandy, the whole lot of us. Sara was quite good enough for a much better man than my brother. She really couldn't help the worsteds, you know. I'm very fond of her, and always have been. We're pals. Gad, it was a fearful slap at the home folks when Challis justified Sara by getting snuffed out the way he did!"

Booth made an attempt to change the subject, but Wrandall got back to it.

"Since then we've all been exceedingly sweet on Sara—not because we want to be, mind you, but because we're afraid she'll marry some chap who wouldn't be acceptable to us."

"I should consider that a very neat way out of it," said Booth coldly.

"Not at all! You see, Challis was fond of Sara, in spite of everything. He left a will, and under it she came in for all he

As that includes a third interest in our extremely refined and irreproachable business, it would be a fine trick on us if she married one of the common people and set him up among us, willy-nilly. don't want strange bedfellows. We're too snug-and, I might say, too smug. Down in her heart, mother is saving to herself that it would be just like Sara to get even with us by doing some such trick. Of course, Sara is rich enough without accepting a sou under the will, but she's a canny person. She hasn't handed it back to us on a silver platter, with thanks; still, on the other hand, she refuses to meddle. She makes us feel pretty small. She won't sell out to us. She just sits tight. That's what gets under the skin with mother."

"I wouldn't say that, Les, if I were in

your place."

"It is a rather priggish thing to say, isn't it?"

"Rather."

"You see, I'm the only one who really took sides with Sara. I forget myself sometimes. She was such a brick, all those years," Booth was silent for a moment, noting the

reflective look in his companion's eyes.

"I suppose the police haven't given up hope that sooner or later the—er—the woman will do something to give herself away?"

"They don't take any stock in my theory that she made away with herself the same night. I was talking with the chief yesterday. He says that any one who had the wit to cover up her tracks as she did is not the kind to make away with herself. Perhaps he's right. It sounds reasonable. Gad, I felt sorry for the poor girl they had up last spring! She went through the third degree, if ever any one did, but she came out of it all right. The Ashtley girl, you remember? I've dreamed about that girl, Brandy, and what they put her through. It's a sort of nightmare to me, even when I'm awake. Oh, they've questioned others as well, but she was the only one to have the screws twisted in just that way.'

"Where is she now?"

"She's comfortable enough now. When I wrote to Sara about what she'd been through, she settled a neat bit of money on her, and she'll never want for anything. She's out West somewhere, with her mother and sisters. I tell you, Sara's a wonder. She's got a heart of gold!"

"I look forward to meeting her, old

"I was with her for a few weeks this winter—in Nice, you know. Vivian stayed on for a week, but mother had to get to the baths. I believe she hated to go. Sara's got a most adorable girl staying with her—a daughter of Colonel Castleton, and she's connected in some way with the Murgatroyds—old Lord Murgatroyd, you know. I think her mother was a niece of the old boy. Anyhow, mother and Vivian have taken a great fancy to her. That's proof of the pudding."

"I think Vivian mentioned a companion

of some sort."

"You wouldn't exactly call her a companion," said Leslie. "She's got money to burn, I take it. Quite keeps up with Sara in making it fly, and that's saying a good deal for her resources. I think it's a pose on her part, this calling herself a companion. An English joke, eh? As a matter of fact, I believe she's an old friend of Sara's, and of my brother's, too—knew them in England. Oh, I say, old man, she's the one for you to paint!" Leslie waxed enthusiastic. "A type, a positive type. Never saw such eyes in all my life. You simply have to dream about 'em!"

"You seem to be hard hit," said Booth indifferently. He was watching the man in the "slicker" through moody eyes.

"Oh, nothing like that," disclaimed Leslie, with unnecessary promptness. "But if I were given to that sort of thing, I'd be bowled over in a minute. Positively adorable face! If I thought you had it in you to paint a thing as it really is, I'd commission you myself to do a miniature for me, just to have it around where I could pick it up when I liked, and hold it between my hands, just as I've often wanted to hold the real thing."

"Come, come! You're dotty about her."

"Get Vivian to tell you about her," said
Leslie sweepingly. "Come down and have
dinner with me to-night. She'll bear out—"

"I'll take your word for it. Thanks for the bid, but I can't come—I'm dining at the Ritz with Joey and Linda. I think I'll be off."

Booth stretched himself, took the final, reluctant look of the artist at the "slicker" man, and moved away. Leslie called after him:

"Wait till you see her!"
"All right. I'll wait!"

(To be continued)

THE REMITTANCE MAN

BY IZOLA FORRESTER

AUTHOR OF "THE SANDALS OF MERCURY," "THE TAMING OF PAPRIKA," BTC.

WITH A DRAWING BY C. D. WILLIAMS

RITTENDEN stepped out of the post-office at Goldspur, with his usual monthly letter from London town in his pocket.

In front of the store was Mollie Owen, mounted on her brown pony. The sight was enough to make any man pause, but there was more than her beauty and grace to check the Englishman, for a moment later she began to cry.

Beside her stood Lin Dewing, a grin on his face, and cheerful contentment fairly emanating from his personality.

From a lounger at the door of the postoffice, Crittenden caught a remark that sent the blood faster through his heart.

"Lin's got her dead to rights. She can't meet the payments on the Upper Bend outfit, and he won't give her time. No fool woman can run the ranch, no matter how goodlooking she is. It needs a man!"

Nobody will ever know whether the spark of British chivalry collided with an instantaneous appreciation of Mollie's points, or whether it was purely subconscious action regulated by fate's decree, sex attraction, and opportune propinquity. Suffice it to say that some irresistible current turned Crittenden's footsteps in the direction of the brown pony and Mollie.

"I understand, Miss Owen," he began, with the delightful drawl that gave Goldspur gooseflesh, "that you need a foreman over at your place."

Mollie met his eyes, and stopped crying. She liked his eyes. There was a glint of humor in them, and they were a relief after the little black slits that furnished Lin's soul with loopholes.

"I'll take you if you want to try it," she flashed back. "What's your name?"

" John Crittenden."

Mollie felt a slight thrill of disturbance. She had heard of John Crittenden. Everybody around Goldspur had. Rumor said he was a "remittance man," and rode in every month for the purpose of receiving a certain letter from London. As one of the boys had put it:

"When a man's folks ship him half a world away, and then pay him off regular to stay there, he's done something to make it worth while!"

Mollie looked again into Crittenden's dark-gray eyes, and wondered what he had done. She bit her lip, studied her saddle-horn attentively, and turned her head toward Lin.

"I've got thirty days, haven't I, Mr. Dewing, if I can raise the balance? The interest is paid up to the 10th."

"Yes'm, you sure have," responded Lin happily. "And I hope you can raise it. If you can't, I guess I'll have to take the place off your hands."

Mollie smiled, and tightened the reins.

"All right. I'll be here on the 10th, then. You'll come over to-morrow, Mr. Crittenden?"

Goldspur heard Crittenden's promise to go, and saw him lift his hat to her—to Mollie Owen cantering away on her brown pony—just as if he had been old Bill Cody saluting the crowned heads of Europe.

"Are you sure going to do real work, Crit?" asked Lin dryly.

He got no farther. Crittenden did not use gun-play, but no other inquiries were made as to his future plans after he had settled with Lin that day.

Next morning, while the early mist still curled like low camp-fire smoke up the hillsides, he rode to Upper Bend. Mollie was out feeding her chickens when he arrived. "I've got three other men working here, but they aren't a bit of good," she told him. "Two look after the sheep, and one stays around handy to help me here at the ranch. The place is all run down. It needs a man's hand and point of view. I hope you'll get down to business, and work a straight deal with me!"

"I will," said Crittenden. "That's what

I came for."

But he did not tell her how strange it seemed, this buckling into harness after nearly two years of inertia. He himself hardly sensed the keen, buoyant spur of responsibility.

One day Mollie stopped him, as she was

riding.

"Things are picking up, John!" She called him John quite naturally now. "I think we'll pull through. There's five hundred to pay by the 10th. I've got some saved toward it, and I heard to-day those new folks down the valley want to buy sheep. We could let a bunch go, couldn't we?"

"Would you mind taking in a partner here, Miss Owen?" asked Crittenden slowly. "I like it, and I think I could make a good thing out of it. I can put in my share, and that would pay off Dewing and give

us a start."

The color rose in Mollie's face. She did not meet his eyes. It was not an easy thing she had to tell him, but she went ahead bravely.

"John, I want to be frank with you. I like you. You know that, don't you?"

"No, I didn't," said Crittenden, and the look in his eyes almost made Mollie lose her courage.

"You're a bully foreman," she added firmly. "But would you stick? I've heard all about you, of course—"

"What have you heard?"

"That you are a remittance man." Crittenden's eyebrows twitched.

"Well? Does that make me any the less efficient a foreman for the Upper Bend?"

"That isn't it. I suppose we women have different ideas of things from men. I don't care if you're the best foreman in Goldspur; I wouldn't want a remittance man as my partner!"

Crittenden did not speak for a minute, but rode beside her, looking ahead.

"I'm sorry if I hurt you, John," Mollie added anxiously. "You may go on working here, of course, only I couldn't take you as partner."

Then Crittenden told her, simply, without any show of repentance or excuse for the past. He had made a failure of life at home. He was no criminal, but he had been a spendthrift and general ne'er-dowell. He had come to the West to try to find himself, to learn his bent in life, to see whether there was a groove that he fitted.

"I think I've found it here," he finished.
"This suits me. The money I told you of
is my own. I am not paid to stay away, as
the men say. I have a small, a very small
income, but it keeps me going. The trouble
has been that I ran into debt at home. Out
here the outlook is wide. I will make a
good partner, Miss Owen!"

"Would you promise to be as faithful as you have been the last three weeks?"

"I'll promise anything if you'll let me stay," he retorted with sudden recklessness, and Mollie at once discontinued the personal circuit.

II

But she took him at his word. Dewing was bought out the following week, and Crittenden became partner at the Upper Bend. Tacitly a new basis of friendship had been established between the two, however. He rarely came to the home ranch, but spent his time at the sheep-camp. Mollie did not mind—not so very much.

Sometimes he would ride up while she tended her flowers, or sewed under the one lone cottonwood that shaded the house.

One morning he rode back with a brown and yellow pansy in the buttonhole of his gray flannel shirt. The dusky petals re-

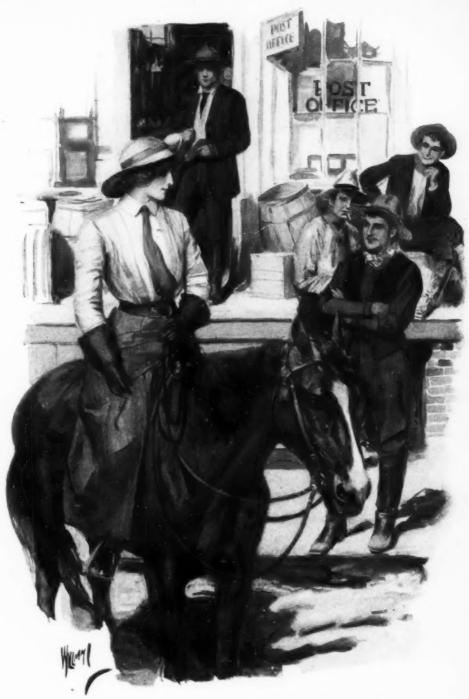
minded him of Mollie's eyes.

That evening Mollie went out in the moonlight, and looked longingly up the valley, toward the sheep-camp, four miles away on the mountainside. There was a new light in her eyes. She clasped her hands behind her head, and laughed softly. There at her ranch Crittenden had found himself, had learned to walk the path that men trod—self-reliant men with the spirit of the game of life in them, not remittance men. Mollie caught a glimpse of the possible future, and bent to find another brown and yellow pansy, warming to her fingertips at her own thoughts.

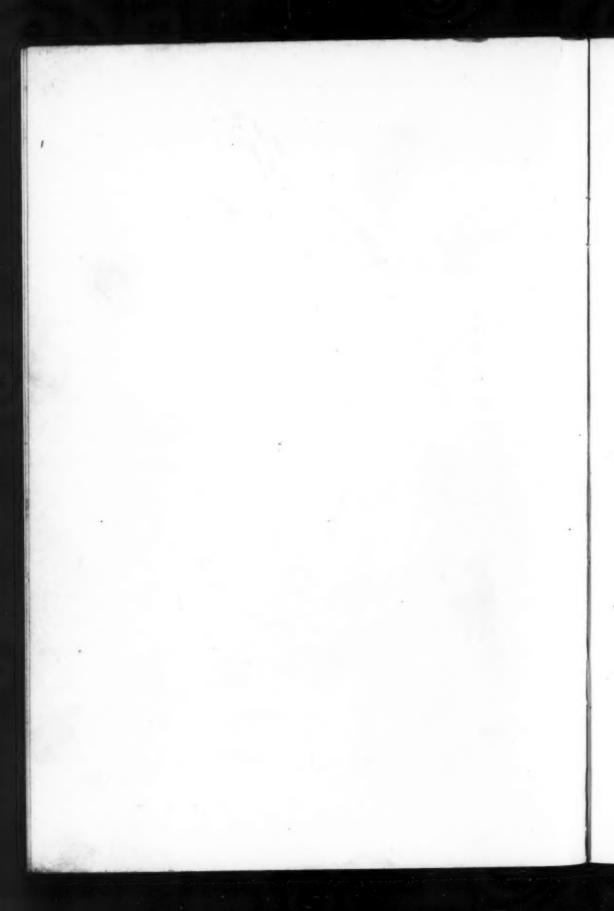
Instead, she found Crittenden's latest letter from London, carefully folded as it had

fallen from his pocket.

She sat down on the low stoop, chin on palm, weighing her love's worth. In the



IN FRONT OF THE STORE WAS MOLLIE OWEN, MOUNTED ON HER BROWN PONY



clear moonlight, Lin Dewing found her there. Mollie barely listened while he explained how he had ridden fifteen miles

out of his way to see her.

"It's on account of this here Crittenden you've taken in as partner, Mollie," he told "You've turned the whole thing over to him, and he's made a mess of it. The boys won't stand for him any more. They're riding to-night to clear him out of the valley, and Goldspur-

"What are you talking about, Lin Dewing?" gasped Mollie hotly, crushing the letter in her hand. "You know he's never

done a thing that was crooked!"

"Hasn't he? Do you know that he sold off a bunch of sheep to the K. T. outfit, on his own account? Didn't put that in with the ranch profits, did he?'

"I told him to do it," retorted Mollie

swiftly. "What else?"

"He don't know the game, nor the rules of sheep-grazing. He's trespassed on cattle land. The boys will make him see light!" "It isn't them-it's you, Lin Dewing!"

Mollie caught up a lantern, and started on a run for the corral. After her went Lin, his horse following leisurely. Neither spoke. He knew what she meant to do. As she seized the bridle and saddle from their hooks, he caught at her arm.

"Don't be a fool, kid! You can't stop them now. What do you want with him, anyhow? I only pushed you hard on the payments because I wanted you to have to

ask me for help.'

"Heaven help anybody who had to ask

you for help! You let me go!"

"I won't. Yell, yell all you want to! There ain't a soul in four miles 'ceptin' you and me, Mollie!"

"Ain't there?"

Mollie tore her wrist from his grasp, and whistled. Lin swung around at the answering barks, but the big wolfhounds were on him, and he went down like a worried fox.

"Watch him, Scraggs!" Mollie called. "Easy, Monk, just watch him! Don't let

him get away!"

She hardly gave a backward glance at the prostrate, swearing figure. Her pony was making for her, and she slipped on the bridle, swung the saddle over the blanket, and snapped the buckles. No old-time Spanish four-in-hand straps for Mollie!

The pony was on its way before her right foot had caught the stirrup, and she bent low, laughing recklessly, every nerve on fire at the thought of what lay ahead. She knew Lin Dewing and his crowd of men. They would clean out the sheep-camp without a qualm, unless she could reach it in time to warn Crittenden and the herders.

So it happened that when the raiders rode over the rim of the foothill and looked down at the sheep, close huddled in the moonlight, they met a surprise. Mollie had begged for a revolver.

"It's half my property and half my fight," she told Crittenden. "I want to

help!"

He gave her one. There was barely time to get the saddle off her steaming pony, and sling a blanket across its back, before Dewing's men came; but even in those precious moments he had managed to make her understand what her coming meant to him.

But the fight was his own. Brief as it was, a keener sense of enjoyment swept over him than he had known in years. He was fighting for more than Mollie's rights-for

his own new hopes and ambitions.

When it was over, he sent the herders to look after the three silent figures that lay on the moonlight-splashed hillside, and turned to Mollie. She saw his eyes, and the great longing in them, and handed him the letter from her blouse.

"I found it by the pansy-bed, John," she told him, with her old directness. "I didn't read it, but it bothered me. I thought that when we went into partnership you stopped all this sort of thing.'

"Yet you rode to-night to save me, all the same!"

"To save the sheep," corrected Mollie, avoiding his eyes. "I must get home. Lin may be chewed to mince-meat if he tries to get away from the dogs.'

"I'm going with you," said Crittenden. She turned at that, one hand on the pony's .

back, her lips parted. "But why?

"Why?" He reached for her suddenly. "Because I have the right, or mean to have from to-night! Your eyes were the spur that started me on the new road, Mollie. I've been trying to keep the trail since. That letter was only in answer to one of mine, ordering the disposal of the property that brought me in the little income I told you of. I'm not going back any more, and I don't want any ties to hold me. Thank God. I can stand alone now!"

Mollie's lashes brushed his cheek. "Not all alone, John!" she whispered.

WAS SHAKESPEARE A PLAGIARIST?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

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Thas often been made a matter of reproach to Shakespeare that he was a plagiarist, remorselessly stealing subjects, situations, and even whole plots. And when the charge is insisted upon there seems to be no defense, except to analyze a little more closely the exact meaning which ought to attach to the term "plagiarism."

It is undeniable that Shakespeare had no hesitation in taking his material wherever he found it, and in conveying whatever he could lay hands on. The source of his inspiration can be found now in an English chronicler and again in a Greek historian. He was equally ready to snatch the hint for a tragic situation from a brief Italian tale and to purloin an entire comic plot from an English romance. On occasion he went even further, and despoiled contemporary English playwrights of complete plays, making his profit in their construction as well as in their invention. In fact, there are only two of his pieces-his earliest comedy, "Love's Labor Lost," and his latest comedy, "The Tempest"-of which the ultimate sources have absolutely escaped discovery by the diligent detectives of modern

Perhaps it may be as well to state the case against Shakespeare as emphatically as possible, classifying the several exhibits which have been introduced in evidence to corroborate the charge of plagiarizing.

scholarship.

THE SOURCES OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

He made four plays out of material which he found in Plutarch—"Timon of Athens," "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra." To these pieces taken from Greek and Roman history he added eleven taken from British history, for which his main reliance was on Holinshed—the two parts of "Henry IV," "Henry V," the three parts of "Henry VI," "Henry VIII," "Richard II," "Richard III," "King John," and "Macbeth." These plays, the four on classic themes and the eleven on modern, were founded on what Shakespeare believed to be fact; but he was equally willing to levy also upon what he knew to be fiction.

From three contemporary English novelists—two working in prose and one in verse—he borrowed the full framework of "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," and "The Winter's Tale." And from the varied collections of the earlier Italian novelists, as these had reappeared in French and in English translations, he derived, directly or indirectly, incidents or episodes, and sometimes even the central story, for ten of his pieces—"The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Measure for Measure," "Othello," "Pericles," and "Cymbeline."

It has been noted already that nothing which can fairly be called a source has been discovered for two of his comedies, "Love's Labor Lost" and "The Tempest." The stories of this pair of plays are apparently due to Shakespeare's invention.

In three other comedies he may have utilized scant suggestions from fiction, but he seems to have relied mainly on himself. These are the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Much Ado About Nothing."

And there are nine plays wherein the construction of the plot, the articulation of the separate episodes, is to be credited to Shakespeare himself, although he availed himself of situations and even of the sequence of events provided for him by earlier writers. These are "Julius Cæsar," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Troilus and Cressida," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopa-

tra," "Timon of Athens," "Coriolanus," "Pericles," and "Cymbeline."

AN "ENFORCED COLLABORATION"

To offset these nine pieces in which the scaffolding of the plot seems to be due to Shakespeare's own ingenuity and industry, there are at least fourteen of his plays which we now know to have been invented and constructed by one or another of his predecessors and contemporaries. already familiar to the Elizabethan playgoers when Shakespeare undertook to refashion them to his own liking, or to the needs of the company of actors for which he worked.

Indeed, several of these pieces had an established popularity before Shakespeare touched them. But this did not deter him from laying violent hands on them. And when he thus levied on the work of other men, some of these men were probably still alive to be spectators at the performances of the new plays he had made out of their old plays.

Attention must be called to the fact that among the dramas which Shakespeare took over ready-made are two of the masterpieces that most securely buttress his fame -"Hamlet" and "King Lear." The other twelve are "Titus Andronicus," the three parts of "Henry VI," the two parts of "Henry IV," "Richard II," "Richard III," "King John," "The Ta-ming of the Shrew," and "Measure for Measure.'

It is even possible that this list is not complete, since four other pieces may have been borrowed from earlier plays which are now lost-"The Comedy of Errors," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Troilus and Cres-The remoter original of "The Comedy of Errors" is a Latin play. Perhaps "Twelfth Night" should also be included in this list, since part of its plot may have been derived from an Italian play.

This free use of pieces originally composed by other men may be called a kind of enforced collaboration, in that Shakespeare, in the preparation of his plays, was working with other men, but without consulting them, and without their consent. There are also three examples of actual collaboration-"Timon of Athens," "Tericles," and "Henry VIII." Apparently in only one of these, "Henry VIII," do we find a true literary partnership, like that of

Beaumont and Fletcher, or Meilhac and Halévy. In "Pericles" Shakespeare seems to have done little more than edit and improve a play which remains substantially the work of another hand. In "Timon of Athens" the process seems to have been reversed, since recent investigation has made it highly probable that an incomplete play of Shakespeare's was carelessly amplified

by some incompetent person.

This is the case against Shakespeare's originality, frankly and fully stated. At first sight it may appear incontrovertible. A hasty verdict might condemn Shakespeare to the companionship of Boucicault, and to dismiss him as one who was unscrupulously ready to take any fish that swam into his net. He appears to offer himself as a witness in behalf of the schoolboy's definition that "a plagiarist is a man who writes plays." But a closer consideration shows that the various groups of plays do not all stand upon the same footing. It is only fair to distinguish between the groups, and to consider them severally.

THE CASE FOR THE DEFENSE

First of all, let us deal with the two groups which are derived from Plutarch and from Holinshed or some other English historian.

It is obviously absurd to cry plagiarism when a dramatist bases a play upon the records which a chronicler has collected. Even according to the loftiest standard of literary morality in the twentieth century, a poet has a right to interpret anew any of the stories that the historians have narrated. Indeed, one might almost say that the facts of the annalist are really apprehended by most of us only as they have been translated into the fiction of the poet.

It is one of the functions of history to serve as the handmaid of poetry. The scattered happenings set down by the chronicler glow with a new illumination when they are perceived by the vision and the faculty divine. The poet alone is possessed of the philosopher's stone which changes the base metal of mere fact into the pure gold of everlasting truth. Tennyson was no plagiarist when he chose to go to Froude for the material of his "Queen Mary" and to Freeman for the substance of his "Harold."

In the next place, we may consider two other coups—the dramatizations of English novels, and the dramas more or less directly derived from the Italian tales. For

a novelist to assert any right to control the recasting of his romance in dramatic form is a comparatively recent development. No such claim to ownership was put forward until at least two hundred years after Shakespeare's death; and the idea received little legal recognition until about the middle of

the nineteenth century.

The older view was rather that the dramatist was paying a compliment to the novelists when he condescended to borrow one of their plots. For example, Marmontel, in the preface to his "Moral Tales," expressed his gratification that one of his stories had been found serviceable as the foundation of a play, and he hoped that others might also have the same good fortune. Evidently he felt no grievance; and his attitude was that of every writer of prose fiction a hundred years ago.

Even in the early nineteenth century, Byron would have been surprised and shocked if he had been accused of wrong-doing because he made his "Werner" out of one of Miss Lee's "Canterbury Tales." And even more recently, Tennyson did not hesitate to take the plot of his "Dora" from Miss Mitford's "Dora Creswell." Of course, Tennyson did not hide the fact that he had undertaken an adaptation of a prose tale; this stands frankly confessed in a note, which was all the apology he felt called upon to make. Surely we have no right to blame Shakespeare for doing in the seventeenth century what Tennyson

was not ashamed to do in the middle of the

nineteenth. The same plea can be urged still more potently as regards the situations, and even the entire plots, which Shakespeare took over from the Italian story-tellers. caccio and his followers had gathered a treasury of narratives, tragic and comic, out of which all the Elizabethan playwrights felt privileged to help themselves at will. And so have the later poets of every modern tongue. Keats and Musset and Longfellow held it to be an unquestioned part of the high privilege of the poet to bestow a new setting upon an old legend. We do not point the finger of scorn at the author of "Isabella and the Pot of Basil"; and we have therefore no right to condemn the author of "Othello."

Shakespeare handled the matter that he borrowed with at least as much independence as Keats. In fact, Shakespeare gave to the tragedy which he found in the Italian —or in an English adaptation of the Italian —a largeness, an elevation, and a depth which the original did not even faintly suggest; and by so doing he made the story his own, once for all, even if it had been due originally to the invention of another.

SHAKESPEARE'S REWRITTEN PLAYS

Now we come to a group of plays, more than a third of all that he wrote, in which Shakespeare was not dramatizing a story, long or short, but taking over bodily a play already written in English. It is in regard to this group that the hostile critics take their last stand. They would classify Shakespeare with Charles Reade, who found part of the plot of his "Hard Cash" readymade in the "Pauvres de Paris" of Brisebarre and Nus, or with Dion Boucicault, who transmogrified the same French play into "The Streets of New York."

At first sight, the charge may appear to have a pretty solid foundation. But we may begin the defense by entering a plea of confession and avoidance, and by explaining that Shakespeare was writing in the seventeenth century and not in the nineteenth. He was only conforming to the custom of

his own time.

Under the theatrical condition of those remote days, a play did not belong to its author, after he had sold it to a company of actors. It was the property of its purchasers; and they did not hesitate to call in other writers to amend it or bring it up to date. Ben Jonson was thus hired to make additions to Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy."

Indeed, we may go further, and draw attention again to the strange fact that a play, even one of Shakespeare's, was not then considered as literature. It was looked upon much as we nowadays regard an article in a cyclopedia-as a piece of work which the purchaser had a right to have revised without consulting the original composer. And apparently the playwrights themselves accepted the situation, strange as this may seem to us. No one of those whose pieces Shakespeare rewrote ever made any protest-with the possible exception of Greene, whose dying diatribe seems to have had another cause than this.

There was, then, nothing extraordinary in this attitude. It existed also in Spain at the same moment, and in France even later. Two of Calderon's most striking dramas, "The Alcalde of Zalamea" and "The Physician of His Own Honor," are founded

upon earlier dramas bearing the same titles and written by Lope de Vega. Molière's "Don Garcie de Navarre" was probably taken straight from his Spanish original, but his "Don Juan" was more or less directly derived from a French version of an Italian adaptation from the Spanish.

It would not be difficult to multiply examples of this bold appropriation of successful plays, due to the invention and to the constructive skill of earlier playwrights, who might still survive. The practise was so common that it raised no objection; and in conforming to it, Shakespeare was in no sense singular. If he had been taken to task, he would probably have alleged, in rebuttal, that he had the warrant of custom —and of a custom which no one was to attack for many a year after his bones had been laid to rest at Stratford.

These are the excuses, more or less valid, which may be made for Shakespeare, if we condescend for the moment to take the accusation of plagiarism seriously. If we allow a youthful critic to set up an austere standard of absolute originality, and to insist that a poet must always invent the themes he chooses to present, then Shakespeare stands convicted as a plagiarist, and as one of the most shameless of plagiarists -to be put in the pillory by the side of Calderon and of Molière. But to assume this absurd attitude, to set up this false standard, to take this ridiculous charge seriously, is a confession of juvenility. discloses us immediately as strangely ignorant of the history of literature, and frankly unfamiliar with the highest function of the poetic imagination.

WHERE POETS HAVE FOUND THEIR THEMES

Great poets rarely invent their myths. They are not specially interested in mere invention, reserving the full force of their imagination rather for the nobler work of Milton found his loftiest interpretation. inspiration in telling anew the story of the fall of man, the very oldest of tales, since it began only a little after the creation of the world. Goethe seized with avidity the fascinating figure of Faust, despite the fact that Marlowe had already projected it with epic vigor. Byron was attracted to Don Juan, although Molière had already depicted powerfully the sinister personality of this insatiable seducer.

The Greek dramatic poets delighted in presenting, each in his turn, the dominant

characters of Athenian legend—Œdipus and Agamemnon and Medea. Modern dramatic poets, Italian and British and American, have yielded to the charm of Francesca da Rimini. Tennyson went back to the "Morte d'Arthur," and Longfellow to the "Golden Legend." Morris returned to the Sagas, and Wagner to the Nibelungenlied.

It seems as if the poets often shrink disdainfully from any effort for overt originality of situation and of story. Apparently they feel that invention is only a minor function of the imagination, and that its major function is the illumination of themes already invented.

Whenever they are attracted to a subject, they take it for their own, whether it is old or new. They appropriate it, they assimilate it, they reincarnate it, and reinvigorate it, never troubled by the fact that they did not invent it. They needed it in their business, and they found it ready to their hand. Shelley was speaking for the rest of the gild of poets when he recalled "the venerable allegory that the Muses are the daughters of Memory; not one of the nine was ever said to be the daughter of Invention."

The poets do not seek for originality, because they know that it is to be found inside and not outside. The external originality which has been sought for is likely to have an aspect of eccentricity. Why strain and struggle for novelty of plot? Are not the old tales the best, after all? That they have survived is evidence that they have pleased many and pleased long.

And after all, is novelty actually possible? Gozzi declared that there were only thirty-six dramatic situations; and when Goethe and Schiller tried to catalogue these they failed to find as many as Gozzi had counted. So there are only fifty-two cards in the pack, and no matter how strenuously we may shuffle, the hand we deal ourselves must have been held by some other player in the long ago.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRANSFORMING GENIUS

As originality of plot is barely possible, it is, in the more clevated planes of poetry, not really important.

"We do not ask where people get their hints, but what they made out of them," as Lowell said. "Any slave of the mine may find the rough gem, but it is the cutting and the polishing that reveal its heart of fire; it is the setting that makes it a jewel to hang at the ear of Time." Shakespeare sucked up hints from all sorts of sources, and he knew what to make out of them. On occasion he took more than a single rough gem; he took also the rude necklace into which they had been artlessly arranged; but he it was who re-

vealed their heart of fire.

We have replevined from the dust-bin of oblivion the complete plays which he made over into "The Taming of the Shrew," "Henry V," and "King Lear," and they are barren and empty enough. They are so poor that we marvel how it was that they were able to stimulate Shakespeare's imagination. It is not merely that he bettered what he borrowed; he transfigured it. He strengthened its construction; he peopled it with human beings; he lifted it up to the exalted ether of poetry; he gave it significance. In a word, "he mixed himself up with whatever he took—an incalculable increment," as Lowell said of Gray.

"The Taming of the Shrew" is not one of Shakespeare's richest comedies. Its structure is mechanical; its humor is external; its gaiety is physical, rather than intellectual. But when we compare it with the primitive piece out of which it was refashioned, it appears for the moment almost a masterpiece. The rude and medieval farce has been made into an exuberant com-

edy having a recognizable resemblance with human nature.

And what Shakespeare did in comedy, he did even better in tragedy, as we discover when we contrast his "King Lear" with the earlier piece which he chose to make over. By some strange alchemy of the imagination, that which was cheap became precious, and that which was tawdry became sublime. The story is but little altered-far too little for our modern taste: and vet his magic touch has transformed what he took, purging it of most of its brutality, and charging it with a significance unsuspected by the originator of the plot. That which Shakespeare found a violent piece of Elizabethan claptrap he left us as a type of eternal tragedy.

He reached out again and again to possess himself of another man's work, but he was an imperial conqueror. His imagination was set free to work most amply and most boldly when it was set in motion by the invention of an uninspired predecessor.

In this twentieth century our standards of literary property are stricter, no doubt; but even to-day we could cast no stone of reproach at the dramatic poet who might make a "Hamlet" out of a piece as artless as that which stimulated Shakespeare to his loftiest achievement.

HIGH STREET AND HEMLOCK LANE

"Behold this street of mansions square,
With pillared gate and well-trimmed hedge,
Round orchards, arbors, gardens, groves,
And lilied ponds with marbled edge,
And walks of box and drives of fern,
Where fountains spray the flowering urn
On terraced lawns of emerald down—
The pride of Oldenbury Town!"

"I cannot pause, or long admire;
I'm going further up the road,
Across the falls, beyond the glen.
To that remote frontier abode—
Those seven small houses deep in pine,
Whose early lamps in winter shine
Like fairy tapers on the plain—
The mountain trail of Hemlock Lane.

"Their lawns are banks of leafy moss;
Their pillars tower in living pine;
Their orchards are the coral thorn,
Their arbors but the briery vine;
And all their pomp and all their pride
The children round the low fireside,
Where still the hardy breed they rear
Of Concord Bridge and Paul Revere!"

THE ILLUSION THAT DID THE BUSINESS

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "SNAR RACKERMAN OF RED GAP," "TRUE GOLD IN THUNDER VALLEY," ETC.

"FACTS, facts, facts!" jeered Miss Vernon. "That silly play we saw to-night tried to make a romance—a romance of chivalry and courage—out of every-day, modern, common, or garden, facts! What nonsense! Give me illusions, instead. Aren't you for illusions, Nick?"

"I am—within reason," agreed Wrayne. Being hopelessly in love, he always attempted, and usually failed, to agree with Priscilla when Priscilla was so argumentative as to tap with her foot on the floor. The girl tossed her theater cloak over the divan in front of the fireplace, and the toe of her dainty slipper vigorously patted the hearth-rug. Nicholas noted the familiar danger-signal, and shot an uneasy glance upon the bonneted head of Mrs. Vernon, who was writing a note in the distant corner of her drawing-room.

"What do you mean by 'reason'?" demanded Priscilla. "Reason has no more to do with romance and courage than facts have. Illusions make courage—pure, ro-

mantic courage."

"Well," said Wrayne, "facts cut a lot of ice. Here in New York, to-day, a fellow couldn't be very courageous, I guess, with nothing but a romantic illusion to stand on. He's got to have something solid."

"He hasn't, Nick. I believe he'd be braver—really braver—with only an unreal fancy to hold him up. He'd be more

romantic, anyway."

"But there's just as much romance and bravery to-day, Priscilla, in modern business—"

Miss Vernon snapped her fingers.

"Business!" she protested, with scorn.
"Business is all facts! Where's your ro-

mance, then? You must have an illusion, I tell you! That play at the theater this evening was stupid because it tried to work up romance out of a national bank and a law-case. Law-cases aren't illusions, are they?"

"Mine are," said Nicholas. "The cases I have in your uncle's office are the most imaginary illusions that ever happened. Still, I don't see romance coming my way,

down there-or anywhere."

Priscilla moved from the fireplace; it was the glow of the fire, perhaps, which faintly reddened her charming face. She pretended to hide a tiny yawn behind her gloves.

"And how about bravery?" she ques-

tioned idly.

"No, I have no right to courage until I've done something real," said he. "That's my notion, Priscilla. No right to the courage to ask for what I want. An illusion won't ever give me that sort of courage."

"It might, Nick!"

"But if you only knew—only knew what

"Mother!" interrupted Priscilla, calling over her shoulder. "Isn't that letter nearly ready for Nick to mail? He's as impatient as anything."

The letter was ready, and Nicholas put

it in his overcoat pocket.

"You can't see us for a week or two, Nicholas," said Mrs. Vernon at the door. "Priscilla and I start the day after tomorrow on that horrible motoring excursion to Washington. Thank you for the theater. Good night!"

Wrayne walked down the avenue to his apartments. They were rather luxurious

quarters for a subordinate clerk in a lawoffice. Nicholas, however, had inherited a cozy income. There was no material reason which prevented his asking Priscilla to marry him. The obstacle was spiritual, and, from one point of view, somewhat quixotic and preposterous.

He lacked courage to propose to Priscilla because he had failed to win even the slightest distinction in his profession. He was willing to admit that he had been a lawyer for only two years, but that made no difference. The time seemed to Nick

as long as a century.

"Illusions!" he echoed, to the mirror in his bedroom. "Dear, romantic girl! I'd like to prove to her that romance can be hitched up with cold, matter-of-fact business. I'd like to prove to her that illusions are no good!"

H

In the offices of Grosvenor Vernon, Priscilla's uncle, young Wrayne occupied an obscure desk, placed ignominiously between the tables of the office-boy and the typewriter. Miss Tulley was at work when he entered the establishment on the following morning.

"You're beginning early," remarked

Nicholas.

"Yes," said Miss Tulley. "They are going to Washington to-morrow."

"Who are? . How did you know?"

murmured Wrayne, with a start.

"Why, I'm copying these contracts to be sent to Washington," the typist explained. "They are some of the papers in that big Arizona mining case. Mr. John Vernon plans to argue against them before the Supreme Court next week. He's in Washington now. We're trying to upset the contracts, you know.'

Miss Tulley was a veteran attaché of the office, and proud of her knowledge of its affairs. She knew far more about them than did Wrayne, who envied her ex-

tremely.

"Let's look," suggested Nicholas, and she handed him a page of carbon copy with

a patronizing air.

A name in the third clause of the mining contract seemed to jump up and hit Nicholas in the eye.

"The ownership of Priscilla shall be decided immediately and as follows," the clause began.

"What are you laughing at?" sniffed Miss Tulley.

"You've left out the word 'the' here," explained Nick. "'Priscilla' is the name

of a mine.

The shocked stenographer, in whose prim opinion interlineation was nothing less than a crime, promptly tossed the sheet into her waste-basket. She was called away, a moment later, and Nicholas extracted the discarded paper. He meant to show it to Miss Vernon.

But, as he stared at the third clause, an odd feeling possessed him. "The ownership of Priscilla shall be decided immediately!" Surely, it was a queer thing that he, of all men in the world, should be the only man to encounter an accidental ex-

pression like that!

He read and reread the entire clause with suspicious and absorbing attention. He could not resist a wild superstition that somewhere on that paper the hand of fate was beckoning to him. At most times Nick was a practical-minded youth; but, as has been heretofore observed, he was hopelessly

After luncheon, Bentz, the managing clerk, found him in the office library, when he was supposed to be recording an unim-

portant mortgage.

"I'm glad to see that you're industrious, at least," said Bentz disagreeably; and he picked up one of the books with which the table was littered. "Boning up on mining law, are you, Wrayne?" he sneered. "You'll be helping Mr. John in Washington next, I suppose. Here's an appearance to file in the City Court. Hurry up, now!"

Nicholas was too excited to take offense. He performed the errand-boy's mission on which Bentz had sent him, but he did not return to the office. He hurried up-town, as fast as a taxi could whirl him, to the law library of the Bar Association. His brains whirled more rapidly than the cab. What had happened was this-he had discovered a subtle but vital flaw in the contract which John Vernon was going to try to upset before the supreme bench in Washington.

III

"IT's the chance of a lifetime," whispered Nicholas Wrayne; "and the ownership of Priscilla!"

"Beg pardon, sir?" said the library at-

tendant apprehensively.

The attendant, indeed, had ample cause to fear that the crazy-eyed young man in the corner alcove was not quite himself. The leaves of a small host of law-books fluttered in the alcove like the pennants of a miniature army. Wrayne, charging furiously among them with pen and memorandum-pad, might have been General Sheridan at Winchester. He never thought of dinner. Did Cardigan think of rations at Balaklava? Nicholas dined that evening upon three very large cups of very black coffee.

If he could in season despatch a volunteered brief to John Vernon, containing his discoveries, Nicholas was sure that success was his—success, reputation, and, chiefly, Priscilla. The obstacle to his telling her

of his love would be removed.

When the Bar Association library was closed for the night, he gathered up his bulky sheaf of notes and raced homeward. At five o'clock he was pacing the floor of his sitting-room, half undressed, and talking to himself. On his desk lay the finished brief, condensed, somewhat to his surprise, within the limit of three manuscript pages.

"How's this for romance?" he muttered dementedly. "By thunder, I'll just prove to Priscilla that the real thing counts! I'll put her in this game! I'll make her carry my brief to her uncle John! That'll be romantic enough. And if it helps Mr. Vernon win the case next week—oh, by

thunder!"

He sealed the envelope and sought a

Turkish bath.

Afterward, while he was breakfasting at his club, he vaguely wondered if he were insane; but even on a slightly cooler consideration, the sequence of events seemed fateful and significant.

"I'd be a chump to wear ear-tabs when destiny may be calling me!" thought Nicholas, as he marched along the street toward

Mrs. Vernon's house.

He had scant time for a word with Priscilla, because a limousine was snorting beside the curb and Mrs. Vernon already was ensconced in the tonneau. Priscilla, distractingly piquant in gray veil and touring-coat, emerged from the house door.

"Priscilla," said he, "shall you see your uncle John in Washington?"

"Why, of course we shall," rejoined Miss Vernon.

"Then I'm going to ask you to give him this."

The girl bestowed a defiant moue of distaste upon the envelope.

"Is it a horrid matter of business, Nick? Because if it is—"

"It is not a horrid matter of business," interposed Wrayne firmly. "If it were, I'd mail it. I want you to give it to him with your own hands, and watch what happens."

"Oh, very well!" said Priscilla.

IV

NICHOLAS WRAYNE, during the nextent week, made many resolute attempts to laugh at his little game with destiny. He partially succeeded. Destiny, at any rate, gave no sign of remembering it. Mr. John Vernon in Washington, and the newspapers and the people in the New York office were equally undemonstrative. As for Priscilla, Nick received from her merely a picture postal card—a view of an ancient Maryland saw-mill, which deeply depressed him.

Afflicted by this work of art, he was seated of an afternoon in the club when he overheard the conversation of two elder-

ly gentlemen behind him.

"Yes," remarked one, "it was as ingenious an argument as I ever listened to. I was glad I was in the court-room yesterday. Old Vernon outdid himself. That Arizona mining job, you know."

Nicholas suddenly gripped the arms of

his chair.

"Old John took just a single clause of one of the contracts," resumed the speaker, "and tore the stuffing out of it. It vitiated the whole transaction. He'll win, beyond question. What? Oh, an ownership clause about a mine called Paulina, or Penelope—some girl's name! But I don't understand just how old Vernon happened to light on it. He isn't extra keen, usually, at that sort of thing. Thanks, I'm drinking sherry."

Young Wrayne, however, was imbibing at that minute a far more potent wine than sherry. All the blood in his body seemed to rush to his heart, and out again. It was as if some magician was holding to his eager lips an Olympian draft of the nectar of the most high gods. He found himself

in a telephone-booth before he realized that he had gone there.

"It was all meant!" he gasped, while he rang up Mrs. Vernon's number. "It was all meant from the beginning!"

A maid-servant's voice informed him, over the wire, that the ladies had returned that morning. Nicholas hung up the receiver and chuckled hysterically. Of course they had returned! He might have known that, without telephoning. He might have known that destiny did not mean to mock him, even by delay. There was no illusion about this affair.

As he hastened down the street, it seemed incredible that he should have ever fancied there was an obstacle to asking Priscilla to marry him. Now that real success had unbarred the way, the obstacle appeared for the first time to be puerile and foolish.

The Vernons' door happened to be open. He dashed into the hall. Priscilla was alone in the drawing-room.

"Hello, Nick! How are you? Tell me

some news, directly!"

Nick caught her up in both arms, so that her little shoes swung clear of the floor. She could not tap the hearth-rug with her foot; there was no chance for argument.

"I tell you that you are going to be my

wife!" said he.

"And why didn't you tell me that long ago?" sighed Priscilla meekly.

V

THE clock on the drawing-room mantel softly chimed the hour, and the quarter, and the half. There was nothing to disturb the melodious sound except certain indeterminate and irregular murmurings from a shadowy corner of the apartment.

"You won't dare brag about makebelieve romance now," laughed Nicholas finally. "You won't sneer at facts any more, Priscilla. Wait until I explain what made me come to, and what gave me the nerve."

"Hush!" Priscilla warned him. "Here's Uncle Grosvenor, for his cup of tea. How

do you do, Uncle Grove?"

Mr. Vernon shook hands, and nodded cordially to Nick, of whom he was very

"Hope I'm not too late for your brew, Priscilla," he apologized. "I had to talk to my brother on the long-distance. John is pleased as Punch over that case he finished yesterday in Washington. But you know of it, Wrayne, don't you?"

A proud smile wreathed Nick's face; he regretted that Priscilla had gone to order

the tea-tray.

"The discovery of the defective clause in that contract was a godsend," continued Mr. Grosvenor.

"It was all of that," agreed Nicholas,

blushing.

"And the finding of it showed big brains, let me tell you," said Vernon. "We've tested every other point, but nobody suspected that the nub of the whole case lay in that twenty-first clause."

"That-that which?" blurted the young

man.

Mr. Vernon glanced at him sharply.

"That twenty-first clause, of course," he repeated. "What's the matter with you—the one about the Mercedes mine. Ah, here you are, my dear girl! Wrayne and I were just discussing a matter of business, Priscilla. By the bye, your uncle John was mighty sorry that your motor trip was side-tracked last week, before you got to Washington."

"Oh, that reminds me!" exclaimed Priscilla. "Excuse us a second, Uncle

Grove."

She went to the hall, and pulled a sealed envelope from a traveling-bag on the table. Nick followed, staring blankly, as if she were performing some marvelous conjur-

ing-feat.

"You see, we didn't go farther than the Vances' place, in Maryland," she said coolly; "and I knew that this letter wasn't of the least importance, dear, because you told me so. Ought I to have written you that I couldn't deliver it? I wasn't matter-of-fact enough for that. What's the difference?"

Nicholas drew her close to him. This pleasant process was easy, because he perceived that there was no more of an obstacle between them than there had been ten minutes ago. The obstacle was permanently destroyed—and by what?

"The difference is," said he, "that I'll never disbelieve in the value of an illusion

again as long as we live!'

"Here, you two!" called Mr. Vernon, from the other room. "This kettle's warming up!"

THE BANDBOX'

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," "THE BLACK BAG," ETC.

XXII

ER initial impetus carried Eleanor well round the corner to the front of the building. Here, as suddenly as she had started running, she stopped, common sense reasserting itself to reassure her that there was nothing to be gained by running until exhausted. The man was not pursuing her. It was evident that she was to be left to her own devices, so long as they did not impel her to attempt escape from the island—so long as, in his words, she made herself docile to his will.

She stood for a long minute, very erect, head up and shoulders back, eyes closed and lips tight, her hands close-clenched at her sides. Then, drawing a long breath, she relaxed and moved on, with a quiet composure admirably self-enforced, setting herself to explore and consider her sur-

The abandoned hotel faced to the south, overlooking the greater breadth of Long Island Sound. In the period of its prosperity the land in front of it, to the water's edge, and indeed for a considerable space on all sides, had been clear—laid out, no doubt, in grassy lawns, croquet - grounds, and tennis-courts. In the long years of its practical abandonment these had reverted to the primitive character of the main portion of the island—to a tangle of undergrowth and shrubbery, sprinkled with scrub oak and stunted pines. Only a meager kitchen-garden was still under cultivation.

Southward, at the shore, a row of weather-beaten and ramshackle bath-houses stood beside the rotting remnants of a dock. The piles of the pier, long bereft of their connecting platform of planks, ran out into the water in a dreary double rank.

Westward a patch of woodland-pro-

genitor, by every characteristic, of the tangle in the former clearing—shut off that extremity of the island, where it ran out into a sandy point. Eastward lay an extensive acreage of low, rounded sand-dunes, held together by rank beach-grass, and bordered by a broad, slowly shelving beach of sand and pebbles.

To the north, at the back of the hotel, lay a long stretch of low ground, finally merging into a small salt marsh. Across this wandered a thin plank walk on stilts, which, over the clear water beyond the marsh, became a rickety-looking dock. At some distance out from the dock a long, slender, slate-colored motor-boat rode at its moor-

ings, with a rowboat swinging from its stern. In the larger craft Eleanor could see the head and shoulders of a man bending over the engine — undoubtedly Mr. Ephraim Clover.

While she watched him, he straightened up, rose, and, going to the stern of the motor-boat, began to pull the dory in by its painter. Having brought it alongside, he transshipped himself awkwardly, then began to drive the small dory in to the dock.

Eleanor remarked the fact that he stood up to the task, pushing the boat forward by means of a single oar, which he thrust downward until it struck bottom. The water was evidently quite shallow; even where the motor-boat was moored, the oar disappeared for no more than half its length beneath the surface.

Presently, having gained the dock, the man clambered upon it, threw a couple of half - hitches in the painter round one of the piles, shouldered the oars, and began to shamble toward the hotel. He appeared as a tall, ungainly figure blackly silhouetted against the steel blue of the evening sky.

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Eleanor waited where she was, near the beginning of the plank walk, to get a better look at him. In time he passed her, with a shy nod and sidelong glance. He seemed to be well past middle age, and of no pretensions whatever to physical loveliness. She would have pronounced him incurably lazy and stupid; his face was dull and heavy, and the whole carriage of the man was eloquent of a nature of sluggish ineptitude.

He disappeared round the house. A moment later she heard Mrs. Clover haranguing him in a shrill voice of impatience, little resembling the tone she had employed

when talking to the girl.

For an instant Eleanor dreamed of making a wild attempt to escape by running down to the dock, throwing herself into the rowboat, and casting it off to drift where it would. But the folly of this was too easily apparent. Even if she could be sure that the tide would carry her away from the island, the water was so shallow that a man could wade out to the motor-boat, climb into it, and run her down with discouraging facility.

As for the motor-boat—she hadn't the least idea of the art of running a motor. Besides, she would be overhauled before she could get to it; for she had no doubt whatever that she was being very closely watched, and would be until the boats had left the island. After that—a vista of days of grinding loneliness and hopeless despair opened out before her disheartened mental

vision.

She resumed her aimless tour of inspection, little caring where she wandered so long as she kept far from the house, as far

as possible from-him.

Sensibly the dismal desolation of the spot saturated her spirit. No case that she had ever heard of seemed to her so desperate as that of the lonely, helpless girl marooned upon this wave-bound-patch of earth and sand, cut off from all means of communication with her kind, her destiny at the disposal of the maleficent wretch who called himself her father, her sole companions two supposed criminals, whose depravity, if what she had heard were true, was only subordinate to his by reason of their mental inferiority.

She could have wept, but would not. The emotion that oppressed her was not one that tears would soothe, her plight not one that

tears could mend.

Her only comfort resided in the fact that she was apparently to be let alone, free to keep to herself within the boundaries of

her prison.

Sunset found her sitting on a little sandy hillock on the western end of Wreck Island—sitting with her chin in her hands, gazing seaward with eyes in which rebellion smoldered. She would not give in, would not abandon hope and accept the situation at its face value—that is, as irremediable. Upon this was she firmly determined; the night should not pass unmarked by some sort of an attempt to escape or summon aid.

She even found herself willing to consider arson as a last resort. The hotel afire would make a famous torch to bring assistance from the mainland. But she shrank from the attempt, her soul curdling at the

sinister menace of the vitriol.

The day was dying in soft airs that swept the face of the waters with a touch so light as to be barely perceptible. With sundown fell stark calm; the Sound became a perfect mirror for the somber conflagration in the west. The slightest sounds reverlerated afar through the still, moveless void. She could hear Mrs. Clover stridently counseling her Ephraim at the house a quarter of a mile away.

Later, she heard the hollow tramp of two pairs of feet, one heavy and one light, on the plank walk; the creak of rowlocks, with the dip and splash of oars; and, after a little pause, the sudden, sharp, explosive rattle of a motor exhaust, as rapid, loud, and staccato as the barking of a Gatling, yet quickly hushed. Almost as soon as it shattered the silence, it was muffled to a thick,

steady drumming.

Eleanor rose and turned to look north-The wood-lot hid from her sight the dock and mooring, and all but the gables of the hotel; but she soon espied the motor-boat standing out from the island on a straight course for the mainland. It was driven at a speed that seemed to her nearly There was a smother of foam incredible. at its stern; long purple ripples widened away from the jet of white water at the stem; a smooth, high swell of dark water pursued as if it meant to catch up and overwhelm the boat and its occupants. These latter occupied the extremes of the little vessel-Ephraim astern, beside the motor, the slighter figure in the bows, handling the

Slowly the girl took her way back to the hotel, watching the motor-boat draw away, straight and swift of flight as an arrow, momentarily dwindling and losing definite form against the deepening blue-black surface of the Sound.

Weary and despondent, she ascended the pair of steps to the kitchen porch. Mrs. Clover was busy within, washing the supper dishes. She called out a cheery greeting, to which Eleanor responded briefly but with as pleasant a tone as she could muster. She could not but distrust the woman, could not but fear that something vile and terrible lurked beneath that good-natured exterior; else why should she have made herself his creature?

"You ain't hungry again?"

"No," said Eleanor, lingering on the porch, reluctant to enter.

"Lonely?"

" No."

"You needn't be; your pa'll be home by three o'clock, he says."

Eleanor said nothing. Abruptly a thought had entered her mind, bringing Something she had almost overlooked had recurred with tremendous significance.

"Tired? I'll go fix up your room soon's I'm done here, if you want to lay down

"No; I'm in no hurry. I-I think I'll go for another little walk round the island."

"Help yourself!" the woman called after her heartily. "I'll be busy for about half an hour, and then we can take our chairs out on the porch for a while, and watch the moon come up, and have a good, old-fashioned gossip.

Eleanor lost the sound of Mrs. Clover's voice as she turned swiftly back round the Then she stopped, catching her breath with quick delight. It was truesplendidly true! The rowboat had been left

It rode about twenty yards out from the end of the dock, made fast to the motorboat's mooring. The oars were in it; Ephraim had left them carelessly disposed, their blades projecting a little beyond the stern. And she recalled vividly the fact that the water was so shallow there that the man had been able to pole in with a single oar, immersing it but half its length.

An oar, she surmised, was about six feet long; that argued an extreme depth of water of three feet-say at the worst three and a half, up to her armpits. Surely she might dare to wade out, unmoor the boat, drag it in to shallower water, and climb in!

But her heart sank as she considered the odds against her should she make such an attempt. If only the night were to be dark! If only Mrs. Clover were not to wait up for her husband and employer! If only the woman were not her superior physically, so strong that Eleanor would be like a child in her hands! If only there were not that awful menace of vitriol!

Nevertheless, in the face of these frightful deterrents, she steeled her resolution. Whatever the consequences, she owed it to herself to be vigilant to seize her chance. She promised herself to be wakeful and watchful. Possibly Mrs. Clover might nap while she sat up; and the girl had two avenues by which to leave the house-not considering the windows. She could go out either through the kitchen, or by the front door to the main and disused portion of the hotel.

She had only to steal noiselessly along the corridor from her bedroom door and down the broad main staircase, and-the front door was not even locked. She remembered distinctly that he had simply pulled it to when he went out. Still, it would be well to make certain that he had

not returned to lock it.

Strolling idly, with a casual air of utter ennui-assumed for the benefit of her jailer, in case she should become inquisitive-Eleanor went round the eastern end of the building to the front. Here a broad veranda ran from wing to wing, its rotting, weather-eaten floor fenced in by a dilapidated railing, save where steps led up to the front door. Its roof had caved in at one spot, and elsewhere wore a sorry look of baldness, where whole tiers of shingles had fallen away.

Cautiously Eleanor mounted the rickety steps and crossed to the doors. To her delight, they opened readily to a turn of the knob. She stood for a moment, hesitant, peering into the hallway, now dark with

evening shadow.

Then curiosity overbore her reluctance. There was nothing to fear; the voice of Mrs. Clover singing over her dish-pan in the kitchen came clearly through the groundfloor corridor, plainly advertising her preoccupation. And Eleanor wanted desperately to know what it was that the man had hidden in the socket of the newel-post.

She shut the door and felt her way, step by step, over to the foot of the staircase. Happily the floor was sound; there was no creaking to betray her. There would be none when, in the dead of night, she would come down this way to break for freedom.

Mrs. Clover continued to sing content-

edly.

Eleanor removed the knob of the post, and looked down into the socket. It was dark in there; she could see nothing; so she inserted her hand and groped until her fingers closed upon a small, rough bar of metal. Removing this, she found that she held a key—a heavy, old-fashioned iron key of curious design.

It puzzled her a little until she recalled the clang of metal that had prefaced the man's appearance in the hall that afternoon. This, then, she inferred, would be the key to his private cache—the secret spot where he hid his loot between forays.

Suddenly Mrs. Clover stopped singing, and the girl, in panic, returned the key to its hiding-place, the knob to its socket. But it had been a false alarm. In another moment the woman's voice was again up-

raised in song.

Eleanor considered, staring about her. When she saw the man, he had come into sight from beneath the staircase. She reconnoitered stealthily in that direction, and discovered a portion of the hall fenced off by a railing and counter—evidently the office of the old hotel. There was an open door to a room behind the counter. With some slight qualms she passed through the enclosure and entered it.

HIXX

THE little room was darker than the outer hall, from which it got most of its light. The single window, looking northward, was closely shuttered on the outside; only a feeble twilight filtered through the slanted slats. But there was light enough for Eleanor to recognize the contours and masses of a flat-topped desk with two pedestals of drawers, a revolving chair with a cane seat and back, a brown paper-pulp cuspidor of generous proportions, and—a huge, solid, antiquated iron safe.

This last was a "strong box" of the nineteenth century's middle decades, substantial as a rock, tremendously heavy, and contemptuously innocent of any such innovations as combination dials, time-locks, and the like. A single keyhole, almost large enough to admit a child's hand, and certainly calculated to admit the key in the newel-post, demonstrated that the safe depended for the security of its contents on nothing more than its massive and unwieldy lock.

It demonstrated something more—that the owner based his confidence in its isolation and the loyalty of his employees, or else had satisfied himself, through practical experiment, that one safe was as good as another, ancient or modern, when subjected to the test of modern methods of burglary.

And—Eleanor was sure—the Cadogan collar was there! It was in the safe, unless the man had taken it away with him—which didn't seem likely, all things considered. A great part of the immense value of the article resided in its perfection, in its integrity; as a whole, it would be an exceedingly difficult thing to dispose of until long after the furor aroused by its disappearance had died down; broken up, its marvelously matched pearls separated and sold one by one, it would not realize a third of its value.

And the girl would have known the truth in five minutes more—she was, in fact, already moving back toward the newel-post—had not Mrs. Clover chosen that moment to leave the kitchen and come walking heavily down the corridor.

What her business might be in that part of the house Eleanor could not imagine, unless it were connected with herself—unless the woman had heard some noise of which Eleanor herself had been unconscious, and was coming to investigate.

In panic terror, the girl turned back into the little room and crouched down behind the safe, making herself as small as possible, actually holding her breath for fear its

sound would betray her.

Nearer came that steady, unhurried tread, and nearer. The girl thought her heart would burst with its burden of suspense. She was obliged to gasp for breath, and the noise of it rang as loudly and hoarsely in her ears as the exhaust of a steam-engine. She pressed a handkerchief against her quivering lips.

Directly to the counter came the footsteps, and stopped. There was a sound of something being placed upon the shelf. Then, deliberately, the woman turned and

marched back to her quarters.

It was some time before the girl managed to regain sufficient control of her nerves to rise from her hiding-place and creep out through the office enclosure to the hall. Mrs. Clover had resumed her chanting in the kitchen, but Eleanor was in no mood to run further chances yet awhile. She needed to get away, to find time to compose herself

thoroughly.

Pausing only long enough to see for herself what the woman had left on the counter -it was a common oil-lamp, filled and trimmed, with a box of matches beside it, in readiness, presumably, for the home-coming of the master with a new consignment of booty-she flitted swiftly to and through the door, closed it, and ran down the steps to the honest, kindly earth.

Here she was safe. None knew of her adventure and discovery. She quieted from her excitement, and for a long time paced slowly to and fro, pondering ways and

means.

The fire ebbed from the heart of the western sky-twilight merged imperceptibly into a night extraordinarily clear and luminous with the gentle radiance of a wonderful sky of stars. The calm held unbroken. The barking of a dog on the mainland carried, thin but sharp, across the waters. On the Sound, lights moved sedately east and west, red lights and green and white lacing the waters with long, wavering ribbons.

Sometimes the girl could hear voices of men talking at a great distance. Once a passenger-steamer crept out of the west, seeming to quicken its pace as it drew abreast the island, and swept away like some floating palace of fairy lamps. As it passed, the strains of its string-orchestra were softly clear in the night. Other steamers followed it-several in a widely spaced procession. But no boat came near Wreck Island. If one had, Eleanor could almost have found heart to call for help.

In due time Mrs. Clover came in search of her prisoner, bringing a lantern to guide

her heavy footsteps.

"Land sakes!" she cried, catching sight "Wherever have you been all of the girl. this time?"

"Just walking up and down," said Elea-

nor quietly.

"Thank goodness I found you!" the woman panted. "Give me quite a turn, you did! I didn't know but what you might be trying some foolish idea about leaving us, like your pa said you might. One never knows when to trust you nervous prostrationists, or what you'll be up to next."

Eleanor glanced at her sharply, wondering if by any chance the woman's mind could be as guileless as her words, or as the bland and childish simplicity of her eyes in the lantern-light. The girl said nothing.

"Wish you'd come up on the stoop and keep me company," continued Mrs. Clover. "I'm plumb tired of sitting round all alone. Moon'll be up pretty soon; it's a pretty

sight shining on the water.

"Thank you," said Eleanor, "I'm afraid I'm too tired. It must be later than I thought. If you don't mind, I'll go to my room.

"Oh, please yourself," said the woman, disappointment lending her tone an unpleasant edge. "You'll find it hot and stuffy up there, though. If you can't get comfortable, come down-stairs. I'll be up till the boss gets home."

"Very well," said Eleanor.

She said good night to the woman on the kitchen porch and left her there. Going up to her room, she threw herself, fully

dressed, upon the bed.

For some time the woman down-stairs rocked slowly on the porch, humming sonorously. The sound was infinitely soothing. Eleanor had some difficulty in keeping awake, and only managed to do so by dint of continually exciting her imagination with thoughts of the Cadogan collar in the safe, of the key in the newel-post, of the dory swinging at its moorings in water little more than waist deep.

In spite of all this she did drift into a half-waking nap as the slow hours lagged. How long it lasted she couldn't guess when she wakened; but it had not been too long. A glance at the dial of her wrist-watch, in a slant of moonlight that fell through her window, reassured her as to the flight of It was nearly midnight; she had three hours left-three hours' leeway be-

She lay without moving, listening atten-The house was anything but still: the ghosts of forgotten footsteps haunted all its stairs and corridors; but the girl could hear no sound ascribable to human Mrs. Clover no longer sang, her agency.

rocking-chair no longer creaked.

fore the return of her persecutor.

With infinite precautions, Eleanor got up and slipped out of the room. Once in the hallway, she did hear a sound of which she easily guessed the source; and the celestial choiring of angels could have been no more

sweet in the girl's hearing. Mrs. Clover

was snoring.

By kneeling at the head of the staircase in the little hall, and bending over with an arm round the banister for support, Eleanor could see a portion of the kitchen. What she saw only confirmed the testimony of the snoring. The woman had moved in-doors to read. An oil-lamp stood by her shoulder, on the table. Her chair was tilted well back, her head resting against it. An old magazine lay open on her lap. Her chin had fallen, and from her mouth, at regular intervals, issued dissonant chords of contentment.

Eleanor drew back, rose, and felt her way to the long corridor. Down this she stole as silently as any ghost, wholly indifferent to the eery nature of the desolate place, spectrally illuminated as it was with checkers of moonlight falling through the dingy windows, alive as it was with the groans and complaints of uneasy planks and timbers and the frou-frou, like that of silken skirts, of rats and mice scuttling between

the walls.

These counted for nothing to her, but all her soul hung on the continuance of that noise of snoring in the kitchen. Time and again she paused and listened, breathless, until she made sure that it held on unin-

terrupted.

Gaining at length the head of the stairs, she picked her way down very gently, her heart thumping madly as the burden of her weight wrung from each individual step its personal protest, loud enough-so she felt -to wake the dead in their graves; but not loud enough, it seemed, to disturb the slumbers of the excellent, if from one point of view untrustworthy, Mrs. Clover.

At length she had won to the newel-post and abstracted the key. The foretaste of success was sweet on her tongue. Pausing only long enough to unlatch the front door, for a quick way of escape, she darted through the hall, behind the counter, into

the little room.

And still Mrs. Clover slept.

Kneeling, Eleanor fitted the key to the lock. Happily it had been kept well oiled, and was in good working order. The tumblers gave to the insistence of the wards with the softest of dull clicks. She grasped the handle, and the heavy door swung wide without a murmur.

And then she paused, at a loss. It was densely dark in the little room, and she

needed light to see what she was about, if she were to pick out the Cadogan collar.

It was risky, a hazardous chance, but she determined to run it. The lamp that Mrs. Clover had left for her employer was too convenient to be rejected. Eleanor brought it into the room, and carefully shut the door, to prevent the light from being seen in the hall should Mrs. Clover wake and miss her. Then she placed the lamp on the floor before the safe, and lighted it.

As its soft illumination showed the interior of the strong box, the girl uttered a low cry of dismay. To pick out what she sought from that accumulation, even if it were really there, would be the work of hours—barring a most happy and unlikely

stroke of fortune.

The interior of the safe was divided into some twelve pigeonholes, each of which was closely packed with parcels of various sizes -brown-paper parcels, neatly wrapped and tied with cord, neatly labeled in ink with an indecipherable hieroglyphic-presumably a means of identification to one acquainted with the code. But Eleanor was not acquainted with the code, and possessed no means of telling one package from another; they were all so similar to one another in everything save size, in which they differed only slightly.

None the less, having dared so much, she wasn't of the stuff to give up the attempt without at least an effort to find the thing for which she had come. Impulsively she selected the first package that fell under her hand, with nervous fingers unwrapped it, and found herself admiring an extremely handsome diamond brooch.

As if it had been a handful of pebbles, she cast it from her, to blaze despised upon the mean plank flooring, and selected an-

other package.

It contained rings-three gold rings set with solitaire diamonds. They shared the

fate of the brooch.

The next packet held a watch. dropped it, too, contemptuously, and hurried on.

She had no method other than to take the uppermost packets from each pigeonhole, on the theory that the necklace had been one of the last articles entrusted to the That there was some sense in this method was demonstrated when she opened the ninth package—or, for that matter, it may have been the twelfth, for she was too busy and excited to keep any sort of count.

This last packet, however, revealed the Cadogan collar.

With a little thankful sigh the girl secreted the thing in the bosom of her dress,

and prepared to rise.

Behind her a board creaked and the doorlatch clicked. Still sitting—heart in her mouth, breath at a standstill, blood chilling with fright—she turned in time to see the door open and reveal the face and figure of her father. He stood looking down at her, his eyes blinking in the sudden glare of light that shot a gleam along the polished barrel of the weapon in his hand.

XXIV

In spite of the somewhat abrupt and cavalier fashion in which Staff had parted from Alison at the St. Simon, he was obliged to meet her again that afternoon at the offices of Jules Max, their business with the manager being to discuss and select the cast for "A Single Woman." The memories which each retained of their earlier meeting naturally rankled, and the amenities suffered

proportionately.

In justice to Staff it must be set down that he wasn't the aggressor. His contract with Max stipulated that he should have the deciding word in the selection of the cast—aside from the leading rôle, of course. When Alison chose—and she invariably did choose—to try to usurp that function, the author merely stood calmly and with imperturbable courtesy upon his rights. In consequence, it was Alison who made the conference such a stormy one that Max more than once threatened to tear his hair, and as a matter of fact did make futile grabs at the meager fringe surrounding his ample bald spot.

So the meeting eventually ended in an armed truce, with no business accomplished, Staff offering to release Max from his contract to produce the play, the manager frantically begging him to do nothing of the sort, and Alison making vague but more or less disquieting remarks about her inclination

to "rest."

Staff dined alone, with disgust with his trade for a sauce to his food. But a play-wright so frequently feels just like that—on an average of ten times to every production he makes—that he didn't really take himself seriously when he insisted, to himself, that he was going to give up dramatic work and go back to story-writing. A novelist had the advantage of being able to get even

forever with a refractory leading woman by endowing her with a squint, or a lowbrowed husband, or a fatal taste for drink, or any one of a number of punitive misfortunes. It seemed a positive shame that, being a playwright, the most poignant injury he could inflict upon Alison resided merely in insisting that the leading man should have the opportunity to speak the lines originally written for him.

And, being a man—which is as much as to say a creature without the least glimmer of understanding of his own private emotional existence—he wagged his head in solemn amazement because he had once thought he could love a woman like that.

Now Eleanor Searle was a different sort of a girl altogether! Not that he had any right to think of her in that light; only, Alison had chosen to seem jealous of the girl. Heaven alone—he called it honestly to wit-

ness-knew why!

Not that he cared whether Alison were jealous or not; but he was surprised at his solicitude for Miss Searle, now that Alison had made him think of her. He was really more anxious about her than he had suspected. She had seemed to like him, the few times they had met, and he had liked her very well indeed. It's so refreshing to meet a woman in whom beauty and sensibility are combined; the combination is piquant, when you come to think about it.

He didn't believe for an instant that she had meant to run away with the Cadogan collar; and he hoped fervently that she hadn't been involved in any serious trouble by the qualified thing. Furthermore, he candidly wished that he might be permitted to help extricate her, if she were tangled

up in any unpleasantness.

Such, at all events, was the general tone of his meditations throughout dinner, and his homeward stroll down Fifth Avenue from Forty-Fourth Street. As he walked, he cast himself for the part of the misprized hero, and made himself look it to the life by sticking his hands in his pockets, carrying his cane at a despondent angle beneath one arm, resting his chin on his chest—or as nearly there as was practicable, if he wished to escape strangulation by his collar—and permitting a cigarette to dangle dejectedly from his lips.

He arrived in front of his lodgings at nine o'clock, or something later. As he started to ascend the brown-stone stoop, he became aware of a disconsolate little figure seated in a hunched-up pose on the topmost

step. It was Iff.

The little man had his chin in his hands and his hat pulled down over his eyes. He rose as Staff came up the steps, and gave him good evening in a spiritless tone, which he promptly remedied by the acid observation:

"It's a pity you wouldn't try to be home when I call! Here you've kept me waiting

the best part of an hour."

"Sorry," said Staff gravely; "but why stand on ceremony at this late day? My bedroom windows are still open. I left 'em so, fancying you might prefer to come in

that way."

"It's a pity," commented Iff, following him up-stairs, "you can't do something for that oratorical tendency of yours. Ever try choking it back? Or did it make you ill?" With which he seemed content to abandon persiflage, satisfied that his average for acerbity was still high. "Besides," he said peaceably, "I'm all dressed up pretty now, and it doesn't look right for a respectable member of society to be pulling off second-story-man stunts."

Staff let him into the study, followed him, turned on the lights, and then looked his

guest over.

So far as his person was involved, it was evident that Iff had employed Staff's American money to advantage. He had the look of one fresh from a thorough grooming at a Turkish bath, and wore a new dark suit of clothes. But when he had thrown aside the soft felt hat which had shaded his eyes, his face showed drawn, pinched, and haggard—the face of a man whose sufferings are of the spirit rather than of the body. Loss of sleep might account for some of that expression, but not for all of it.

"What's the matter?" demanded Staff,

deeply concerned.

"You ask me that!" said Iff impatiently. He threw himself at length upon the divan. "Haven't you been to the St. Simon? Don't you know what has happened? Well, so have I and so do I."

"Well?"

Iff raised himself on his elbow to stare at Staff as if questioning his sanity.

"You know that she's gone—that she's in his hands—and still you have the face to stand there and say 'Wel-1?' to me!" he snapped.

"Might I ask what Miss Searle is to you, that you should get so excited about her disappearance, even assuming what we're not sure of—that she has gone with Ismay?"

"She's only everything to me," said Iff quietly. "She's my daughter."

Staff suddenly sank into a chair.

"You're serious about that?" he gasped.

"It's not a matter I care to joke about," said the little man gloomily.

"But why didn't you tell a fellow?"

"Why should I—until now? You mustn't forget that you sat in this room not twenty-four hours ago and heard me retail what I admit sounded like the biggest farrago of lies that was ever invented since the world began. Because you were a good fellow and a gentleman, you stood for it—gave me the benefit of the doubt. And at that I hadn't told you half. Why? Why, because I felt I had put sufficient strain upon your credulity for one session, at least."

"Yes — I know," Staff agreed, bewildered, "but — but Miss Searle — your

daughter-

"That's a stiff one for you to swallow—what? I don't blame you. But it's true. And that's why I'm all worked up—half crazed by knowing that that infamous blackguard has managed to deceive her and make her believe he is me—myself—her father!"

"But what makes you think that?"

"Oh, I've his word for it. Read that!"
Iff whipped an envelope from his pocket
and flipped it over to Staff. "He knew,
of course, where I hang out when in town,
and took a chance of that catching me there
and poisoning the sunlight for me."

Staff turned the envelope over in his hands, remarking the name and address and the postmark, which was half obliterated by its impression on a special-delivery

stamp.

"Mailed at Hartford, Connecticut, at nine this morning," he commented.

"Read it!" insisted Iff irritably.

Staff withdrew the enclosure, a single sheet of note-paper with a few words scrawled on one side.

"'I've got her,'" he read aloud. "'She thinks I'm you. Is this sufficient warning to you to keep out of this game? If not—you know what to expect.'" He looked from the note to Iff. "What does he mean by that?"

"How can I tell? It's a threat, and that's enough for me. He's capable of anything sufficiently fiendish to amuse him." If

shook his clenched fists impotently above his head. "Oh, if ever again I get within

arm's length of the hound!'

"Look here," said Staff, "I'm a good deal in the dark about this business. You've got to calm yourself and help me out. Now, you say Miss Searle's your daughter, yet you were on the ship together and didn't recognize each other—at least, so far as I

could see."

"You don't see everything," said Iff; "but at that, you're right-she didn't recognize me. She hasn't for years-seven years, to be exact. It was seven years ago that she ran away from me and changed her name. And it was all his doing! I've told you that Ismay has, in his jocular way, made a practise of casting suspicion on me. Well, the thing got so bad that he made her believe I was the criminal in the family. So, being the right sort of a girl, she couldn't live with me any longer, and she just naturally shook me-went to Paris to study singing, and to fit herself to earn a living. followed her, pleaded with her, but she couldn't be made to understand; so I gave it up. That was when I registered my oath to follow this cur to the four corners of the earth, if need be, and wait my chance to trip him up, expose him, and clear my-Now he's finding the going a bit rough, thanks to my public-spirited endeavors, and he takes this means of tying my hands!"

"I should think," said Staff, "you'd

have shot him long before this."

"Precisely," agreed Iff mockingly. "That's just where the bone-headedness comes in that endears you so much to your friends. If I killed him, where would be my chance to prove I hadn't been guilty of the crimes he's laid at my door. He's realized that, all along. I passed him on deck one night, coming over; it was midnight, and we were alone. The temptation to lay hands on him and drop him overboard was almost irresistible—and he knew it and laughed in my face. That's the true reason why I didn't accuse him when I was charged with the theft of the necklace-because I couldn't prove anything against him, and a trumped-up accusation that fell through would only have made my case so much the worse in Nelly's sight. But I'll get him yet!"

"Have you thought of looking for him in

Hartford?"

"I'm no such fool. If that letter was

posted in Hartford this morning, it means that Ismay's in Philadelphia."

"But isn't he wise enough to know you'd think just that?"

Iff sat up with a flush of excitement.

"By George!" he cried. "That's quite

right!

"It's a chance," said Staff thoughtfully. The little man jumped up and began to pace the floor. To and fro, from the hall door to the windows, he strode. At perhaps the seventh turn at the windows he paused, looked out, and moved quickly back to Staff's side.

"Taxicab stopping outside," he said in a low voice; "woman getting out—Miss Landis, I think. If you don't mind, I'll

dodge into your bedroom."

"By all means," assented his host, rising.

Iff silently swung out of sight into the back room as Staff went over to the hall door and opened it.

XXV

ALISON had just gained the head of the stairs. She came to the study door, moving with her indolent grace, and acknowledged Staff's greeting with an insolent, cool nod.

"Not too late, I trust?" she said enig-

matically, as she entered.

"For what?" asked Staff, puzzled.
"For this appointment," she said, extending a folded bit of paper.

"Appointment?" he repeated with the

rising inflection, taking the paper.

"It was delivered at my hotel half an hour ago," she told him. "I presumed you knew."

"No," said Staff. "Half a minute!"
He shut the door and unfolded the note.
The paper and the chirography, he noticed, were identical with those of the note received by Iff from Hartford. With this in mind, he read the contents aloud, raising his voice a trifle for the benefit of the listener in the

back room.

"'If Miss Landis wishes to arrange for the return of the Cadogan collar, will she be kind enough to call at Mr. Staff's rooms in Thirtieth Street at a quarter to ten tonight. N. B.—Any attempt to bring the police or private detectives or other outsiders into the negotiations will be instantly known to the writer, and—there won't be any party.' Unsigned," concluded Staff reflectively.

"Well?" demanded Alison, as she seated

herself.

"That's curious!" remarked Staff, still thinking.

"Well?" she iterated less patiently. "Is

it a practical joke?"

"No," he said, smiling; "to me it looks like business."

"You mean that the thief intends to come

here-to bargain with me?"

"I should fancy so, from what he says. And," Staff added, crossing to his desk,

"forewarned is forearmed!"

He bent over and pulled out the drawer containing his revolver. At the same moment he heard Alison catch her breath sharply, and a man's voice replied to his platitude.

"Not always," it said crisply. "Be good enough to let that gun alone. Just hold up your hands where I can see them, and come

away from that desk."

Staff laughed shortly and swung smartly round, exposing his empty hands. In the brief instant in which his back had turned, a man had let himself into the study from the hall. He stood now with his back to the door, covering Staff with an automatic pistol.

"Come away!" he said in a peremptory tone, emphasizing his meaning with a flourish of the weapon. "Over here—by Miss

Landis, if you please!"

Quietly Staff obeyed. He had knocked about the world long enough to recognize the tone of a man talking business with a gun. He placed himself beside Alison's

chair and waited, wondering.

Indeed, he was very much perplexed and disturbed. For the first time since Iff had won his confidence against his better judgment, his faith in the little man was being shattered. This high-handed intruder was so close a counterpart of Iff that one had to look twice to distinguish the difference, and then one found the points of variance negligible—so much so that the fellow might well be Iff in different clothing and another manner.

Iff could easily have slipped out of the bedroom by its hall door—only, to change his clothes so quickly, he would have to be a lightning-change artist of exceptional ability.

On the whole, Staff decided, this couldn't

be Iff. And yet-and yet-

"You may put up that pistol," he said coolly. "I'm not going to jump you, so it's unnecessary. Besides, it's bad form with a lady present. And furthermore, if you should happen to let it off, the racket would bring the police down on you more quickly than you'd like, I fancy."

The man grinned and shoved the weapon into a trousers pocket, from which its

grip projected handily.

"Something in what you say," he assented. "Besides, I'm quick, surprisingly quick, with my hands."

"The accomplishment is part of your professional equipment, no doubt," commented

Staff indifferently.

"Admit it," said the other easily. He turned his attention to Alison. "Well, Miss Landis?"

"Well, Mr. Iff?" she returned in the

same tone.

"No," he corrected; "not Iff—Ismay."
"So you've changed identities again?"

"Surely you don't mind," he said, grinning over the evasion.

"But you denied being Ismay aboard the Autocratic."

"My dear lady, you couldn't reasonably expect me to plead guilty to a crime of which I was not yet guilty!"

"Oh, get down to business!" Staff interrupted impatiently. "You're wasting time

-yours as well as ours."

"Peevish person, your young friend," Ismay commented confidentially to Alison. "Still, there's something in what he says. Shall we—ah—get down to business?"

"I think you may as well," she agreed

coldly

"Very well, then. The case is simple enough. I'm here to offer to secure to you the return of the Cadogan collar for an appropriate reward."

"Ten thousand dollars has been of-

fered," she began.

"Not half enough, my dear lady," he interposed. "You insult the necklace by naming such a meager sum—to say nothing of undervaluing my intelligence."

"So that's it!" she said reflectively.

"That is it, precisely. I am in communication with the person who stole your neck-lace. She's willing to return it for a reward of reasonable size."

"She? You mean Miss Searle?"

The man made a deprecating gesture.
"Please don't ask me to name the lady."
"I knew it!" Alison cried triumphantly.

"You miserable coward!" Staff exclaimed. "Haven't you the common manhood to shoulder the responsibility for your crimes yourself?"

"Tush!" said the man gently. "Tush! Not a pretty way to talk at all-calling names! I'm surprised. Besides, I ought to know better than you, acting as I do as agent for the lady in question.

"That's a flat lie!" said Staff. "If you repeat it-I warn you-I'll jump you, as sure's my name's Benjamin Staff, pistol or

no pistol!"

'Aren't you rather excited in your defense of this woman?" Alison inquired, turning on him with a curling lip.

"I've a right to my emotions," he retorted-"to betray them as I see fit."

"And I," Ismay put it, "to my freedom of speech-"

"Not in my rooms," Staff interrupted hotly. "I've warned you. Drop this nonsense about Miss Searle, if you want to stop here another minute without a fight. Drop it-say what you want to say to Miss Landis, and get out!"

He was thoroughly enraged, and his manner of expressing himself seemed to convince the thief. With a slight shrug of his shoulders he again addressed himself

directly to Alison.

"In the matter of the reward," he said, "we're of the opinion that you've offered too little by half. Twenty thousand at the

"You forget I have the duty to pay."

"My dear lady, if you had not been anxious to evade payment of the duty, you would be enjoying the ownership of your necklace to-day."

As he spoke the telephone-bell rang. Staff turned away to his desk, Ismay's voice

pursuing him with the caution:

"Don't forget about that open drawer-

keep your hands away from it!"

"Oh, be quiet," returned Staff contemptuously. Standing with his back to them, he took up the instrument and lifted off the "Hello?" he said irritably. receiver.

He was glad that his face was not visible to his guests. He could restrain a start of surprise, but was afraid his expression would have betrayed him when he recognized the voice at the other end of the line

"Don't repeat my name," it said quickly, a tone low but clear. "It is Iff. Is in a tone low but clear. Ismay still there?"

"Yes," said Staff instantly; "it's I, Harry. How are you?"

"Get rid of him as quick as you can," Iff continued, "and join me here at the Waldorf. I dodged down the fire-escape and caught his motor-car; the chauffeur thinks I'm him. I'll wait in the street-Thirty-Third Street side, with the car. Now talk."

"All right!" said Staff heartily. "Glad

to-I'll be there."

"Chauffeur knows where Nelly is, I think; but he's too big for me to handle alone, in case my foot slips and he gets suspicious. That's why I need you. Bring your gun."

"Right," Staff agreed promptly. club, in half an hour. Yes, I'll come.

Good-by!"

He turned back toward Ismay and Alison, his doubts resolved, all his vague misgivings as to this case of double identity finally settled.

"Alison," he said, breaking in roughly upon something that Ismay was saying to the girl, "you've a cab waiting outside,

haven't you?"

Alison stared in surprise.

"Yes," she said in a tone of wonder.

Staff paused beside the divan, one hand resting upon the topmost of a little heap of silken cushions.

"Mind if I borrow it?" he asked, ignoring the man.

'No, but-"

"It's business-important," said Staff. "I'll have to leave you here at once. Only" -he watched Ismay closely out of the corners of his eyes-"if I were you I wouldn't waste any more time on this fellow. He's bluffing—can't carry out anything he promises."

Ismay turned toward him, expostulant. "What d'you mean by that?" he de-

"Miss Searle has escaped," said Staff deliberately.

"No!" cried Ismay, startled and thrown off his guard by the fear that it might be true. "Impossible!"

"Think so?"

As he spoke, Staff dexterously snatched up the uppermost pillow, and with a twist of his hand sent it whirling into the thief's face. It took him utterly unawares. His arms flew up to ward it off-too late, however-and he staggered back a pace.

"Lots of impossible things keep happening all the time!" chuckled Staff, as he

closed in upon the man.

There was hardly a struggle. Staff's left arm clipped the fellow about the waist, at the same time that his right hand deftly abstracted the pistol from its convenient pocket. Then, dropping the weapon into his own pocket, he transferred his hold to Ismay's collar, and spun him round with a snap that fairly jarred his teeth.

"There, confound you!" he said, exploring his conquered foe's pockets for other lethal weapons, and finding nothing but three loaded clips ready to be inserted in the hollow butt of the pistol that he had already confiscated. "Now, what am I going to do with you, you confounded little

pest?"

The question was more to himself than to Ismay, but the latter, recovering with astonishing quickness, solved it for Staff by suddenly wriggling out of his coat and leaving the garment in his assailant's hands as he swiftly ducked to the door and flung himself out.

Staff could not refrain from breaking into a laugh as the patter of the little man's

feet was heard on the stairs.

"Resourceful little beggar!" he commented, going to the window, and rolling

up the coat as he went.

He reached the window just in time to see the thief dodge out below. The coat, opening as it descended, fell like a blanket round Ismay's head. He stumbled, tripped, and fell headlong down the steps, sprawling and cursing.

"Thought you might need it," Staff apologized, as the man picked himself up and darted away toward Lexington Avenue. He turned to confront an infuriated edition of Alison.

"Why did you do that?" she demanded with a stamp of her foot. "What right had you to interfere? I was beating him down; in another minute we'd have come to terms—"

"Oh, don't be silly, my dear," said Staff, taking his revolver from the desk drawer and placing it in the traditional hippocket. "To begin with, I don't mind telling you I don't give much of a hang whether you ever get that necklace back or not." He grabbed his hat and started for the door. "What I'm interested in is the rescue of Miss Searle, if you must know; and that's going to happen before long, or I miss my guess!" He paused at the open door. "If we get her, we get the necklace, of course—and you'll be welcome to that. Would you mind turning out the lights before you go?"

"Staff!"

Her tone was so peremptory that he hesitated in the doorway for an unwelcome moment longer.

"Well?" he asked civilly, wondering what on earth she had found to send her

into such a rage.

"You know what this means?"

"You tell me," he smiled.

"It means a break! I won't play 'A Single Woman'!" she snapped.

"That's the best guess you've made yet," he laughed. "You win. Good night and —good-by!"

(To be concluded)

YOUR TEARS

I LOVE you for the tears you sometimes weep
In secrecy. I hear them in my heart—
Your voice a lute that sobs at sudden smart,
Whose languor lingers like the chords that sweep
From master-stricken lyres. And in your sleep
Full often dream-tears tease the lids apart
That hold your dream-drenched eyes in ward. No art
Can grace those tears, or praise the lids they steep.

And when swift-waking thought of love's arrears

Mantles your dawn-kissed, damask cheek with rose,
Your eyes look out and laugh to pay the score,
Expectant of the lips that bid them close
For kissing, yet unmindful they are more
Love-lustrous for that memory of tears!

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

THE factors and forces controlling the country's industrial and financial activities have undergone little or no change in recent months. It must be apparent, even to a casual observer, that restraining influences, particularly such as spring from political uncertainties, bid fair to linger for some time longer.

Undoubtedly, however, we have accomplished something during the interval of two years and more, which has been devoted to economy and conservative operations. As a result, even though the present situation leaves something to be desired, the business community has shown a disposition to take a hopeful view of the outlook.

The worst-duped of men is he who deceives himself. It never serves any good purpose to ignore actual conditions or clearly defined tendencies. It would be illadvised at the present time, for instance, to overlook the fact that the country has certain basic problems of economic and political importance to settle before we can look for any very decided forward movement.

We are very much given, in the United States, to thinking that we have more than our share of agitation and unrest, arising out of political maneuverings, tariff, and trust disturbances, and the like. As a matter of fact, we have no monopoly in respect to these things. Recent developments the world over-political, industrial, and social - have been radical and unsettling. Scarcely a land has escaped the infection, from hoary-headed China, the most ancient of races, down to Cuba, the newest member No imof the great family of nations. portant country of Europe has been free from some more or less disturbing manifestation, and it is not too much to say that the present phenomena of unrest are practically universal.

Quite naturally, at such a time, it has required special inducements to tempt capital into large enterprises. This is particularly true in this country with regard to new undertakings, or to such as contain the element of speculation or uncertainty. But while recognizing the restraining influences which an unsettled situation imposes upon industrial endeavor, it is not well to lose sight of some actual accomplishments and certain conditions which soften or minimize their effects.

One may recall the familiar German

"We never eat our soup quite as hot as it is served to us."

As has been pointed out, we have accomplished much through the economy and conservatism of the last two or three years. Assuredly, the business community will not have to retrace ground already traversed, and we are nearer, measurably nearer, the inevitable turn for the better.

If we still have difficulties to deal with, we should not forget that we have already met and solved problems which seemed fully as disturbing as those now before us. Furthermore, we are in a better position to deal with these new ones, because of the liquidation which has taken place in all departments, with the possible exception of labor.

Assuredly, the vexed question of the industrial trusts should be the easier to handle because of the country's experience with the dissolution of the Standard Oil and the American Tobacco Company. The question of railway rates cannot be as difficult or as unsettling as it was before the Commerce Commission established the principles on which it has based its rulings. It is well to recall that bankruptcies of leading corporations, so freely predicted by some of our railway officials if rates were not advanced, have not materialized, nor does

any one now believe that they are likely to

come to pass.

The matters regarded as chiefly unsettling to-day are the prospects of tariff-revision and the issues of the Presidential campaign. We have come to look upon these things as disturbing to the orderly course of business on each and every occasion when they arise. I have seen too much of the psychology of markets to be anxious to quarrel with deep-seated traditions. The very fact that men have come to regard certain developments as favorable or unfavorable is oftentimes sufficient in itself to bring about the results that they expect, irrespective of other conditions. And yet, at the present time, it is not easy to find definite reasons for believing that the political outlook for the next twelve months involves any serious menace to business.

Even should radical tariff changes come to pass, they will find the merchant and the dealer in a very much better position to meet them than if their shelves and their warehouses were overburdened with merchandise which might be adversely affected by any drastic cut in the present schedules. It is fortunate that the mercantile community faces these problems after a tolerably thorough liquidation, instead of with

everything expanded to the limit.

Chiefly owing to the depression of speculative activities, Wall Street has suffered severely in recent months, and has come to take a very pessimistic view of things, but the records show that 1911, though marked by a languishing stock-market, was not as bad an industrial year as has been

represented.

In fact, in some departments, it was a remarkably good year. Witness, for instance, the splendid figures of international trade, where the turnover amounted to \$3,625,000,000. Toward this huge total exports contributed \$2,092,000,000, and imports \$1,533,000,000. The former were the largest in the country's history, while the imports have been exceeded but oncein the year 1910, and then only by about \$30,000,000.

As a result of this tremendous outward and inward movement in staples and manufactured articles, we have established a credit balance abroad on merchandise account alone of \$559,000,000. This, to be sure, is not record-breaking. In fact, it has been exceeded four times in our history; but when you recall that it is

\$252,000,000 greater than in 1910, and \$306,000,000 above the same item in 1909, you will realize that we have accomplished much in correcting that adverse tendency of foreign trade which, eighteen months ago, resulted in heavy gold exports, and serious-

ly alarmed the country.

The country shows up very well, also, in some other departments of activity. Take, for instance, the basis of our national wealth and prosperity, the harvests. We find that the farm value of all last year's products, as estimated by the Department of Agriculture, is \$8,417,000,000. This, to be sure, falls \$277,000,000 below the estimate of the preceding year, but it spells something very different from disaster. I imagine that any other nation on earth would be well satisfied with the results that we attained in 1911.

Again, look at such acknowledged criteria of business activity as bank clearances and railway earnings. The total clearings for 1911 reached the gigantic sum of \$159,892,717,000 — a decline of less than three per cent from those of 1910, which were \$163,721,744,284. For the twelve months from July, 1910, to June, 1911, gross railway earnings actually increased, amounting to \$2,810,735,000, as against \$2,787,266,000 in the corresponding period of 1909-1910. Operating cost was greater, however, and, as a result, net earnings decreased from \$838,617,000 to \$775,154,000. The country's commercial activities, however, are more accurately gaged by the gross than by the net traffic returns.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances, for the facts already disclosed show that the United States, as a whole, has enjoyed a fair measure of prosperity, and this is likely to continue, irrespective of political uncertainties or tariff changes, if the crops and harvests of the coming months prove

satisfactory.

Probably general industry will proceed within the near future along the same conservative lines as in the recent past, for the situation impels caution, and capital can scarcely be expected to embark in new undertakings on an extensive scale. But this will result, as it is already doing, in large accumulations of funds. Since speculative and hazardous undertakings are not likely to prove attractive, all this money must seek employment in safe and nonspeculative things. The bond division of the market offers just such opportunities as are in demand for safe and profitable investment. The year is likely to see some genuine im-

provement in that department.

No one enjoys periods of financial and commercial unsettlement, such as the country has been experiencing, and the present interval has been unduly prolonged; but the nation, as a whole, has not suffered as much as some persons imagine. The future will disclose that, through conservatism and economy, we have been laying the foundation for renewed industrial expansion.

WAR ON STOCK SWINDLERS

T may be recalled that about three years ago Governor Hughes, now a justice of the United States Supreme Court, appointed a committee to investigate the stock and commodity exchanges of New York and collateral subjects, including the get-richquick industry. In its report, among many other things, this committee pointed out that much of the success of the stock swindlers has been made possible by the ready acceptance of misleading and fraudulent advertising by too many of our newspapers and magazines.

Although no action followed the report of the Hughes committee, it is encouraging to observe that this vital matter has at last been taken up-not by the State authorities, who have permitted the wholesale swindling to continue, but by advertising men, acting in New York through the influential organization of the Advertising Men's League, and elsewhere through various clubs and

associations.

It is highly reassuring to note the quickening of public conscience toward organized and systematic swindling. The movement for clean and honest "copy," inaugurated by men deeply concerned with the subject, and indorsed by honest advertisers and decent publications throughout the country, may properly be regarded as an awakening of the moral sensibilities of the community to the enormity of prevailing conditions, and to the necessity of correcting them. I believe that it is destined to have far-reaching effects, and to result in genuine improvement.

Men engaged in honest industry know that the swindling promoter has been sapping at the country's resources to the extent of one hundred million dollars annually, or more. This is too large a sum to be permitted to go to waste. The criminals put out of business by the Post-Office Department during 1911 alone, it is reported, had robbed the community of seventy-seven million dollars. One would be dull, indeed, if he did not realize that such a loss must carry with it a pathetic amount of misery and suffering.

Moreover, reputable merchants realize that they are injured when fraudulent schemes appear cheek by jowl with honest names and genuine offerings in the advertising columns of newspapers and maga-Naturally, there is a consideration zines. of self-interest in this matter, as well as the awakening of moral sensibilities; but the latter certainly plays a part, for not until recently has the community as a whole appreciated the fact that the get-rich-quick industry amounts to a serious national evil in the United States.

If nothing more than self-interest, however, were responsible for arousing public opinion in favor of corrective measures, the movement inaugurated by the advertising men would be amply justified. Honest men do not voluntarily associate with rogues, and why should they be made to do so in the advertising columns of a newspaper or magazine? Is it not natural that an advertiser should ask himself this question:

"If a reader has been tricked and defrauded by answering a swindling announcement in this or that publication, is he likely to answer mine? Will he not consider that my advertisement may be of the same character as the other?"

Of course, such a question can be answered in only one way. It is entirely natural that reputable advertisers should show an increasing disinclination to patronize the publications which accept misleading and

fraudulent "copy."

In former days there were those who held that the advertising columns of a publication are common carriers, and, like railways, may contain good, bad, and indifferent alike. The responsibility for being deceived or defrauded, they argued, rests entirely upon the individual, under the rule of caveat emptor—let the buyer beware.

An answer to this theory was supplied by a speaker at the annual meeting of the Advertising Men's League, recently held in New York, at which the corrective movement assumed a definite form. He pointed out that no railroad company, for example, would sell transportation to a thief or

a confidence man that he might enjoy the special right and privilege of robbing the other passengers. That is precisely what the newspaper or magazine does which knowingly sells its space to swindling promoters and schemers.

If we are ever going to remove the blot which rests upon the United States, so long as we permit organized and systematic swindling to thrive, we must arouse the community to its responsibility. We have laws to deal with thieves and criminals of all classes, but with these laws on the statute-books an organized army of swindling fiscal agents, company-promoters, and salesmen have been exacting their annual tribute of a hundred million dollars, or more, from unsuspecting victims.

We could, no doubt, have better laws to deal with the manufacturer and vender of worthless shares. We might enact the prospectus law recommended by the Hughes Committee, which would make it a misdemeanor to effect sales of stock through misleading prospectuses, and would impose penalties upon publications which accept and print fraudulent advertisements. We could have such a provision as prevails in Kansas, referred to in last month's issue of this magazine, whereby the State protects its citizens from invading hordes of stock swindlers by compelling salesmen to register and file reports of their companies. But, after all, what we most need are not more laws, but an aroused public opinion.

By this time the community must know that the get-rich-quick business is an organized industry, in which wealthy and resourceful criminals are engaged. It is not a hit-or-miss affair, as many suppose, in which some rogue, just out of the penitentiary, engages because he can obtain no honest employment. The criminals are dishonest from choice. They are rich, and are able to employ skilled counsel, who map out the devious courses by which they may swindle and plunder and yet remain out of jail.

Many of them have powerful political or financial affiliations. Some are said to have social position; some are members of churches, or of associations of young men to whom they deliver addresses on "finance" and kindred subjects. Religion and uplift work are excellent cloaks for the stock swindler.

All this suggests that honest men must band together and work unceasingly if they would finally and effectively eradicate the awful evil of fraudulent promotion.

THE FEDERAL BISCUIT FAILURE

E take no particular credit to ourselves that in recent months Munsey's Magazine has rejected the advertisements of promotions which have speedily gone bankrupt, where some other publications have accepted and printed those advertisements. We have been pursuing a similar course for years. In declining advertisements that have not measured up to high standards, we have felt that we were performing no more than our duty to our patrons, and were doing no more than the public had a right to expect from a dependable magazine.

We will not deny, however, that it has been a satisfaction to us that our policy of excluding doubtful undertakings has been amply justified by recent events. We congratulate ourselves and our readers on the fact that, after careful investigation of several propositions that were rejected, we have been in a position to render service to investors by cautioning them against certain undertakings in advance of their collapse.

The most recent instance of this kind is the Federal Biscuit Company, a Delaware concern, incorporated with an authorized capital of thirty million dollars, for the ostensible purpose of uniting into a trust about eighty independent cracker-bakeries, located in thirty States of the Union. On the surface the Federal Biscuit Company wore a good appearance. Some excellent names appeared among its published list of directors, and financial institutions of the highest class figured as the company's transfer-agents and registrar. Moreover, in its prospectus and public stock-offering the concern announced that it would make application to list its stock on the New York Stock Exchange.

Early in the summer of 1911 the Federal Biscuit Company embarked upon an active campaign for the purpose of selling preferred stock at par, with a bonus of fifty per cent in common thrown in. Its advertisements were offered to Munsey's Magazine in the regular course of business, but they were declined, for an investigation of the proposition disclosed that the estimates of profits and earnings were unsupported by proper statements.

There was no balance-sheet, inventory, or

income account, and no independent appraisal of property. In fact, even the full list of independent companies contemplated in the merger was not specifically given. On such a showing the company stood no chance whatever of having its stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange. It had not complied with a single essential requirement of the exchange, and its statement that it would apply for listing was therefore distinctly misleading.

We take no satisfaction in announcing that the Federal Biscuit Company passed into receivers' hands on January 6, within six months of its public stock offering; but it is gratifying to know that the company's advertisements did not appear in Munsey's Magazine, and that the weak points in the proposition were made clear to investors, through personal letters and through the correspondence column of this department,

in advance of the insolvency.

With newspapers and magazines that accepted and published the "investment offering" of this company we have no quarrel. They pursue their policy, and we pursue ours; but it was a very simple matter for us to ascertain that the Federal Biscuit Com-

pany was not a proposition that we cared to place before our readers.

We also recall with satisfaction the cautionary remarks anent the National Boat and Engine Company, which appeared in our financial department several months before the disgraceful bankruptcy of that enterprise. We are pleased that the stock and bond offering of the concern did not appear in this magazine. We are receiving no reproaches from our readers on account of its failure, or on account of the sixty-per-cent assessment levied on its preferred stock and bonds—an assessment so large as to show that there was little of value in the thing at the beginning.

We might also refer to the warnings which have appeared in our financial department in advance of the failure of the Spar Products Company, or before the exposure of the Columbian-Sterling swindle; but it is unnecessary to recall these now. Suffice it to say that since the financial department was introduced as a feature of this magazine, advertising of a financial or "near financial" character to the amount of probably fifty thousand dollars has been offered to MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE and declined.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A BROKER'S CARRYING CHARGES.

Prior to her recent death a friend turned over to me a stock account. It is a small affair and I am informed that the stock, which is a standard issue, is "amply protected," and that I would be foolish to sell at present.

I have just received the first statement from the broker and I do not understand about the interest. Is there a fixed charge, or does the rate vary from time to time? And if so, what causes it to vary, and how quickly does it do so?

L. S., New York.

Our correspondent's query evidently concerns a speculative account. The attitude of this department in urging against margin trading, and in favoring purchases of high-grade securities outright, has been explained so often that there should be no question about our position. Countless persons speculate, usually to their sorrow, and I suppose countless persons will speculate until the crack of doom. However, as this question is interesting to those who do not speculate, as well as to those who do, I have decided to discuss the subject of interest charges.

Of course, I cannot consider the particular account in question, for I have not seen it, and I do not know what it contains or how it is made up. From the reference to a fixed or varying interest rate, however, I infer that in transferring the account from the decedent to the present

owner the broker made a transcript of recent statements rendered to the original customer, showing operations for a considerable interval. It is only upon some such theory that one could account for material variations in interest rates. The money market has not altered sufficiently during the past year or eighteen months to justify any marked or frequent changes in a broker's carrying charges.

Turning to the general question of carrying charges by stock-brokers, I may say that the interest is not fixed and unvarying. The only Stock Exchange rule bearing on the subject with which I am familiar deals with a minimum charge. It provides that a broker shall not arrange with a customer to carry an account for a rate of interest lower than that at which he

is borrowing his money.

To make concessions in interest from the going rate of money would amount, in effect, to an evasion of the commission rules. In consequence, the lowest possible basis at which a broker can carry an account is a low ruling rate for call money. With this for a minimum, the carrying charges may vary. In the absence of arrangement between the broker and his customer the rate is determined by the broker, usually by averaging the cost of his time and call money,

and by allowing himself a little more, perhaps one per cent, to meet the ordinary expenses of con-

ducting business.

In former days it was customary for brokers, in season and out, to charge six per cent on debit balances. The theory then was that the "interest account" would meet all the expenses—rent, clerk hire, stationery, and the like—of a broker's office. It is doubtful if it does so to-day.

In the first place, Wall Street men have increased their fixed charges—the cost of doing business. Their offices are more elaborate and

more costly to maintain than formerly.

Again, competition for business is keener. Large operators, too, seem more tenacious in regard to such matters, and they argue the question of carrying charge with the broker on the presentation of each statement. In consequence, the tendency of recent years has been toward a lower average rate to the customer.

Just now the prevailing rate of interest on a brokerage account is about five per cent per annum. It may be six per cent in some houses, or upon small and inactive accounts; but it is generally lower on large and very active accounts. Of course, it varies at different times; that depends upon the money market. Almost everybody knows that on occasions money borrowed on stock collateral commands very high rates.

This is not peculiar to New York, for in London, in November, 1907, carrying charges touched fourteen per cent. In Paris, recently, at the acute stage of the Moroccan difficulty, rates of seven, eight, and even ten per cent were reported. In consequence, however, of the faulty banking system of this country, and also because we have daily Stock Exchange settlements, instead of semi-monthly ones, as elsewhere, New York experiences much wider fluctuations in money rates.

During a great part of the autumn and winter of 1907, for instance, the interest rate on call funds ranged between fifteen and one hundred and twenty-five per cent, and ninety-day loans, when a broker could make them at all, commanded sixteen per cent. At that time the carrying charges on brokerage accounts reached tourteen and sixteen per cent, and some were reported at even higher rates. Even at these exorbitant figures brokers probably made nothing on the "interest account," for they were paying fully as much for their money as they charged their customers.

Why does a stock-broker charge interest on a customer's account? Manifestly, he could not conduct his business otherwise. If an investor buys securities outright, as urged by this department, he owns them; he is not concerned with interest charges, and a broker does not assess any against him. If a person speculates on margin, however, he has bought a stock with borrowed money, and has incurred a debt which may readily be liquidated, if the security advances, but which may have to be settled at a loss if it declines.

In buying on margin, a customer deposits, say, \$1,000, which is credited to his account. The broker advances the rest of the money and purchases the stock. Let us assume that it is selling around 60, entailing an actual cash outlay of \$6,000 for one hundred shares. This entire amount is charged as a debt against the customer, together with a commission of one-eighth of one per cent on the par value of the stock, or \$12.50. On the other hand, the customer is, of course, credited with the \$1,000 that he has paid.

When the first statement is rendered, the customer will find interest credited to him on his \$1,000 and charged against him on the \$6,000. When the second statement comes, assuming that nothing is added to or taken away from this account, and that no dividend has been declared on the stock in the interim, the customer will find no computation of interest on the credit side, for there is nothing to compute it on. He is "long" one hundred shares of stock, and he is in debt to the broker for the unpaid portion of the purchase money, or the difference between the amount of his margin and the cost of the stock. This is the customer's debit balance. Interest runs against him on this balance, and it will continue to do so as long as the account remains open.

The reader no doubt understands that if additional stock is bought, or if stock is sold; if dividends are paid and credited; if additional margin is deposited; or if money is drawn from the account, the items will change, but the theory remains the same. The speculator is generally in debt to the broker, and interest runs against

him on the debit balance.

Practically no mercantile or manufacturing concern could transact an important business without negotiating loans and borrowing money, and the banker and broker is under the same necessity as the merchant in this particular. Indeed, he is under a greater necessity, for he has to advance large sums of money to make up the differences between the customers' margins and the actual cost of the stocks and bonds bought, and he has to pay cash for the securities. In consequence, brokers are heavy borrowers of money.

Naturally, in his borrowing operations, the broker uses his assets—the securities he owns and those he buys for the account of speculative cus-

tomers-as the basis for his loans.

As his business is continually shifting, requiring sometimes more money, sometimes less, and as money is sometimes cheap and sometimes dear, a broker cannot arrange to make all his loans on time, nor would it be good business for him to do so. He secures some money on time loans, some on call loans; and as these are negotiated at different interest rates, dependent upon the money market, varying rates are charged on customers' debit balances.

Of course, in fixing his charges, the broker does not take into account each minute fluctuation of the current interest rates. He bases his calculations on the general average; if money is ruling high, carrying charges are high, and if money is cheap, carrying charges are lower.

WE DO NOT GIVE "TIPS"

I own one hundred shares of Utah Copper, bought at 44. I notice that Nevada Consolidated does not go up with it, which must mean that it is being manipulated. Would you advise selling Utah and buying Nevada, or to sell and stay out, with the object of buying again at a lower price?

J. B. M. Philiadelphia, Pa.

This department is not a tipsters' bureau, as the above question would imply. We do not advise either selling or buying Utah Copper, and we de not advise either buying or selling Nevada Consolidated Copper. We do not advise on mining stocks at all, beyond pointing out that mining companies are, from the very nature of things, speculative undertakings. Most of them, indeed, are exceedingly hazardous.

The financial department of Munsey's Magazine confines its recommendations to investment operations, by which we mean the purchase of good securities outright for cash or on instalments, for the interest or dividends that they pay. Mines do not pay dividends, in the strict sense of the term. If they are successful, and make disbursements, they are distributing assets. The more assets they distribute, the less remains to be distributed.

Those who buy or sell mine stocks must do so on their own responsibility. So far as this department is concerned, it is immaterial whether such shares go up or come down, or whether they are manipulated or neglected in the market. These are considerations which appeal to speculators. They do not appeal to us, and our correspondent should seek his information from persons who specialize in giving "market tips."

THE CHICAGO-NEW YORK AIR LINE

Will you kindly let me know the condition of the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad? A. C. B., Hartford, Conn.

The Chicago - New York Electric Air Line Railroad has an existence, despite the arrest of the Burr Brothers, who first sold the stock, for fraudulent use of the mails. Four members of that interesting coterie of stock-sellers, it may be noted, have just been sentenced to a year in the penitentiary.

The Air Line company maintains a "house organ" known as the Air Line News, which boosts the proposition according to familiar methods. The October number of this publication announced an impending advance in the \$25 shares to \$15. Chicago Air Line stock is quoted on brokers' lists at \$4.50 or thereabouts, but I don't know whether this is a new issue of stock or the variety made famous by the Burr Brothers.

The Air Line News also announces certain developments, which include the purchase by the Air Line — through its subsidiary, the Goshen,

South Bend and Chicago Railroad—of a corporation known as the Gary and Interurban Railroad Company. In addition, a new company, the Gary Connecting Railway, has been formed, "every share of stock of which," says the *News*, "is now in the treasury of the Air Line company."

Instead of building the new system wholly from sales of stock, as was planned when the Burr Brothers had the Air Line project in hand, the Gary Connecting Railway is to issue bonds, which are to be guaranteed by the various properties subsidiary to or affiliated with the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line Railroad, such as the Goshen, South Bend and Chicago, the Gary and Interurban, and the Valparaiso and Northern Railway Company.

Whether the enterprise will develop better under the new arrangement than it did during the Burr Brothers régime remains to be seen. Some of the affiliated companies, it is said, operate in a developing territory and show earnings. But, in consequence of the history of the Air Line undertaking and the methods of exploitation employed—such as arbitrarily marking up the stock—its securities, bonds as well as stocks, are of a character that this department cannot recommend to its readers.

"PUTTING UP MARGIN"

What is the meaning of the phrase," putting up margin"?
P. S. G. D., Chicago, Ill.

"Putting up margin" is almost a self-explanatory phrase. When a man speculates, he does not buy stocks outright. He deposits a certain sum of money with his broker, usually ten per cent of the par value of the stock. This sum is the margin. "Putting up margin" is the act of drawing one's check, or paying over a sum of money, to engage in speculation. The balance of the money necessary to purchase the stock—say ninety per cent of the purchase price, if a stock is selling at par—is advanced to the margin trader by his broker.

If, after a speculator has put up margin, his stock should decline five or six points, he will be called upon to put up more margin. This may happen again and again, for a speculator must maintain or "keep good" his margin. If the speculator cannot respond to the broker's demands for more margin, and the margin is likely to be wiped out by declines in the stock, the broker may sell the securities. There may then be very little of the speculator's margin left. Indeed, it may be wiped out entirely, and perhaps the speculator may be in debt to the broker.

Of course, if the stock bought on margin should advance, and the speculator should sell it, he will make money, but there is no assurance of that. Those who stick to stock speculation long enough always lose in the end, no matter what they may win in the interim. That is why this department

urges purchases of stock outright, for thereby the element of risk is greatly minimized.

THE BOOKLOVER'S LIBRARY

Will you kindly tell me what is the likelihood of a stockholder of the Booklover's Library, which is owned by the Tabard Inn Book Company, realizing on his stock? C. P. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The relations between the Booklover's Corporation, the Tabard Inn Book Company, the Booklover's Library, and the Tabard Inn Corporation are interlocking and somewhat confusing. All of these concerns have experienced vicissitudes, and, according to the last obtainable reports, the efforts to put their business on a satisfactory basis have met with little success.

There is no market for these stocks, except in the public auction-rooms. The last recorded sale was on January 17, when ten shares of the Booklover's Corporation, five shares Tabard Inn Book Company, thirty-seven shares Tabard Inn Corporation, common, and twenty-eight shares Tabard Inn Corporation, preferred, or a total of ninety shares having a par value of ten dollars each, sold for the lump sum of eleven dollars, or a trifle more than twelve cents a share.

No shares of the Booklover's Library were included in this sale. Most of the stock of that company, however, is owned by the Tabard Inn Book Company. The Tabard Inn Book Company, in turn, is owned by the Booklover's Corporation. The whole arrangement seems to be a sort of "ring around a rosy," and I doubt if Booklover's Library stock itself has any value above a few cents a share.

A TRULY WONDROUS INVENTION

The Cardella Self-Acting Vacuum Power Company of Chicago is exploiting what it describes to be the "greatest invention of the century." Do you know anything about the company or the invention, and are the shares a good investment?

B. B., Los Angeles, Cal.

I have found the prospectus of the Cardella Self-Acting Vacuum Power Company highly en-tertaining. It reads just like a romance, and tells tertaining. you how Professor Cardella, "a well-educated Aztec Indian, from Mexico," after years of labor AGRICULTURAL CHEMICAL PREFERRED and study, "found the great principle of overcoming the law of gravity in liquids.'

It is not surprising to learn that the accomplished Aztec, having successfully overcome so formidable an opponent as the law of gravitation, proceeded to further triumphs. He seems to have evolved something akin to a perpetual motion machine-an apparatus which generates power of its own volition, and does so automatically, without fuel or combustion of any kind whatever.

"All it needs for doing its work," says the well-educated Indian, "is air and water." Hot air is not specified. Any kind will do, presumably, and so will any kind of water. "These two important elements" must be "properly mixed and manipulated." There is a proper arrangement of "pipes and tanks," and then the machine performs a "wonderful work," as follows:

It draws water from any well, river, pond, or lake, without pumping or any expense of fuel, elevates it to any desired height by means of a vacuum power generated by the apparatus itself, and if once elevated this water can be transformed into a hydraulic force on the way back to its source.

As this great apparatus works without fuel, and by its hydraulic force will be able to generate its own electricity for power, light, and heat, the absolute control of forces and its manifold application is at all times in the hands of the managers of such institutions.

Remarkable-on paper, at least-as are the performances of this apparatus, I cannot recommend the shares of the Cardella Self-Acting Vacuum Power Company for investment. Maybe it is owing to the native simplicity of the aborigine, or perhaps the stock corporation laws of the Aztecs are lax, and do not require full information concerning a proposition; but whatever the cause, Professor Cardella's stock-offering leaves much to be desired.

I have looked in vain, for instance, for a mention of the State or country in which the company has been incorporated. I have searched the prospectus through and through for a list of officers, but without success. I do not find any evidence that a patent has been granted for this marvelous apparatus. There are no quoted extracts from scientific publications-or from any other publications, for that matter-which mention an impending revolution through a new self-generating motive force

These are matters of no consequence, perhaps, for the inventor, in inviting you to purchase stock at ten dollars per share, says:

It is not necessary to go into any detailed description of the apparatus.

Professor Cardella assures every one that the machine works, and if you accept that statement all else is simple. There is an abundance of air and water in nature, and these ingredients, when "properly mixed and manipulated," are all that the well-educated Aztec requires for the success of his enterprise, which is capitalized at \$1,000,000.

I venture to ask your opinion of American Agricultural Chemical preferred stock. Is it a safe investment? Mrs. E. A. P., Boston, Mass.

American Agricultural Chemical preferred is an excellent industrial stock. The company last year earned an amount equal to almost fourteen per cent on this issue, leaving a good margin in excess of its requirements for the preferred stock dividend of six per cent. The common stock has recently received an initial dividend.

For strict investment purposes, bonds are preferable to stocks. I know no reason, however, why this inquirer should not purchase or hold the security mentioned-provided, of course, that she understands thoroughly that stocks fluctuate in

price, and that if for any reason these shares should be depressed and she were forced to sell them, she might not get as much money back as she puts into them at present prices.

THE MORGUE OF MINING STOCKS

Some years ago I became a stockholder in a mining proposition in the Black Hills. This company has never issued a statement, though the president, who is the promoter, promised to do so on several occasions. How shall I proceed to find out about the company?

C. L. McC., Columbus, Ohio.

Will you kindly advise what has become of the British-American Copper Company, which was financed in Cleveland, Ohio, by J. C. Kernohan. Is it alive?
F. A. L., Bokhoma, Okla.

About fifteen years ago I bought a lot of shares in the American Flag Mining and Milling Company of Denver, Colorado, and the Magnet Gold Mining Company of Tonopah. I have never heard from them since, and I should like some information concerning them. C. B., Welland, Ont.

Is there any value to the stock of the San Cayetano Mines, Limited?

J. B., Brooklyn, N Y.

I put some money in Comstock G. G. M. Company and the Good Hope Gold and Copper Mining and Development Company, both of Portland, Oregon, about two years ago, but I have not heard from them since. Is there any value to their stock?

J. T. B., San Francisco, Cal

The last I heard of the Exchequer Mining and Power Company of Stockton, California, was when I paid an assessment on the stock. What is its financial standing? G. W. T., Houston, Texas.

I would like to ask what you know or think about the Mesa Rica Gold Company, which is in Mexico. I bought five hundred shares in 1905, fully paid and nonassessable, and now they are assessing me half a cent per share. Have they any right to do this?

F. A. H., Amarillo, Texas.

This department has repeatedly announced that it does not recommend the purchase of mine shares for investment. It considers such undertakings speculative and hazardous, and each individual must determine for himself the desirability of risking money in such things. I have no doubt that some of the money devoted to the purchase of mine shares goes toward the development of mines, but I feel quite confident that by far the larger proportion of it, with companies exploited through glowing advertisements, alluring prospectuses, and glib stock-salesmen, never gets much further than the pockets of the promoters.

The above letters are fairly typical of countless others which reach this office. Thousands of persons buy mining shares without determining whether the companies have any existence whatever. Having bought the shares, they have the same experiences that several of the above correspondents have had. They can't locate the companies, and frequently no one else can. Many mines exist wholly and solely on paper; others consist of mere prospects, claims, or a tract of undeveloped land in some remote and inaccessible

This department has already advised its readers

that in order to learn something about obscure companies which they cannot locate, they should first communicate with the secretaries of state of the States in which the concerns were incorporated, or purport to have been incorporated, and inquire whether the companies are in existence.

In some cases they will obtain some information; in some cases they will not. The officials of certain States are obliging, and the State laws require or permit them to supply information; officials of other commonwealths do not want to be bothered with inquiries, or cannot supply information gratuitously. In some States, the corporation records are in such hideous condition that the officials do not know whether companies are in existence or not; but the attempt to secure information through official channels should always be made.

In any case, in making an inquiry, a stockholder in an obscure corporation, whose shares have no general or public market, should mention the State of the company's incorporation. Somewhere between fifteen and twenty thousand corporations, largely made up of worthless mining and oil concerns, go out of business each year in the United States. There are countless instances of close similarity of names; sometimes the same name is exactly duplicated, perhaps several times over. Life is too short to permit any one to search the mortuary records in an effort to locate such truck.

If any one desires to buy mining and oil shares, he is at liberty to do so. There is no accounting for taste. But unless he buys into an established property, he ought to realize that he is not making an investment. He is engaging in a hazardous speculation, in which his chance of success is comparable with that of winning the one capital prize among one hundred thousand chances in a lottery.

I have no intention of expressing any opinion upon the companies specifically mentioned above. I have used this batch of inquiries merely to illustrate the experiences of various persons in buy-

ing mining shares.

As a matter of fact, however, only one company in the above group appears to have shipped any appreciable quantity of ore. That is the Good Hope Gold and Copper Mining Company. other inquiries are too indefinite to admit of any investigation, but if those who have bought shares in companies cannot locate them, why should any one else seek to do so? Clearly such persons should investigate before, not after, buying the stock.

FURNACE CREEK COPPER

Can you give me any information of the Furnace Creek Copper Company of Nevada, and also where I can get Stevens' "Copper Handbook"?

H. T., Port Chester, N. Y.

The general name "Furnace Creek," or something akin to it, has been attached to a large number of copper or "near-copper" propositions,

all of which are or were located in California, in the now abandoned camp of Greenwater, Inyo County. It is possible that some one or other of these concerns was incorporated in Nevada, but I cannot determine which.

To me, it does not seem to make very much difference which Furnace Creek company our correspondent has in mind. I would not purposely slur his property, however, and will therefore give a list of these mines, with a brief summary showing their present status as it appears in the publication referred to:

Furnace Creek Consolidated Copper Company. Idle and presumably moribund.

Furnace Creek Copper Company. Property worthless—idle and moribund.

Furnace Creek Extension Copper Mining Company. Dead.

Furnace Creek Gold and Copper Company.

Furnace Creek Oxide Copper Company. Dead. Furnace Creek South Extension Copper Company. A fake—dead.

Furnace Valley Copper Company. Property considered worthless-idle several years, and pre-

sumably moribund.

From the foregoing I think it a not unreasonable assumption that the company in which H. T. is interested is dead. If it is not yet wholly dead, I think it is likely to become so shortly, for everything at Furnace Creek appears to be dead or dying, and the Greenwater camp is deserted.

The "Copper Handbook," for which this correspondent makes inquiry, is published by Horace

J. Stevens, of Houghton, Michigan.

WHAT "EX-DIVIDEND" MEANS

Why do the books of some corporations "open" or "close" at certain times, and what is the significance of the term "ex-dividend"?

H W S, Troy, N Y.

The shareholders of a corporation change continually, particularly if the company is one whose stock is active in the market. Speculative stocks are not, as a rule, transferred into the name of each purchaser, the certificates standing in the names of brokers. On occasions—as, for instance, when an annual or special meeting is called, or when a dividend is declared—it is necessary to obtain a list of registered shareholders, in order to ascertain who may vote lawfully, or who is entitled to the dividend.

The provisions vary in different States, or they may be determined by the by-laws of the company itself, but it is the practise of most corporations, in sending out dividend declarations or notices of meetings, to announce that the transferbooks will "close" on a certain day and "open" on a subsequent day. During the intervening period no stock can be transferred, and the company has time to make up a list of registered shareholders. The meetings are held or the dividends paid during this closed interval, and the

day following, or shortly thereafter, the transferbooks are again opened.

A stock sells "ex-dividend" on the day when the books close. The prefix is a Latin word, meaning "from" or "without." Hence, when securities are "ex-dividend," "ex-interest," "ex-coupon," or "ex-rights," as the case may be, it is understood that the stock or bond is sold without the dividend, interest, coupon, or right to which the registered or lawful holder is entitled. In other words, these benefits or privileges are retained by the seller of the securities, or they have terminated. They do not pass to the buyer.

Stocks usually sell lower by the amount of the dividend, or the value of the rights, when these "come off" on the day when the books close. To illustrate, let us assume that Union Pacific. on the day before the books close for its quarterly dividend of two and one-half per cent, is selling at 170. At the opening of the next day, two and one-half points will be deducted from the market price of Union Pacific. If the final quotation of the stock on that day should be 1671/2, it would be regarded as having undergone no variation in price, for the dividend of two and one-half per cent has "come off," equalizing the deduction of that amount in the quotation. If the last sale for the day should be at 168, it would be regarded as having risen half a point, and so on.

This is a practise which dates from time immemorial, and which is followed on every stock exchange in the world. In a sense, of course, it is arbitrary, as may be inferred from the fact that a stock may break violently just before it sells "ex," or may advance sharply after the dividend "comes off." Nevertheless, the deduction of the dividend from the market quotation is logically based on the theory that the company's capital, represented by the shares, has been earning the dividend, and that this earning has been reflected in the market price of the stock by the precise rate per cent of the dividend. Therefore, when the privilege of participating in that dividend terminates, the amount of it is deducted from the selling price of the shares.

The capital remaining in the business, after the distribution of earnings has been made, is put to work to earn another dividend, which will be distributed in like manner among the registered shareholders or partners in the enterprise.

WE CANNOT SELL STOCKS

Please advise me if you can dispose of twenty-three shares of Hampton's Magazine, Incorporated, stock. I understand the company has changed its name, but I still hold this stock, and I wish to sell it if I can get a desirable price.

S. B. R., Austin, Texas.

We cannot undertake to act as brokers or intermediaries for correspondents. We cannot dispose of twenty-three shares of Hampton's Magazine stock, and we would not if we could, for the old company is bankrupt and its stock has no value.



GERTRUDE DALLAS, LEADING WOMAN OF THE WESTERN COMPANY PLAYING "THE GAMBLERS"

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago

THE STAGE

NEW THEATER AFTERMATH

CHEERY announcement for the New York managers was the formal notification to the public that the New Theater project had been definitely abandoned. Now if they could only be assured that the big hole in the ground behind the Astor Hotel would be covered by an apartment-house, or a group of office-buildings, instead of another playhouse, there would be still more cause for rejoicing. What New York needs is not more theaters, but fewer.

Naturally, swift on the heels of this pronunciamento, made public on December 21, all sorts of folk hurried into print with their theories of the causes of the great project's failure. Of course, the presence of so many English players in the company at the New Theater came in for animadversions. A correspondent writing to an evening paper over the name "American" declared, for instance, that "we want and need theaters run by Americans with American ideas, who will give American plays written by American authors and acted by American actors."

Tommyrot! A great trouble with the New Theater was that it was too American from the very outset. Because it was American, and because everything American must be on a big scale, the architects were instructed to build an enormous house, which proved to be an impossibly costly white elephant.

The New Theater not American? Nonsense! Who could smack more of the soil than the director, Winthrop Ames, of Boston, or Lee Shubert, the business manager, In plays, during the two seasons of its existence, the New Theater produced four new dramas of native authorship—not a poor showing when one takes into consideration the fact that frequent presentation of Shakespeare was included in its scheme



MADGE TITHERADGE, THE ENGLISH ACTRESS, LEADING WOMAN AS PEGGY IN "A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL"

From a photograph

from Syracuse, or John Corbin, play-reader, of Chicago? As to the players, at least half of them were Americans—about the average that will be found in any New York company.

of things. Of these four, two were hits— "The Nigger," by Edward Sheldon, and "The Piper," by Josephine Preston Peabody. Two were failures—"The Cottage in the Air," by Edward Knoblauch, who has since



KITTY GORDON, STARRING IN VICTOR HERBERT'S LATEST OPERATIC SUCCESS, "THE ENCHANTRESS"

From her latest photograph by White, New York



Laurette taylor, leading woman in richard walton tully's striking play of hawaiian life, "the bird of paradise"

From her latest photograph by White, New York



IVY TROUTMAN, WHO IS ANDRÉE WITH MME. SIMONE IN HER LATEST OFFERING. "THE RETURN FROM JERUSALEM"

From her latest photograph by Bangs, New York

come nobly into his own with "Kismet," and Mary Austin's "The Arrow Maker," the staging of which reflected the highest possible credit upon the management.

Now that the movement has been defi-

theater idea in general. To a New York Times reporter, on October 6, he predicted that such an undertaking as the New Theater could not hope for success because it necessitated too many heads, too many peo-



FRITZI VON BUSING, WHO IS LOTTA IN DE KOVEN'S LATEST MUSICAL PLAY,

From a thotograph by Moffett, Chicago

nitely abandoned, it is interesting to look back and read what Lewis Waller, the English actor-manager, now here in "The Garden of Allah," had to say on the repertoire

ple in authority. He added that the Stratford Theater project in London, which aims to be a repertoire organization, was also doomed to failure, even if the promoters



EDNA GOODRICH, LEADING WOMAN IN DANIEL FROHMAN'S PRODUCTION OF THE COMEDY, "HIS NEIGHBOR'S WIFE"

From her latest photograph by White, New York



MARGUERITA SYLVA, FORMERLY A HAMMERSTEIN PRIMA DONNA, NOW STARRING IN .
FRANZ LEHAR'S ROMANTIC OPERA, "GIPSY LOVE"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

succeeded in raising the necessary funds, of which at present only one-fifth had been subscribed.

A TALK WITH AN IRISH PLAYER

During the American tour of the Irish Players-who go back to Dublin at the end of February, to return to the United States for another season next September-much was printed about the enterprise itself and the promoters thereof, but very little of a personal nature was said about the actors themselves, beyond general praise for their excellent team-work. Their youth and versatility impressed me strongly, particularly in the case of Fred O'Donovan, who enacted the title-rôle in "The Playboy of the Western World"-the piece that caused a riot on the occasion of its first performances in New York and Philadelphia. So I arranged an interview with Mr. O'Donovan, who is only twenty-three years old.

"How long have you been on the stage?"

I asked.

"Three years," he answered, in a rich voice that has a fascinating flavor of the Hibernian brogue. "You see, I was born in Dublin, and after I finished school I was engaged there in what you over here call the real-estate business. But I was always fond of the stage; and when the Abbey Theater enterprise was inaugurated, I wrote to one of the actors and asked him if he could give me some instruction in elocution. He consented to do this, but before the lessons could begin he left the company.

"In going to the theater to see him, I fell in with one of the people in charge, who, on learning my purpose, suggested that I might happen to fit a character they just then chanced to have some trouble in casting. Would I care to take a try at it? Naturally I was eager enough, and for a week I rehearsed every night in "The Man Who Missed the Tide," keeping up my work at the land-office during the day. At the end of that time I played the part, and I have been with the company ever since."

"How many rôles do you know now?" I

inquired.

"Fifty-nine," he told me in a matter-offact tone, as if the number was in no way remarkable. "You see, we have a rehearsal every morning. This gives us the afternoons to ourselves, when there are no matinées. There are seventeen in the company, and a new one is now being trained in Dublin, to take our place there next year." "And now, Mr. O'Donovan, for that old stand-by of the American reporter—how do you like New York?"

"Not so well as London," was the frank response; and it was refreshing to hear this manifestly honest opinion, in contrast with the insincere gush that imported players too

often foist upon us.

Lady Gregory, he told me, superintends the rehearsals herself. The actors are paid straight through the year, during vacations as well as in their busy months. Mr. O'Donovan has a frank and engaging personality, with no trace of self-consciousness. Of his work in "The Playboy," as Blanco Posnet, and in "Birthright," I have already spoken in the January issue.

WITH NOT A VILLAIN IN SIGHT

It is a far cry from the "Much Ado About Nothing" of Shakespeare to "Just to Get Married," by Cicely Hamilton. But more uncertain even than the weather are

the managers' plans.

When William A. Brady opened his Playhouse for its preliminary season, last August, the second page of his clean and altogether convenient house-bill was devoted to an exposition of the scheme laid out for the regular season at that theater, scheduled to open during October. The year was to "be devoted to a succession of productions of new plays and revivals of the more notable works of Shakespeare, Congreve, Molière, Lytton, and other dramatists who have been leaders in building the best traditions of the theater."

In other words, Mr. Brady meant to fill the gap left by the withdrawal of the New Theater enterprise, and "this work will be accomplished," the program went on to state, "through the aid of a most carefully assembled company, led by Grace George, in association with whom will be Allan Aynesworth, Lyn Harding, and other players of international repute." The first play was to be "The Earth," by J. B. Fagan, with a run in London and a failure in Chicago on its record, to be followed immediately by "Much Ado About Nothing"; for there would be no long runs at the Playeness.

What happened? Because the second piece tried in the preliminary season failed, Mr. Brady hurriedly brought into town George Broadhurst's "Bought and Paid For," until Miss George could rehearse her plays. "Bought and Paid For" scored such

a popular success that the beautiful scheme of repertoire for the Playhouse went by the board, and you can buy seats for the Broad-

hurst drama up to June 1.

Meantime, Mr. Aynesworth, who was to have been the Benedick, fell a victim to appendicitis, and went home to England for an operation. "The Earth" was put on in a Western city, and promptly fell flat; so on New Year's Day we saw Miss George follow the Irish Players at the Maxine Elliott, with a simple little comedy, "Just to Get Married," written by the woman who did "Diana of Dobson's" for woman who did "Diana of Dobson's' the Kingsway, in London, where "The Earth" was also a hit.

By the way, "Diana of Dobson's" failed in America, just as "The Earth" did, while "Just to Get Married" lasted in New York

just three weeks.

I can imagine that Cicely Hamilton must have had a difficult task in finding a manager willing to produce what she calls her "caustic" comedy. There is nothing very caustic about it. It is merely a straightaway story about a girl, dependent on her relatives, who marries a man she does not love merely because she knows they wish to get rid of her. The novelty of the thing lies in the fact that she does not love anybody else. The man is so good to her that on the very day before the wedding she tells him the truth and leaves him. But they meet at the railway-station, just as you guessed as soon as you read the location of the last act on the program. Of course they make it up, and there is not one moment when you are thrilled or surprised. Miss George was at her best throughout, which is saving much, and Lyn Harding, yet another of the many leading men London has sent us, ranks in the very forefront of them.

WHERE MAUDE ADAMS BEGAN

In the speed with which new theaters are being put up all over America, small attention is paid to old ones, except to pull them down. In New York, of the Broadway houses, the one that dates furthest back is Daly's. Of this building Augustin Daly took possession in 1879, after it had been in existence for some time, first as Wood's Museum, then as the Broadway. In Philadelphia, the Walnut Street Theater, now under the management of Henry B. Harris, is in its one hundred and second season.

One of the notable playhouses in the

United States celebrates its fiftieth anniversary this month, having been opened March 8, 1862, with a double bill—"The Pride of the Market" and "State Secrets." This is the Salt Lake Theater, which was built by Brigham Young to accommodate the stock company of Mormon players that had been organized in 1850. Their initial performance—the first that ever took place in Utah-had been one of "Robert Macaire," given in the Bowery, as the Latter-Day Saints' summer meeting-place within

the Temple Block was called.

Theatricals have always held an important place with the Mormons. When they were settled at Nauvoo, Illinois, Brigham Young, then a young man, was a member of the cast in "Pizarro." As a boy, I myself lived for two years in Salt Lake City, and I can just recall the rocking-chair placed half-way up the orchestra floor in the then new theater, where President Young used to sit and watch the performance. I also recall that when the parquet was floored over for a ball, as occasionally happened, the festivities were invariably closed with prayer. From the exterior, the theater, a good-sized adobe building, still looks pretty much as it did then; but the stock company has long since gone the way of most others of the kind, and the house now plays traveling attractions.

In my day there two leading women were the reigning favorites. One of them, Sara Alexander, is now living in retirement in New York, keeping house for her niece, Lisle Leigh, also a member of the profes-The other was Annie Adams, of whom W. Hepworth Dixon said in his book.

"New America":

Brigham Young and his agent, H. B. Clawson, are bestowing much care upon the education of Miss Adams, a young lady who has everything to learn except the art of being lovely.

Later, when Annie Adams had become Mrs. Kiskadden, her baby daughter, Maude, was carried upon the stage of the Salt Lake Theater on a dinner-tray-thus beginning the most notable career that has fallen to any actress now on the American boards. Indeed, this old house has helped to train so many well-known players that historically, at least, it is one of the most interesting theaters in the United States.

When Annie Adams made her début, the late James A. Herne was managing the affairs of the Salt Lake. Another member of

the company there was John S. Lindsay, a star on the road in classic plays. Still another was George B. Waldron, whose wife acted in "The Warrens of Virginia," of which her son, Charles D. Waldron, was the hero. The elder Waldron was leading man to Julia Dean Hayne, who played a noteworthy engagement at the Salt Lake in the season of 1865-1866. Her niece, Julia Dean, a Salt Lake girl, is now leading woman in one of the New York hits of the present winter, "Bought and Paid For."

Edwin Milton Royle, the playwright, is another Salt Laker prominent in theatricals, and another is Ada Dwyer, who has scored so heavily in "The Deep Purple." Sallie Fisher, too, grew up in the Utah city. When she was scarcely fifteen, she was the only non-Mormon in an operetta company that gave its first performances in the famous theater. Viola Gillette, Jennie Hawley, Fred, Tom, and Joe Santley, and Alphonz Etheier are other actors of greater or less prominence who started their careers in this old-time playhouse planted in the Rockies.

The present management hopes to make a notable celebration of the March anniversary, and Maude Adams wanted to play a week's repertoire there on the occasion, but her advance bookings do not carry her into Utah until April.

I quote from the Salt Lake *Deseret News* that newspaper's comment on one of Miss Adams's early appearances:

On May 8, 1879, when she was under seven, she appeared here with her mother in a double bill—"A Woman of the People" and "Little Susie"—and in reviewing the performance the Deseret News said:

"Miss Adams's little daughter Maude is a wonder. Like her mother, a born actress, she not only has a prepossessing address, but her elocution is as clear and perfect as her acting is free and unrestrained. She plays with the manner and presence of mind of an experienced actress."

According to this same authority, two years later, when Annie Adams appeared with the Home Dramatic Club in "Divorce," Maude created a furor between the acts by singing "The Yaller Girl That Winked at Me" and "Pretty as a Picture," receiving seven dollars and fifty cents for each song. Maude Adams was born November 11, 1872, and celebrated her thirty-ninth birthday in Brooklyn by entertaining the Mormon Tabernacle Choir as her guests at a matinée of "Chantecler."

The most recent native of Utah to attain

celebrity is Hazel Dawn, of "The Pink Lady," who goes to London with the original company next month. Her sister, Margaret Romaine, has sung at the Opéra Comique in Paris, and the entire family is musical, having given concerts at the Salt Lake Theater with no outside talent assisting. Hazel (Miss Dawn) was brought up to play the cello, but preferred the violin. Her younger sister, not yet fifteen, and acting as Hazel's understudy, is also studying the latter instrument. The father was born in Wales, which may perhaps account for the musical predisposition of the six children.

THREE UNHAPPY MARRIAGES

Among the January dramatic offerings on Broadway "The Return from Jerusalem" is perhaps entitled to first place, from a literary point of view. It gave Mme. Simone another opportunity to demonstrate her complete control of her own dramatic powers. An adaptation from the French of Maurice Donnay, it shows the clash between Catholic and Jew in domestic relations, with side-lights on free love and militarism. Arnold Daly, the firebrand, renounced stardom for the nonce to become Mme. Simone's leading man, and gave a splendid account of himself, as did also Selene Johnson in a rôle that might easily have been overplayed.

In the same week we had again the marital imbroglio in "A Butterfly on the Wheel," an English play presented by Lewis Waller, now here in "The Garden of Allah" cast. Mr. Waller thus made his first managerial venture in plays outside of those in which he himself appears.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" had already been tried in Chicago, with Marie Doro as star, under Charles Frohman auspices, but it fell flat. Mr. Waller, who had given the play in London with himself as Collingwood, then took back the American rights and brought over Madge Titheradge, who created the leading part in England. In her support she has such sterling British players as Sidney Valentine, Charles Quartermaine, and Evelyn Beerbohm, a nephew of Sir Beerbohm Tree—who, by the way, has just horrified his brother managers by going into vaudeville, or "the halls," as they call it over there.

I am not sure that a vaudeville background would not be the best for "A Butterfly on the Wheel." All the critics agreed that its court-room scene is the one feature that redeems the commonplaceness of the rest. The play was written by Edward G. Hemmerde, a "king's counsel," and Francis Neilson, now a member of Parliament, but years ago an actor here with the Bostonians. It has to do with divorce, and works out to an ingenious ending, hinging on an anonymous letter written with the left hand. Both the big act and Miss Titheradge made a favorable impression in New York, and it is barely possible that the piece may prove a monetary success.

"The Talker," advertised as a play that married women should see, emphasizes anew the playwrights' craze for preaching. Is it any wonder that business is growing so bad in the theaters, with dramatists and audiences arrayed against each other in this way? I defy the managers to produce a theatergoer who likes to be preached to.

Marion Fairfax has done some good work '1" The Talker," but it is marred by long, dreary stretches of mere talk on a hobby of her own—the need for domesticity on the part of the wife. Miss Fairfax's husband, Tully Marshall, follows up his hit as the villain husband in "Paid in Full" by scoring as the virtuous one in "The Talker." The piece also introduces another of the "Paid in Full" cast in Lillian Albertson.

PANTOMIME IN THE SERIOUS

The wordless play, "Sumurûn," was first brought out in Berlin, on April 22, 1910. From its very nature a transfer to the English-speaking stage was a simple matter. On January 30, 1911, Professor Reinhardt's German company—including Fräulein Konstantin as the Beautiful Slave of Fatal Enchantment—was brought over from the Deutsches Theater to a London musichall, the Coliseum. There, with its nine scenes cut down to seven, this novel form of pantomime shared the bill with vaudeville features for several months.

In October last, with the omitted scenes restored, the piece was put on at the Savoy Theater in London, where it remained, however, for barely a month. Winthrop Ames, late manager of the New Theater, imported the production to New York, bringing over the composer of the accompanying music, Herr Victor Hollaender, and presented it at the Casino on January 16.

It is a novelty, sure enough, the "something different" in the affair striking the eye the instant one enters the theater, for a smilax-twined, oddly lighted runway stretches from the rear seats to the stage, and over this many of the performers make their entrance, although never an exit until the very end.

Love is the theme of "Sumurûn," with wedding-rings conspicuous by their absence. There is a faint reminder of "Pagliacci" at the outset, where the hunchback's theater is shown and the clown's jealousy is aroused by the attentions of the sheik's son to his favorite slave-girl. Presently we are taken into the harem, and there follows a scene which, as it must all be indicated in action, is distinctly repellent. New York society, however, has decided that "Sumurûn" is highly artistic, and is going to the Casino to see it.

Whether this will insure a monetary success for the venture remains to be seen. Society is limited in numbers—otherwise, of course, it would not be society—but its august approval may influence the much larger army of people who like to follow the fashion of the hour.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST OPERA

In a Parisian weekly of December 30 last, I ran across an item that is of interest to Americans. It was entitled "A Varied Repertoire," and began thus:

Many are the complaints we have heard regarding our operatic houses, the bills of which so seldom offer anything new. Here is a list of a dozen premières in an opera-house that has recently inaugurated its new season, and where the offerings, mounted with great care and conducted by leaders of distinguished ability, were presented in this order:

 "Königskinder," the new opera by Humperdinck, with Farrar and Jadlowker.

"The Girl of the Golden West," the new opera by Puccini, with Destinn, Caruso, and Amato.

3. "Tristan and Isolde," with the tenor Burrian and Fremstad.

 "Lobetanz," the new work by Ludwig Thuille, with Gadski.

"Madama Butterfly," with Farrar, Martin, and Scotti.

6. "Faust," with Farrar, Jadlowker, and

7. "Götterdämmerung." with Burrian and Gadski.

8. "Lohengrin," with Fremstad and Jadlowker.

"Parsifal," with Burrian, Fremstad, Amato.
 "Hänsel und Gretel," with Alten and Mattfeld.

11. "Aida," with Destinn, Caruso, and Amato.

12. "La Bohème," with Gluck, Alten, Martin, and Scotti.

Where, then, is all this richness of repertoire set forth, you ask, that I may hasten thither? Alas, it is a long way from Paris—at the Metropolitan Opera-House, in New York.

I have given the foregoing list just as it appeared in the *Monde Artiste*.. There are several errors in the order of the performances, and as a matter of fact the total number of operas given in the first three weeks of the season was not twelve, but fifteen. The point, however, remains—that at the Metropolitan in New York the finest operatic fare in the world may be had, and that Paris admits being jealous of us.

If the French weekly had taken the trouble to investigate the record of the Metropolitan last season it might have unearthed the fact that in the period of twenty-two weeks between November, 1910, and April, 1911, no less than thirty-nine different operas were presented, two of them for the

first time on any stage. In passing, I may add that the critic of the Monde Artiste, Edmond Stoullig, has been keeping a record of the Paris theaters since 1875, in which year, on January 5, the present beautiful opera-house was opened. According to M. Stoullig's annals, the occasion was not fraught with all the éclat that one might suppose would have crowned so important an event. In the first place, the inauguration was unduly hastened by order of the minister of fine arts, who wished the affair to occur while he still held office. There was much confusion about the selection of the opening bill, owing to Christine Nilsson's sudden retirement from participation in the proceedings. She was to have sung in an act of "Hamlet" and one of "Faust," both by French composers, but on her defection the fourth acts of "Tell" and "The Huguenots" were substituted.

Nor did the troubles of M. Halanzier, the manager, cease with the inaugural ceremonies. The house had not been open two months before the doors had to be closed on an advertised performance because every one of the six leading tenors on the roster was indisposed. Mlle. Krauss, late of the Italians, of which Owen Meredith wrote in his immortal poem, was the favorite prima donna of the period, and the repertoire of the first season consisted mainly of the same works that had been the mainstay of the old house, burned October 28, 1873

—"La Juive," "Faust," "William Tell," "Les Huguenots," "Hamlet," "Don Juan," and "La Favorita."

"THE BIRD OF PARADISE"

In happy contrast to the sensual atmosphere of "Sumurûn" is the healthy trend of "The Bird of Paradise," written by Richard Walton Tully, whose "Rose of the Rancho" served David Belasco for Frances Starr. For his new play Mr. Tully has used a background with which he is personally familiar, but which is new to the stage, so far as I can recall, except possibly in comic opera. This is Hawaii, and for his period he has chosen the revolutionary

days of the early nineties. The piece was brought forward by a producer from the West, Oliver Morosco, who picked a cast of extraordinary merit. Really remarkable is the work of Laurette Taylor in a line quite new to her-that of the Hawaiian heroine, who refuses to take the throne because of her love for the white physician. The latter has given up his profession to marry and remain in this "lotus land of love." He is impersonated, with a keen appreciation of the sharp contrasts of the character, by Lewis S. Stonefrom Los Angeles, I believe. Guy Bates Post, more familiar to us here in the East, is equally successful in depicting a man who develops in the other direction, from a hopeless, unshaven beach-comber to the clear-cut scientist of two years later. the end Luana realizes that she is a drag on the white husband whom she idolizes. Reverting to the faith of her fathers, she casts herself into the crater of Kilauea as the human sacrifice required to appease the volcano's wrath.

"The Bird of Paradise" has novelty in atmosphere, in its settings, in its incidental music, and in the *motif* of its story, together with much good acting and a tone that is wholesome without being at any time preachy. Its audiences are the sort of people who go away and tell their friends that they would enjoy seeing it.

Oliver Morosco is associated in the management of four theaters in Los Angeles, where such plays as "The Country Boy" and "The Arab" are first tried out.

TWO PHILLIPS NOVELS STAGED

By an odd coincidence, two plays evolved from novels by the late David Graham Phillips made their appearance on Broadway in the same theater within the same month. First, on New Year's Day, came James K. Hackett in "The Grain of Dust," dramatized by Louis Evan Shipman. This ran for three weeks, and gave place to Gertrude Elliott in "White Magic," described as a "leap-year comedy," begun by Mr. Phillips himself and finished

by Roi Cooper Megrue.

There was striking contrast between these two productions, as well as coincidence in their juxtaposition; for while "The Grain of Dust," save for Tetlow, played by E. M. Holland, was very badly acted, "White Magic" was almost saved by the excellent work of Miss Elliott, of Julian L'Estrange, her leading man, of Ben Johnson, and of a newcomer, Alexander Scott-Gatty. I understand that while "The Grain of Dust" failed to attract patronage in New York, it is doing an enormous business on the road, which "White Magic," on the other hand, may not live to reach.

In "The Grain of Dust" one's sympathies go out nowhither, reminding one of the dove which Noah sent out from the ark, and which came back sorely spent after a vain search for a resting-place. The trouble with "White Magic" is the very slender stalk around which the thread of plot is twined. One is introduced to the characters too suddenly; moreover, the story comes almost to an end in the middle, and then takes on a new twist, which gives the excuse for the last act. But if capital acting counted in this day, when so little attention is paid to the performer, and so much to the play, the work done by Miss Elliott as the rich girl who proposes, and by Mr. L'Estrange as the poor artist who refuses her, should give "White Magic" a lease of life out of proportion to its deserts.

This charming sister of Maxine Elliott, and wife of Forbes Robertson, was never so captivating as in depicting the self-willed daughter of a rich man determined to get the man she loves. One can easily imagine such a character played in a manner to repel rather than captivate, but that is not Miss Elliott's way. She is an actress of rare intelligence, and her long residence in England has given her what was neatly phrased by my companion at "White Magic" as an "international" accent.

Mr. L'Estrange, who is one of the many English leading men now on this side, is a nephew of Edward Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar. He made the artist a manly, flesh-and-blood creation, not a mere fancy figurehead. In fact, both Miss Elliott and Mr. L'Estrange, considering the unconvincing material with which they had to work, accomplished wonders by the sheer power of their acting.

A POOR PLAY AND A GOOD ONE

Louis Mann has apparently elected to pursue that *ignis fatuus*—fame of the David Warfield brand. Forsaking the low comedy for which he has gained high repute, he would be acclaimed a winner of

tears as well as laughs.

Unhappily, nature has not built him with the equipments necessary to produce this alternating spark. When it comes to turning on the pathos stop, his voice is hard as nails. His vehicle—"Elevating a Husband," prepared by Clara Lipman (Mrs. Mann) and Samuel Shipman—is a queer hodgepodge, each of the four acts being practically complete in itself. In this there is at least the advantage of having a choice of playlets right at his hand should Mr. Mann elect to follow the example of Robert Edeson, and take the music-hall turning which Sir Beerbohm Tree's recent lead seems to have turned into a primrose path.

Until George Nash suddenly switched off the lights in the middle of the second act, I thought that a slicing down to vaudeville proportions would be all that could save the melodramatic farce "Officer 666." with which he and Wallace Eddinger came to the Gaiety at the end of January. But from the ensuing romp in the darkness straight on to the end of the play there is surprise after surprise. The plot twists this way and that, and the suspicions of the police are tossed like a ping-pong ball from one to the other of the two claimants of the name—Travers Gladwin. all, the movement on the stage keeps pace with the dialogue, and the eyes of the people out front are as busy as their ears.

The farce was written by Augustin Mac-Hugh, of the vaudevilles, who is to be congratulated on having given such a refreshing turn to the old scheme of mistaken identity. We are especially grateful to him for not trying to make the two leading characters resemble each other. And, wonder of wonders, in a modern play, the telephone is not used once. "Officer 666" is likely to remain a long while on this beat.

Matthew White, Jr.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE PUBLIC

A BRIEF DISCUSSION OF SUGGESTIONS FOR REFORM IN THE METHODS OF NEW YORK'S GREAT FINANCIAL INSTITUTION

BY JOHN GRANT DATER

T is a familiar fact that many people in the United States cherish a deep-seated suspicion of capital and capitalists, especially as typified by Wall Street and the New York Stock Exchange. This is so well known that I need not confirm it by citing specific instances of hostility, or by quoting radical utterances from political speeches, from newspaper editorials, and from muck-raking articles. Much of it, of course, is rooted in blind envy of wealth, and may be dismissed as mere ignorance or fanaticism; but even among the betterinformed and fairer-minded section of the public there is a wide-spread idea that many reforms are needed in existing Wall Street methods, and in the administration of the Stock Exchange.

In part, no doubt, this idea is due to misinformation about financial affairs, and especially about the functions of the Stock Exchange. For instance, legitimate finance has suffered in popular esteem from the activities of the get-rich-quick promoters, whom many people vaguely and most unfairly confuse with Wall Street.

Nevertheless, I do not think that the brokerage element is well advised in wholly ignoring these unfriendly manifestations, or in treating them as matters of no concern. What the financial district should bear in mind is that where there is smoke, there is likely to be fire, and that it is to the interest of all persons to prevent a destructive conflagration.

The stock-market, assuredly, is not called upon to reply to every attack. It cannot undertake to enlighten every hopelessly stupid person, or to explain to each inexperienced investor that shares purchased from getrich-quick swindlers are not of the variety in which the Stock Exchange deals. On the other hand, the exchange rests under certain responsibilities, and should do all that it properly can to set an example for fair play and square dealing in every particular, by which means it can best disarm the hostile critics and render impotent the attacks of demagogues.

When an important institution like the Stock Exchange is regarded with bitterness or suspicion by a large body of people, there must be some underlying, some influencing cause. Even though this may be no more than a survival of some ancient prejudice, growing out of scandalous performances of other days, the erroneous impression should be combated whenever possible, and every effort should be made to offset the feeling of resentment. The best way to do this, without question, is to safeguard the investor and to prevent any recurrence of scandal or abuse, such as have often been attendant upon a Stock Exchange failure or the collapse of an ill-advised manipulation.

THE EXCHANGE'S RESPONSIBILITIES

The New York Stock Exchange is an unincorporated association — in fact, a mere "club," as some of its critics have sneeringly remarked. It has, however, become recognized as the great American market-place for the purchase and sale of public securities. As such, it enjoys a practical monopoly of making quotations for the instrumentalities of commerce.

It is under the theory that a stock exchange is a public market-place, serving the needs of producers, dealers, and consumers of securities, just as other markets serve the needs of producers, dealers, or consumers of commodities, that certain foreign exchanges have been made subject to governmental regulation for the better ordering of their

business relations with the public.

The New York Stock Exchange broker regards his exchange membership and his business as his personal affair. There is no reason why this status should be altered, if the exchange and the brokers serve the public satisfactorily. But when you consider that the institution is a monopoly, establishing the value of securities and other instruments in which governments, States, municipalities, corporations, and individuals are vitally concerned, it is easy to see how such an institution, if it falsifies the values of its wares through flagrant manipulation, or if it does not square itself to public requirements in other respects, may be made the subject of hostile legislation.

It is not well for Wall Street to assume the attitude taken, for instance, by the railroads in regard to the original demand for a larger measure of governmental supervision. From the first suggestion for the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission down almost to the present day, the railways opposed nearly every supervisory regulation, on the ground that the government was interfering with personal concerns and private capital. The fact, however, that our great railway systems are the arteries of the nation's commerce, and, as such, are proper subjects for supervision, is not now denied anywhere; and since the corporations have squared themselves to the public demands, the results have undoubtedly proved good.

In cases where public demands have come in conflict with an established order of things, or with personal interests, as happened in the railway situation, one can rely on the digested conclusion of the public as being rather fair, and rather square, and wholesome all around. It assuredly has been so in regard to governmental supervision of the railways, and it would doubtless prove so in regard to the improvement of

Stock Exchange methods.

That such demands come largely from the country outside of New York, and appear to be in conflict with the views of the financial district itself, is not to the point.

What Wall Street should bear in mind, in this connection, is that men are apt to think best who have leisure in their homes at night, when they can read and analyze the various theories advanced in newspaper and magazine articles, and when they can study and digest the political problems and tendencies

of the day.

This is especially the case with men who live in small communities and on farmsmen who are comparatively free from the high tension of modern business, and from the distractions of the busy life of our large cities. What with business cares and social duties, with a multiplicity of sensational amusements, and with newspapers that neglect serious matters in order to print a vast volume of trivial locel news, the city man is not as a rule so well equipped as the man in the smaller community to get a proper perspective on the great nation-wide issues.

THE TRUE FUNCTION OF THE EXCHANGE

At the same time, it has always seemed to me that some of the suspicion with which the country regards Wall Street would pass away if the community in general had a better appreciation of the full functions of the Stock Exchange, and of the part it plays in providing capital for great undertakings.

It is unfortunately true that the features of the stock-market which figure most prominently before the community are those which deal with speculation, and with sensational movements in stocks. Ordinary market reports are, in fact, made up of little else than a narrative of the fluctuations in the prices of certain securities, and with a rehearsal of the factors which may make for an advance or a decline in purely specu-Rarely does the general lative things. reader find more than a casual reference to the sober side, the greater side, of Wall Street, which concerns investments.

It seems, at times, almost as if all hands were engaged in some giant conspiracy to conceal from the public the fact that the chief function of the Stock Exchange, as a market-place, is the procurement of capital for important undertakings. Here it was that most of the capital was secured for the construction of our American railways, which, within a comparatively brief space of time, opened up so vast a territory to civilization. Here were procured the funds for the development of countless industrial enterprises, and for the great public works, undertaken by States and municipalities,

which have contributed so much to the development of the nation and the comforts of modern life.

If Wall Street has provided counters for the speculative game—and, most regrettably, offers full facilities for plying that game—it has also provided billions of the safest securities known in the world. It has furnished the good stocks and bonds that support the great fiduciary trusts, the lifeinsurance companies, the savings-banks, and countless endowed charitable and educational institutions.

It seems a shame that a thing so beneficial to the community as a public security market, when under proper control, should be made to appear as a great gambling institution publicly licensed, where men are popularly supposed to practise the tricks of the cogging dicer. That such an impression does prevail among many people is unfortunately true, and it is unlucky that things sometimes happen in Wall Street which confirm the public in its suspicion.

While dissenting in many particulars from the views which are widely expressed throughout the country concerning Wall Street and the New York Stock Exchange, I believe that that organization should do everything in its power to assure the public that investors will always receive fair treatment in dealing with its members. I believe that most of the exchange's brokers are of the same opinion. It is but reasonable that they should be, for not only their business but perhaps the life of the exchange itself depend upon absolute honesty in its dealings with the public.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE BROKERS

In some parts of America the belief prevails that brokers have no credit rating, that they are under no supervision, and that members of the Stock Exchange rely upon the fact of their membership in that body as the sole guarantee of their standing and the sole index of their responsibility. Such, of course, is not strictly the case, though it must be admitted that some brokers, in seeking to establish their financial standing, do rely vastly more upon their exchange membership than upon anything else.

The fact that a broker is a member of the New York Stock Exchange does carry with it some assurance of safety to an investor. The cost of a seat on the exchange, ranging between sixty-five and ninety-five thousand dollars, in itself indicates financial responsibility. Members are subjected to a rigid investigation before admission; the composition of firms is carefully scrutinized, and undesirable persons are rejected both as exchange or firm members. Infractions of the rules, and dishonest or irregular practises, when found out, have been, and are, punished with severity.

As to the credit of a Stock Exchange member, while it is true that some firms decline to make statements to commercial agencies, such is not the case with the more important houses, whose standing may be ascertained through agency reports, just as the status of a merchant may be determined. The matter of credit with a broker, moreover, is not the same as with a merchant. The broker is a heavy borrower of money, but he does not discount without security at a bank, or sell single-named paper. He carries actual collateral to a bank, and obtains money upon it. As a bank has the actual assets of a broker in its keeping, it need not call upon him for such a statement as it demands from a merchant.

It is regrettably true that a membership on the New York Stock Exchange is not an absolute guarantee of honesty and fair dealing. There have been disastrous, and even scandalous, failures, and some instances of sharp practise; but, after an acquaintance of nearly twenty years with the exchange and its methods, I believe that on the question of honesty and business morality the standing of its members is as good as that of any other equally numerous body of men

in the world.

When you consider the huge volume of transactions carried into effect on the exchange, the amount of money lost through failures of its members has been trifling—less than in any business of equal magnitude anywhere.

THE BROKER AND HIS CUSTOMERS

The public, misled by the reports that the Stock Exchange is merely a "club," does not usually grasp the idea that grave responsibilities rest upon stock-brokers in the matter of the customers for whom they deal. Many people imagine that in opening an account all that one need do is to march into a broker's office, plank down a thousand dollars or so, and give an order for a hundred shares. Such is not the case.

A broker must assure himself of the responsibility and honesty of his customer. He cannot deal with a thief, a dishonest executor, or a trustee acting without authority. Under the rules of the exchange, he may not deal with certain other persons without incurring responsibilities and perhaps heavy losses. In consequence, an experienced broker scrutinizes his customers and their standing with great care. In fact, the investigation of a prospective customer by a conservative brokerage house is likely to be fully as careful as the customer's investigation of the broker's standing and credit.

The allegation is frequently made by critics of Wall Street that some stock-brokers use their customers' money in speculative operations. As a matter of fact, in view of the nature of the brokerage business, and because most of the trading is on margins, the customer is usually in tlebt to the broker, not the broker to the customer. The broker cannot use much customers' money, because, as a general rule, customers have nothing but a debit balance with him.

On rare occasions there have been instances of out-and-out theft of a customer's securities, or the use of money left on deposit with a broker. Such scandalous performances have entailed heavy losses upon individuals; but it is unquestionably true that Stock Exchange brokers, in the aggregate, have lost more from dishonest customers than customers have lost from dis-

honest brokers.

Naturally, in dealing with a stock-broker, as in dealing with any one else, a customer should use every care to select a responsible firm. He may guide himself by making inquiries, and by taking such other precautions as a prudent man would observe in entering into any business relations. It is not difficult, under ordinary circumstances, to ascertain if a brokerage house has a reputation for speculating, and if an investor knows such to be the case, he ought not to deal with the house.

Under normal conditions, a stock-brokerage firm ought not to fail. When such failures occur, they are usually traceable to one of three causes—either the firm has speculated for its own account, or it has locked up its capital in some outside venture, or it has gone under because customers have failed to respond to margin calls.

Little or no actual disgrace is attendant upon a failure of the last-named sort, for it is a misfortune rather than a fault, and is directly due to the shortcomings of customers, not to those of the brokers. Failures arising out of the other causes, however, are usually a reproach both to the broker and to exchange methods.

INSPECTION OF BROKERS SUGGESTED

From time to time comes the suggestion that the books of a stock-broker should be examined, like those of a bank, to prevent failures, if possible, and to safeguard the public interest against open stock-jobbing or flagrant manipulation. The matter was considered about two years ago by a special committee appointed by Governor Hughes of New York, now an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. In its report, the committee said:

Doubtless some failures would be prevented by such a system rigidly enforced, although bank failures do occur in spite of the scrutiny of the examiners. Yet the relations between brokers and their customers are of so confidential a nature that we do not recommend an examination of the books by any public authority.

As an alternative, the committee suggested—and I think the recommendation wise and proper—that the books and accounts of the members of the Stock Exchange be subjected to periodical examinations to be prescribed by the exchange itself. This would not be a difficult matter to arrange, for the board governors of the exchange has, under the existing constitution and by-laws, full authority to make such an inspection.

Nothing, I believe, would so reassure the community, and so disarm criticism of the exchange, as the enforcement of some such plan. To minimize failures and to prevent scandalous practises by brokerage firms would be far better than to discipline brokers after failure, or after some performance that works injury to the whole institution.

High as are the standards of the New York Stock Exchange, the institution is not perfect. I doubt if it can be made so while human nature remains as it is; but because its functions are highly important and are destined to become still more so, and because the exchange has within itself the authority to elevate its present standards still higher and strengthen its present position still more, whatever can be done to accomplish such results should be done.

It cannot be doubted that a closer supervision over members, a regular scrutiny of their affairs, and an enforcement of penalties to restrain flagrant manipulation, when that threatens the public's interests, would be steps in the right direction.

STORIETTES

The Lost Funeral

BY BREVARD MAYS CONNOR

P WESLEY STODDARD had "it."
That was plainly evidenced by the pallid skin growing tighter and tighter over his bones, in his thin hands and sunken temples. The dry cough that convulsed him with clockwork regularity was not needed as corroboration. The doctor had first granted him a year or two; but when he learned that his patient was in the "show business," and that he refused to give up his professional career, he reconsidered and made it months.

This "professional career" to which P. Wesley Stoddard clung so tenaciously consisted of forming part of the background for a metropolitan star who had been artistic and was now adipose, and for his temperamental wife, on their annual farewell tour with that fetish of the provinces,

Shakespeare.

At one time P. Wesley had played "first lords," but the thinning of his voice had seen the thinning of his lines, until his speeches became limited to an occasional "hurrah"—and this not a solo. In his present outlook it might seem difficult to find a ray of light, yet, strange to say, a

great peace filled his soul.

It was no thrill of realized success that stirred him, for ambitions had flickered with each gray hair, and had waned when even the gray hairs went one by one, till only two wisps were left as a comfort to his ears. They had gone out entirely when he realized he had "it." Nor was it material possessions that made his heart still beat warm beneath the wasted lungs, for the fortunes made by those billed on the program as "citizens" or "senators" have never justified an investigation by the Federal government. In fine, it was none of the joys that commonly stir living men which animated his gaunt frame, but something quite, quite different.

Every night, after he had assisted at the

obsequies of the adipose star or his temperamental wife, or both, as the tragedy demanded, P. Wesley Stoddard would wrap a greasy, gray muffler about his scrawny neck and steal through the dark streets to a cheap boarding-house.

Once there, the door locked and the shades drawn, with trembling fingers he would draw a worn wallet from a secret pocket on the inside of the sadly spotted waistcoat. With fingers trembling even more, he would draw forth a clipping that was frayed with much handling. It read:

BARCLAY'S \$75 FUNERAL.—Handsome casket, box, robe, embalming, hearse, coaches, and trappings. Satisfaction guaranteed. Twenty-five years in attendance on the dramatic profession. Call or phone.

Long would he stare at this as if entranced, now taking it all in at one happy glance, and now gloating over each item—"box," "robe," "hearse," and, above all, the splendors hinted at in "trappings."

After he had had his fill, he would open the other compartment of the wallet and shake out a collection of small bills and coins. This he would count carefully. Then he would cough experimentally, one hand on his chest, as if to feel and estimate the pain. As regularly as he went through this form—which was nightly—so regularly would he smile and whisper:

"It's no worse than yesterday. I'll

last!

Having failed in the struggle for the manifold glories of life, P. Wesley was determined that he would at least have those of death. He wished for a proper passing, one that even a "first lord" would not feel ashamed of; and having none of close kin who could be trusted to furnish the necessary details, he had set about procuring them himself, as his last purpose in life.

Of course, he knew it was customary for the company to take up a perfunctory collection to speed a departed member; but he feared that in his case they would not take the pains to see that the proper furbishments were furnished. He felt sure that they would leave out the box, or the robe, and even more sure that the "trap-

pings" would be overlooked.

He knew no one in the company well enough to trust with his secret. Of his colleagues of the background, some were ambitious youths who did not deign to notice undistinguished age, and who looked with scorn upon failures. Others, like himself, relics of a happier day, who hid their pale dreams in close-locked breasts. Most members of the cast would probably be surprised to learn of his death. them he was merely one of those unnamed creatures embraced in the stage manager's all-inclusive "you."

Marion Ware and Harrison Porter were the exceptions. They, at least, were never too busy with themselves as acknowledged lovers who were going to hit it off at the season's end-if the ghost walked regularly-or with their parts as understudies to the two stars, to give the old man a smile

and a nod at meeting.

He treasured these greetings next to the nightly routine that has been described. Often, from some dark corner, with true parental interest, he would watch the two absorbed wholly in themselves. fresh, vibrant youth fascinated him, but no sting of pain followed, for he never made the comparison, such as a weak man might indulge, between his gray and their green.

The season was coming to a propitious end with a week in Brooklyn. This was the event of the tour. Even though the managers, as the adipose star proclaimed on all occasions, had entered into a dastardly conspiracy to keep them off Broadway, they would get a little of its reflected light, and would be happy in the knowledge that that haven of delight was but a subway ride away. Besides, it gave the veracious press-agent the opportunity of billing them as "just from New York."

P. Wesley Stoddard plowed through the tempestuous spring rain on the opening night, his soul bathed in a glow of ecstasy. Although the three months the doctor had grudgingly granted had slipped by, he had no fear of the morrow. The worn wallet contained, besides the clipping, money to the amount of eighty-one dollars and seventy-five cents. The hoped-for funeral grandeur was his, and there would be a surplus of six dollars and seventy-five cents that could be spent for flowers—a wreath, say, or, better, an anchor with "At rest"

worked out in immortelles.

When he arrived, he found tumult reigning behind the scenes. The temperamental leading lady was unable to play! She had been incapable of acting before, but now she was incapable of action. It was generally known that her temperament was divided between her love for the stage and a fondness for highballs, though whether the latter were a cause or a result of the temperament was still a mooted question. At any rate, her appearance as Portia was impossible.

The adipose star was occupying the center of the stage as usual, pacing back and forth with a true Elizabethan stride, and uttering Elizabethan epithets of which Falstaff must have been the putative father. Where was Ware? Had any one seen

Ware? Where was Porter?

Porter appeared from his dressing-room, and stated, with a frown, that he had not seen Miss Ware that afternoon. P. Wesley was not the only one who looked up at him

in surprise.

The adipose star had about exhausted his stock of Elizabethan epithets, and was rapidly merging into twentieth-century vernacular, when Marion appeared. Her eyes were red, and they lighted with no joy when she found she was to have the chance for which she had longed.

The brief rehearsal through which the adipose star dragged her caused him to relapse into Elizabethan. Although she knew her lines, she spoke them heavily,

without art and without fire.

P. Wesley Stoddard, from the shadow of the wings, was watching her intently, and when he saw how she and Porter passed with averted eyes and no greeting, he drew in his breath and clucked disapprovingly. Nor did he miss the appealing glance she cast after the handsome Bassanio. An impulse stirred him to go over . to that young man and tell him a few plain truths, but the fear of such a piece of presumption held him back.

Here was little Marion Ware, with her chance to make good at last-and she was all to pieces! Well, what did it matter to

P. Wesley?

He growled huskily, and impatiently shuffled his feet. Carefully he looked around. The dreaded stage-manager was nowhere to be seen. Keeping in the shadow of the back drop, P. Wesley reached the stage door safely, and slipped out into the pelting rain.

When he returned, by way of the front of the house, after some whispered instructions to an usher, the orchestra was playing the overture. The stage-manager greeted him with profane surprise.

"Here, you, don't you know what time it is? You'll be calling for a spotlight next. Think it's a joke, eh? Well, you won't think so when you find something else besides your salary waiting for you Saturday night!"

But even this did not chase the smile from the thin lips of P. Wesley Stoddard. Saturday night? There are no Saturday nights in eternity.

The numbness in his brain had spread over his whole body. He was conscious only of a delicious drowsiness, as he stood behind Marion Ware and watched her shoulders shaking with repressed sobs, her fingers opening and closing with impatience, as she waited for her cue. Things seemed unreal now, as if he were not a part of them, as if the thin shanks in the long hose of medieval Venice were not his.

It was as if through a mist that he saw Marion go quickly upon the stage, and heard the faint hand-clappings swell into a roar at the orchestra-leader arose with a bow, and piled her arms high with mass after mass of beautiful, long-stemmed roses. The mists grew thicker, yet he saw her cheeks mirror the deep flush of the flowers, and her eyes brighten with a happy glow as they sought Porter's. As he heard her launch into her part, in a sweet, full voice with no trace of nervousness, the darkness closed around and he became part of it.

When the mists faded slightly, he found Porter's head bending over him. Weakly he reached up and pulled the head down close, so that nothing of the feeble whisper might be lost.

"Don't be a fool, Porter! Remember, you sent her those flowers," said P. Wesley. He sank back smiling into the jealous

He sank back smiling into the jealous shadows as he saw a sudden look of comprehension drive the bewilderment from the young man's face.

Red Rupert of Metuchen

BY FRANK CONDON

AMAN from Boston or Philadelphia or Atlanta would never have suspected the truth about Red Rupert, if he had merely looked upon that famous character. There was nothing in the appearance of Rupert the Ruby to indicate his real inwardness; nothing to inform a gazing eye that this small, soft-spoken individual was the desperado, man-killer, blood-letter, bandit, outlaw, and straight-shooting character that the authorities had feared and tried to capture for lo, these many years.

Red Rupert stood five feet four and weighed one hundred and thirty pounds, but his name crept into the newspapers now and then when an express-train stood and delivered its wealth, or when a crowd of outlaws took the constabulary or sheriff's posse and stood it on its head in a spirit of mirth and abandon. Cattlemen, miners, loafers, road-agents, representatives of the law, and boys in the novel-reading stage

discussed the famous outlaw much as Wall Street converses about the tariff.

In the proud and happy town of Goddard, Arizona, there are about one thousand citizens, some of whom become hilarious when the lights are lit, as happens in many other cities. Goddard contains three principal saloons. It is a law-abiding community, but it cannot be held responsible for the actions of men who ride in with money, employ that money to purchase red liquor, and then cut loose in a number of ways.

On the afternoon of a certain day, the Pig Iron Saloon was giving forth noise. Now and then a revolver cackled behind the doors of the establishment. Songs were being sung, showing that a brave and dauntless band was doing its best to side-step the deadly monotony of Arizona life. The happy lads from Cosgrave's sheep-ranch were blowing in their coin.

Now and then came a lull in the cere-

monies, as if exhausted nature paused for a moment to recover breath. During one of these intermissions in the clangor, a little man, clad in a neat-fitting suit of gray, topped with a soft felt hat, ambled along the street and glanced casually into the Pig Iron dispensary of mirth and moisture. He seemed to hesitate for a moment, as if doubting the propriety of the action. Then he brushed a bit of cigar-ash from the lapel of his coat, and entered.

The newcomer wore gray suède gloves. His necktie was of pale-blue silk; his eyes also were pale blue in color, and a little wisp of yellow hair peeped from one side of the felt hat. An air of hesitation and uncertainty surrounded him. His step seemed to falter as he closed the door behind him and peered timidly into the volcano of smoke

that rose before the bar.

He moved slowly toward the end of the bar nearest the door. When the red-faced proprietor of the Pig Iron turned toward him, he said in a mild, soft voice:

"Could I get a glass of water, please?"
As though some one had rung a bell or waved a signal flag, an instantaneous hush descended upon the Pig Iron Saloon. The gentlemen of Cosgrave's ranch turned with one accord and gazed upon the mild little man who had ordered a glass of water.

The leader and chief producer of noisy hilarity in the Cosgrave outfit was Big Smith. He stood at the center of the long bar, surrounded by his comrades, and his money lay before him in a careless pile. When his ears brought him the aqueous message from the other end of the bar, he turned his head in calm, quiet, unhurried amazement.

"I beg your pardon," said Big Smith, looking at the little man as a scientist peers at a strange fragment of quartz, "but did I hear what you said? Did you ask the owner of this saloon for a glass of water?"

The little man nodded his head slowly. "Plain water?" asked Big Smith.

Again the little man nodded.

"I rarely drink alcoholic liquors," he said pleasantly. "I find they're bad for

my liver."

"Men," said Big Smith, raising his voice to a roar, "did you hear what the accused said? Did you or did you not hear him insult one of our cherished institutions? Look at his hat, and tell me what you think of a citizen who can go about openly on our streets defying the law by wearing such a thing! Take a brief gaze at that necktie, and let your eyes rest on those gray gloves; and then think of this person walking in upon us without a word of warning, busting into our little party, and ordering a glass of water as an insult to ourselves, our homes and families, and lastly to this, the greatest State in the Union!"

"I hope I'm not making any trouble,"

said the little man timidly.

"Trouble!" Big Smith bellowed. "Trouble! You've ruined the reputation of Goddard and blotted the escutcheons of everybody for fifty miles around. Boys, what'll we do with this wrap-holder?"

"I don't see nothing to do 'cept to kill him before he disgraces us worse," replied a tall gentleman with red whiskers.

"But how you going to kill him?" argued Big Smith. "No self-respecting bullet would mingle with his carcass. I suppose we'll have to drown him!"

"First off," added the man with the scarlet whiskers, "let's overcome this child-ish desire of his for water. Let's have a glass of strong whisky for little Percival, after which we'll see how much he knows

about dancin', singin', and otherwise amusin' a tired and bored outfit of citizens." "Whisky for one!" Big Smith roared. "Here, you"—aiming a heavy finger at the little man—"push this licker into you, and

do it mighty sudden!"

The crowd of ranchmen gathered in a semicircle, and guns came out leisurely, but they were never raised. The little man in the gray suit had leaped at one bound to the opposite side of the room, and two revolvers of the heavy artillery type were pointing their wicked noses into the astounded group about the bar.

"Certainly I'll dance for you, gentlemen," the little man was saying in his mild tone; "but first let's talk, and the first man that moves a gun snuffs out where he stands! My name's Red Rupert. Please introduce

yourselves!"

The name of the terror of the Southwest struck the crowd like an electric flash. Big Smith's mouth remained wide open. The man with the red whiskers was trembling so that the muzzle of his gun rattled against the bar. There was a long silence.

"I guess," Big Smith said hesitatingly, "we've made a slight mistake. We hope you'll take a little joke, Mr. Rupert. We were only fooling—just rough sport, and

not knowing who you was."

The little man smiled again.

"You won't mind my drinking plain water?" he said.
"No," said Big Smith, "we won't."

Guns slipped back into holsters, and Red Rupert replaced his armament. When he had left the Pig Iron, the Cosgrave ranchers surveyed one another with sickly smiles.

"Have one on me," Big Smith invited. "We came pretty near mixin' up with sud-

den death that time!"

Meanwhile, in the front room on the second floor of the Citizen's Hotel, in Goddard, a round-faced little woman sat in a rocking-chair, knitting and waiting. She was the wife of Mr. Harold Halsey, of Metuchen, New Jersey. Mr. Halsey was a drug-clerk. After he had wrapped up pills for ten years, his lungs collapsed, and his

physician ordered him to the healing climate of the Southwest.

The door opened presently, and Mr. Halsey appeared. His face was white, his teeth chattered, and his hands shook. His wife started up from her chair. As she did so, Mr. Halsey closed his eyes and sank to the floor in a deep swoon.

A pitcher of water, much rubbing of his wrists, and tearful pleadings eventually brought back the spark of consciousness, and Harold opened his pale blue eyes.

"Speak to me, Harold dear!" his wife

implored frantically.

"My dear," he whispered, "if I hadn't read that article about Red Rupert, and noticed that he was a small, sandy-haired man like me, I should have been murdered in cold blood ten minutes ago!"

Money and Love and Marriage

BY LAETITIA MCDONALD

TATIE'S eyes were as big as saucers. "Your fortune," the swaying woman in the darkened room was saying, "will come at night - in a motor. There will be money and love and - yes, I see marriage!"

Katie indulged in a short flight of fancy. The silence was mystic.

"One dollar, please!"

Katie came to earth with a sigh. She put her hard - earned dollar into the woman's outstretched hand and groped her way through the gaudy half-light, wonderment in possession of her Irish heart.

'Money and love and marriage" - the words said themselves over and over again, as she walked homeward from the fortune-

Katie thought of John Doherty, the young policeman whom she had met at the church fair. He was so tall and straight, his eyes were so bright, and his hair was so curly! He had liked her, too, and had asked her to

keep company with him.

But fate had been unkind. He had invited her to go with him to Willow Grove. She had yearned to go, but she had been unable to buy the new hat needed to complete her conquest; and when she essayed to defer the outing he thought she was trifling, and got another girl.

"Your fortune will come at night in a motor." What was a motor?

Katie quickened her steps. She remembered that there was to be roast beef for dinner, and that she must hurry home, for nothing provoked Mr. Colby as did a tardy dinner.

Mr. F. Carrington Colby-"Carrie" Colby, widely known as the Débutantes' Delight - could sacrifice nothing which contributed to the appearances that were the bulwark of his life in society. Even when dividends dropped and money was scarce, he continued to be "found at the club," though it was really a modest little flat on a modest little street which housed this very smart personage, and Katie was his entire domestic staff.

It was a very simple but well - prepared meal which she set before him that evening. It was served on the Colby silver, whose owner believed it cheaper to use the old family plate than to store it and buy other things for daily service. Mr. Colby was in fine humor. He liked roast beef, and the three baked potatoes which Katie was offering him on a George IV platter were steaming. She noted his smile.

"Mr. Colby-" she said, and hesitated. It was such a very important question.

"Yes, Katie."

"What is a motor?" she asked suddenly,

"A motor is an automobile," Mr. Colby said deliberately, not troubled by the doubtful accuracy of his definition.

Katie put down the potatoes with a bang. "A ottermobile!" she cried breathlessly, and left the room.

"How extraordinary!" commented Car-

rie, and buttered his potato.

But the edge was gone from his appetite, for his interest centered on Katie's strange behavior. What could be in her mind?

When she came again with the etched sil-

ver finger-bowl he spoke.

"Katie," he said gravely, "why do you care if a motor is an automobile?"

Katie blushed.

"Shure an' Oi'd tell ye, sorr, but ye'd not be afther carin' whin ye knew.'

Colby stared.

"I wish to know," he stated with dignity. "Well, sorr, it was to the forchin-teller Oi wint, an' she tould me that me forchin wad be comin' at noight in a motor, an' that there wad be money an' love an' marriage!"

Katie's face was aglow.

"Stuff!" said Colby severely. "I am sorry, Katie, that you have wasted your money so foolishly. I hope you will not allow this nonsense to-er-to disturb your equilibrium."

"Yis, sorr," Katie said, because it was a

safe, easy, non-committal reply.

She washed the dinner dishes in a dream. A lover with money in an automobile, and she a bride with jewels and flowers and music! The clinking of silver knives suggested church-bells; the swish of the dish-cloth, the rustle of satin.

Late that night she lay awake. Each whir of a passing motor-car set her heart throbbing. At last she seemed to hear one stop; she heard the clock strike two. He had come! She knew it! He had come!

She rose and slipped on her long, dark coat. Then she stole noiselessly through the kitchen to the back door. Quietly she opened it, and stepped out on the tiny porch. At that moment a figure appeared from below.

"Oh, ye've come!" she breathed.

"Shure Oi've come!" returned a bass whisper.

"Oi was lookin' fer ye," confided the girl.

"An' whoy did ye do that?"

"Oh, faith, an' Oi knew ye was comin'!" Tim Malloy was startled. This was different from any reception he had ever met.

But he was Irish and Katie was pretty; he saw that when she leaned forward and a beam of light from a street-lamp illumined her face.

"An' hev ye waited long fer me?" he

ventured.

"Shure Oi hev," she said. Then her voice became honey-sweet. "Be ye hungry?"

"Av coorse!" Tim answered.

While Katie busied herself in the kitchen two flashes of a dark lantern signaled "Wait!" to a man who sat in an automobile in the alley below.

"Oi've not such a grrand supper fer ye," whispered Katie; but the simple spread looked appetizing to the hungry man, and

soon engaged his attention.

When he sat opposite her at the kitchentable the girl realized that she was disappointed in the physical aspect of her "fate." He, however, was charmed with her pretty face, and soon he was telling her so.

"Ye're a rose," he whispered; "a blush-in' Oirish rose! An' there's a swateheart

waitin' fer ye whin ye'll hev him."

Katie shuddered. Somehow she was not happy in finding her fortune come true. Money-perhaps love-oh, she didn't know; but marriage-marriage-it could not be!

The face of the young policeman flashed into her memory. Then it came closer. For, peeping round the door, which she had not

quite shut, was John Doherty.

Terror and confusion showed in Katie's eyes. The man across the table turned to face the barrel of the policeman's revolver.

"Ye've got me!" he said simply.
"Afther four years!" grinned the police-

Katie was dazed. Another bluecoat stepped into the room and helped John to handcuff her "fate."

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" demanded Mr. Colby, as he burst into the kitchen and surveyed the strange

"It's tin years fer me!" snarled the captured Tim.

"Five hundred dollars for me!" murmured John, looking deep in Katie's eyes.

It remained for the girl to give an intelligible explanation of the unusual situation. Haltingly she related her part in the adventure; but the words that beat in her brain were "money and love and marriage."

The same thought surged in the mind of the young policeman, though a soothsayer had not sown the thought-germ there. The

light in two blue eyes had generated the seed of passion, and the expectation of five hundred dollars' reward had watered it.

When Katie "gave notice," a few weeks later, she shyly put a card in Carrie Colby's hand. "It's th' forchin-teller's address," she said.

"Go see her, Mr. Colby. Ye don't know but that she moight foind it fer you, too!"

"Find what?"

"Saint Michael!" laughed Katie. "Whoy, money an' love an' marriage, av coorse!"

Concentrating on Traber

THOMAS L. MASSON

"OF course you are worth it!" said Mrs. Chumley. "It is perfectly amazing to me," she went on, "that a man of your abilities should have to work for such a small salary. Why don't you do something about it?"

"You really think," said Chumley, "that I'm entitled to more money? You know Mr. Traber is very fair about those things, and if he thought I deserved it, I feel sure he would give it to me. Besides, I don't

like to ask him."

Mrs. Chumley looked her contempt.

"As if it's necessary to ask him! All you've got to do is to concentrate on him."

"Concentrate?"

"Yes, concentrate. I'll help you. The children will help you. We'll all do it together. I feel quite sure that we can influence Mr. Traber's subliminal conscience. Your business year ends in about a month, doesn't it?"

" Yes."

"Then now is the time to begin. If he's going to raise your salary at all, he should be influenced immediately. Don't laugh," she went on. "You know perfectly well that it is a natural law, Mr. Traber has probably never had occasion to think very much about your services. What we do is to surround him with a suggestive mental atmosphere."

"How do you do it?" asked Chumley.

"It's quite simple. You are now getting four thousand a year. You are worth five. Very well; then we will concentrate on five. I will picture Mr. Traber in my mind, and I will keep saying to him—in my mind, you understand—that you are worth five. I will explain it to the children; they will keep saying the same thing to him. You must do it yourself as you go about the office. Walk up to him—mentally—slap him on the back, and say: 'Traber, old

man, I am worth five thousand a year; you know it!"

Chumley began to get interested. He had a practical and unimaginative business mind; but even to him the idea of adding a thousand dollars a year to his income just by thinking about it was fascinating.

"If I thought there was anything to it," he began, "I would do a you say; but the absurdity of the whole thing strikes me."

Mrs. Chumley began to grow indignant. "The trouble with you is that you lack faith. Something happens every day to prove that I'm right. Yesterday morning, for instance, I wanted a box of chocolate bonbons. Before you left for town I concentrated on you; I willed you to bring those bonbons. I said to you, in my mind, 'Paul, one pound of chocolate bonbons!' What was the result? That evening you came home, handed me a box, and said: 'My dear, here's a surprise for you.'"

"Ah!" said Chumley. "But I didn't

"Ah!" said Chumley. "But I didn't bring home chocolate bonbons; I brought

peanut brittle."

"Perfectly true," said Mrs. Chumley, "but the principle is the same. The only reason you brought home peanut brittle instead of chocolate bonbons was because the mental wires got crossed somewhere. You see, I was the only person trying to influence you. But in this instance, where the whole family are concentrating on Mr. Traber, the possibility of any mistake occurring is very slight. Of course, our utmost effort might secure only a raise of five hundred dollars; but it is better to concentrate on a thousand, in order to make sure of five hundred."

Chumley began to grow enthusiastic.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "you know I believe we've got a great thing. Now, I suppose the idea is to keep thinking of my own ability—what I have done for the firm,

the long hours I've put in, how much I've saved them, how hard it would be for them

to get along without me."

"That's the idea. Every moment of the day and night concentrate on Traber the subject of your own importance and the absolute necessity of paying you a decent salary. For instance, you can say to himin your mind, you understand: 'A man like that wants to be easy; he doesn't want to be worried; better pay him five thousand a year, and make him feel good-natured all the time.' You must create an atmosphere around Traber which will make it impossible for his subconscious self not to increase your salary. I'll get at the children right away, and we'll have mental services twice a day on Traber.'

Chumley, delighted with himself and with his wife's plan, went to the office. For days thereafter, he worked silently on Traber. He would sit at his desk for half an hour at a time, with his eyes on vacancy, concentrating on Traber's subliminal self.

"I'm worth five thousand; "-" Best man you have; "-" Couldn't get along without me; " -- "Business would be ruined if I left; "-" Anything to make me happy."

These were some of the phrases that Chumley repeated to himself. At home the Chumley children were going about mumbling things like this:

"Papa is worth five thousand; "-" Papa is the greatest man in the world;"-

"What would happen if he left?"

It became evident to Chumley, as time went on, that the head of the firm was becoming affected by these things. He noticed that Mr. Traber came over to his desk more often than usual, and greeted him more cordially. Once he called Chumley into his private office, and they discussed at length some business question.

Chumley's mind, expanding under the genial mental suggestion of his wife, had begun to conjure up all kinds of possibilities. What could he not do with a thousand

dollars a year more?

Every day, when he came home, Mrs. Chumley greeted him with that concentrated smile.

"One more day, my dear!" she said.

"It only adds to the certainty."

Then came the last day of the business year, when it was customary for the firm to make their plans for the next twelve months. Chumley went off to the office, knowing that the crisis had at last arrived.

The morning passed uneventfully. Several other clerks whispered to him, with smiles upon their radiant faces, that they had received a substantial increase. Chumley began to get nervous. Noon passed. Finally, at three o'clock in the afternoon, there being signs in Mr. Traber's office that that gentleman was about to depart for the day, Chumley made up his mind to brave the lion in his den. Just as he started to knock at the door, however, it opened, and Traber faced him.

"Well, well!" said the head of the firm. "How singular! I was just going to call

He had rather a noncommittal look on his face. Chumley's heart began to swell. He had already framed the speech of gratitude to his employer for the expected raise.

"Sit down, Chumley" said Traber, looking at his expectant employee with a quizzical look on his face. "About a month ago," he went on, "when I was going over our business plans, I had put you down on my list for an increase in salary. Then I began to look into your work a little more closely; and I have concluded not to give it to you."

"What?" exclaimed Chumley. "You

can't mean it!'

"Yes," said Traber. "You are a pretty good man, and you have done some good work; but I never realized, until within the last few weeks, what a perfectly absurd and abnormal opinion you have of your own ability. Why, I can actually feel it. watched you as you went about the office. I had never observed you closely before, but for the past three weeks you have actually been swelling up. It wouldn't do to encourage any man in such a state of mind. You've got the idea that the firm can't get along without you. Now, my dear boy, go home and acquire a little modesty, and perhaps later on, when you realize the important fact that there is no man in any concern who is really necessary-why, then, you may get what's coming to you.'

Chumley got up.

"Good afternoon," said Traber.

Chumley went home. His wife was waiting for him.

"Well," she exclaimed, as he came in, "what's the news?"

Chumley smiled grimly as he sank into

"The trouble with us is," he said, "that we overtrained!"

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE'

LEROY SCOTT

AUTHOR OF "TO HIM THAT HATH," ETC.

XXIX

HE period that succeeded will ever remain in Katherine's mind as unequaled in all her life for agonized suspense. She was ever crying out frantically to herself, why did this man have to be in such a condition at the time when he was needed most?

While she walked her drenched and shivering charge through the deserted back streets, the enthusiasm of Court - House Square reverberated in her ears. She realized how rapidly time was flying-and yet, aflame with desire for action as she was, all she could do was to lead this brilliant, stupefied creature to and fro, to and fro.

She wondered if she would be able to bring him to his senses in time to be of service. To her impatience, which made an hour of every moment, it seemed she never would. But her hope was all on him, and so she kept him going doggedly.

Presently he began to lurch against her less heavily and less frequently; and soon, his head hanging low in humiliation, he started shiveringly to mumble out an abject apology. She cut him short.

"We've no time for apologies. There's work to be done. Is your head clear enough to understand?"

"I think so," he said humbly, albeit somewhat thickly.

"Listen then! And listen hard!"

Briefly and clearly she outlined her discoveries, and told him of the documents she had just secured. She did not realize it, but this recital of hers was for the purpose of sobering him, better far than a douche of ice-water, better far than walking in the tingling air. She was appealing to the most sensitive organ of the born newspapermanhis sense of news. Before she was through, he had come to a pause beneath a sputtering arc-light, and was interrupting her with short questions, his eyes ablaze with excitement.

"Great Scott!" he ejaculated when she had finished. "That would make the greatest newspaper story that ever broke loose in this town!"

She trembled with an excitement equal to

"And I want you to make it into the greatest newspaper story that ever broke loose in this town!'

"But to-morrow the voting-"

"There's no to-morrow about it! We've got to act to-night. You must get out an extra of the Express."

"An extra of the Express!"

"Yes. And it must be on the streets before that mass-meeting breaks up."

"Oh, Jerusalem!" Billy whispered in awe to himself, forgetting how cold he was as his mind took in the plan. Then he started away almost on a run. "We'll do it! But first we've got to get the pressroom gang."

"I've seen to that. I think we shall find them waiting at the office."

"You don't say!" ejaculated Billy. "Miss West, to-morrow, when there's more time, I'm going to apologize to you, and everybody for-"

"If you get out this extra, you won't

need to apologize to anybody.' "But to-night, if you'll let me," contin-

ued Billy, "I want you to let me say that

you're a wonder!"

Katherine let this praise go by unheeded, and as they hurried toward the square she gave him details that she had omitted in her outline. When they reached the office, they found Old Hosie, who told them that the foreman and the mechanical staff were in the pressroom. A shout from Billy down the stairway brought the foreman running up.

^{*} Convright, 1911, by Lerry Scott. This story began in the August (1911) number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

"Do you know what's doing, Jake?" cried Billy.

"Yes-Mr. Hollingsworth told me."

"Everything ready?"

"Sure, Billy. We're waiting for your

copy."

"Good! First of all get these engraved."
He excitedly handed the foreman Katherine's two documents. "Each of 'em three columns wide. We'll run 'em on the front page. And, Jake, if you let those get lost, I'll shoot you so full of holes your wife'll think she's married to a screen door! Now chase along with you!"

Billy threw off his drenched coat, slipped into an old one hanging on a hook, dropped into a chair before a typewriter, ran in a sheet of paper, and without an instant's hesitation began to rattle off the story. Katherine, in a sort of fascination, stood gazing at that worth-while spectacle, a first-class newspaperman in full action.

But suddenly he gave a cry of dismay, and

his arms fell to his sides.

"My mind sees the story all right," he groaned. "I don't know whether it's that ice-water or the drink, but my arms are so shaky I can't hit the keys straight!"

On the instant Katherine had him out of

the chair and was in his place.

"I studied typewriting along with my law," she said rapidly. "Dictate it to me on the machine."

There was not a word of comment. At once Billy began talking, and the keys started to whir beneath Katherine's hands. The first page finished, Billy snatched it from her, gave a roar of "Copy!" glanced it through with a correcting pencil, and thrust it into the hands of an inrushing boy.

As the boy scuttled away, a thunderous cheering arose from the court-house yard applause that outsounded all that had gone

before.

"What's that?" asked Katherine of Old Hosie, who stood at the window looking down upon the square.

"It's Blake, trying to speak. They're giving him the ovation of his life!"

Katherine's face set.

"H'm!" said Billy grimly, and plunged

again into his dictation.

Now and then the uproar that followed a happy phrase of Blake almost drowned the voice of Billy. Now and then Old Hosie, from his post at the window, broke in with a sentence of description of the tumultuous scene without; but despite these interruptions the story rattled swiftly on. Again and again Billy ran to the sink at the back of the office and let the clearing water splash over his head. His collar was a shapeless rag; he had to keep thrusting his dripping hair back from his forehead. His slight, chilled body was shivering in every member; but the story kept coming, coming, coming, a living, throbbing creation from his thin and twitching lips.

As Katherine's flying hands set down the words, she thrilled as if the narrative was a thing entirely new to her. For Billy Harper, whatever faults inheritance or habit had fixed upon him, was a born reporter. His trained mind had instantly seized upon and mastered all the dramatic values of the complicated story, and his English, though crude and rough-and-tumble from his haste,

was vivid, passionate, rousing.

He told how Dr. West was the victim of a plot—a plot whose great victim was the city of Westville; and this plot he outlined in all its details. He told of Dr. Sherman's part, at Blake's compulsion. He told of the secret league between Blake and Peck. He declared the truth of the charges for which Bruce was then lying in the county jail. And finally—though this he did at the beginning of his story—he drove home in his most nerve-twanging words the fact that Blake the benefactor, Blake the applauded, was the direct cause of the typhoid epidemic.

As a fresh sheet was being run into the machine, toward the end of the story, there was another tremendous outburst from the square, surpassing even the one of half an hour before.

"Blake's just finished his speech," called Old Hosie from the window. "The crowd want to carry him on their shoulders."

"They'd better hurry up; this is one of their last chances!" cried Billy. Then he saw the foreman enter with a look of concern. "Anything wrong, Jake?"

"One of the linotype men has skipped

out," was the answer.

"Well, what of that?" said Harper. "You've got one left."

"It means that we'll be delayed in getting out the paper. I hadn't noticed it before, but Grant's been gone some time. We're quite a bit behind you, and Simmons alone can't begin to handle that copy as fast as you're sending it down." "Do the best you can," said Billy.

He started at the dictation again. Then he broke off, and called sharply to the fore-

"Hold on, Jake. D'you suppose Grant slipped out to give the story away?"

"I don't know. Grant was a Blake

Billy swore under his breath.

"But he hadn't seen the best part of the story," said the foreman. "I'd given him only that part about Blake and Peck."

"Well, anyhow, it's too late for him to hurt us any," said Billy, and once more

plunged into the dictation.

Fifteen minutes later the story was finished. Katherine leaned back in her chair with aching arms, while Billy wrote a lurid head-line, to go across the entire front page. With this he rushed down into the composing-room to give orders about the makeup. When he returned, he carried a bunch of long strips.

"These are the proofs of the whole thing, documents and all, except the last part of the story," he said. "Let's see if they've

got it all straight."

He laid the proofs on Katherine's desk, and was drawing a chair up beside her, when the telephone rang.

"Who can want to talk to us at such an hour?" he impatiently exclaimed, taking up the receiver.

All " Hello! Who's this? What?

right. Hold the wire!"

With a surprised look he pushed the telephone toward Katherine.

"Somebody to talk to you," he said. "To talk to me!" exclaimed Katherine. "Who?"

"Harrison Blake," said Billy.

XXX

KATHERINE took up the receiver in tremulous hands.

"Hello! Is this Mr. Blake?"

"Yes," came a familiar voice over the wire. "Is this Miss West?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"I have a matter which I wish to discuss

with you immediately.'

"I am engaged for this evening," she re-turned, as calmly as she could. "If tomorrow you still desire to see me, I can possibly arrange it then."

"I must see you to-night-at once!" he insisted. "It is a matter of the utmost im-

portance-not so much to me as to you," he added meaningly.

"If it is so important, then suppose you

come here," she replied.

"I cannot possibly do so. I am bound here by a number of things. I have anticipated that you would come, and have sent my car for you. It will be there in two minutes."

Katherine put her hand over the mouthpiece, and repeated Blake's request to Old Hosie and Billy Harper.

"What shall I do?" she asked.

"Tell him to go to!" said Billy promptly. "You've got him where you want him. Don't pay any more attention to him."

"I'd like to know what he's up to," mused

Old Hosie.

"And so would I," agreed Katherine thoughtfully. "I can't do anything more here; he can't hurt me; so I think I'll go." She removed her hand from the mouthpiece and leaned toward it. "Where are you, Mr. Blake?"

"At my home."

"Very well. I am coming." She stood "Will you come with me?" she asked Old Hosie.

"Of course," said the old lawyer with alacrity. And then he chuckled. "I'd like to see how the Senator looks to-night!"

"I'll just take these proofs along," she said, thrusting them inside her coat.

The next instant she and Old Hosie were hurrying down the stairway. As they came into the street, the Westville Brass Band blew the last notes of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," out of cornets and trombones. The great crowd, intoxicated with enthusiasm, responded with palm-blistering applause. Then the candidate for the presidency of the city council arose to make his oratorical contribution.

He had got no further than his first period when Blake's automobile glided up before the Express office, and at once Katherine and Old Hosie stepped into the body

of the car.

They sped away from this maelstrom of excitement into the quiet residential streets, Katherine wondering why Blake desired to see her, and wondering if there could possibly be some flaw in her plan that she had overlooked. Could it be that Blake still had some weapon in reserve with which he might defeat her?

Five minutes later they were at Blake's door. They were instantly admitted, and Katherine was informed that Blake awaited

her in his library.

She had had no idea in what state of mind she would find Blake, but she had at least expected to find him alone. Instead, when she entered the library with Old Hosie, a small assembly rose to greet her. There were Blake, Blind Charlie Peck, Manning, and, back in a shadowy corner. a rather rotund gentleman whom she had observed in Westville during the last few days, and whom she knew to be Mr. Brown, of the National Electric and Water Com-

Blake's face was pale and set, and his dark eyes gleamed with an unusual brilliance. But in his compressed features Katherine could read nothing of what was

in his mind.

"Good evening," he said with cold politeness. "Will you please sit down, Miss West? And you also, Mr. Hollingsworth?"

Katherine thanked him with a nod, and seated herself. She found her chair so placed that she was the center of the gaze of the little assembly.

"I take it for granted, Miss West," Blake began steadily, formally, "that you are aware of the reason for my requesting you

to come here."

"On the other hand, I must confess myself entirely ignorant," Katherine quietly returned.

"Pardon me if I am forced to believe otherwise. Nevertheless, I will explain. It has come to me that you are now engaged in getting out an issue of the Express in which you charge that Mr. Peck and myself are secretly in collusion to defraud the city. Is that correct?"

"Entirely so," said Katherine.

She felt full command of herself, yet every instant she was straining to peer ahead and discover, before it fell, the suspected

counterstroke.

"Before going further," Blake continued, "I will say that Mr. Peck and I, though personal and political enemies, must join forces against such a libel directed at us both. This will explain Mr. Peck's presence in my house for the first time in his life. Now, to resume our business. What you are about to publish is a libel. It is for your sake, chiefly, that I have asked you here."

"For my sake?"

"For your sake. To warn you, if you are not already aware of it, of the danger into which you are plunging headlong. Surely you are acquainted with our libel laws?"

Blake's face, aside from its cold, set look, was still without expression; his voice was

low-pitched and steady.

"Then of course you understand your risk," he continued. "You have had a mild illustration of the working of the law in the case of Mr. Bruce. But the case against him was not really pressed. The court might not deal so leniently with you. I believe you get my meaning?

'Perfectly," said Katherine.

There was a silence. Katherine was determined not to speak first, but to force Blake to take the lead.

"Well?" said he.

"I was waiting to hear what else you had to say," she replied.

"Well, you are aware that what you purpose printing is a most dangerous libel?" "I am aware that you seem to think

it so."

"There is no thinking about it; it is libel!" he returned. For the first time there was a little sharpness in his voice. "And, now, what are you going to do?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Suppress the paper."

"Is that advice, or a wish, or a command?"

"Suppose I say all three?"

Her eyes did not leave his pale, intent face. She felt, more and more, that he had some weapon in reserve; but still she failed to guess what it might be.

"Well, what are you going to do?" he

"I am going to print the paper," said Katherine.

An instant of stupefied silence followed her quiet answer.

"You are, are you?" cried Blind Charlie, springing up. "Well, let me--"

"Sit down, Peck!" Blake ordered sharply.

"Come, give me a chance at her!"

"Sit down! I'm handling this!" Blake cried with sudden harshness.

"Well, then, show her where she's at!" grumbled Blind Charlie, subsiding into his chair.

Blake turned back to Katherine. His

face was again impassive.

"And so it is your intention to commit this monstrous libel?" he asked in his former composed tone.

"Perhaps it is not libel," said Katherine.
"You mean that you think you have

proofs?"

"No. That is not my meaning."
"What, then, do you mean?"

"I mean that I have proofs."

"Ah, at last we are coming to the crux of the matter! Since you have proofs for your statements, you think there is no libel?"

"I believe that is sound law," said

Katherine.

"It is sound enough law," he said. He leaned toward her, and there was now the glint of triumph in his eyes. "But suppose the proofs were not sound?"

Katherine started.

"The proofs not sound?"

"Yes. I suppose your article is based upon testimony?"

"Of course."

His next words were spoken slowly, that

each might sink deeply in.

"Well, suppose your witnesses had found they were mistaken and had repudiated their testimony? What then?"

She sank back in her chair. At last the

expected blow had fallen!

She sat dazed, thinking wildly. Had they got to Dr. Sherman since she had seen him, and forced him to recant? Had they offered Manning some heavy bribe, and induced him to sell her out? She searched the latter's face with consternation, but he wore a stolid look that told her nothing.

Blake read the effect of his words in her

white face and dismayed manner.

"Suppose they have repudiated their statements? What then?" he crushingly persisted.

She caught desperately at her courage and

her vanishing triumph.

"But they have not repudiated them!"

"You think not? You shall see!" He turned to Blind Charlie. "Tell him to

step in."

Blind Charlie moved quickly to a side door. Katherine leaned forward and stared after him, breathless, her heart stilled. She fully expected to see the slender figure of Dr. Sherman enter the room and to hear his pallid lips deny that he had ever made the confession of a few hours before.

Blind Charlie opened the door.
"They're ready for you," he called.

It was all Katherine could do to keep from springing up and letting out a sob of relief; for it was not Dr. Sherman who entered. It was the broad and sumptuous presence of Elijah Stone, detective. He crossed and stood before Blake.

"Mr. Stone," said Blake sharply, "I want you to answer a few questions for the benefit of Miss West. First of all, you were employed by Miss West on a piece of detective work, were you not?"

"I was," said Mr. Stone, avoiding Kath-

erine's eye.

"And the nature of your employment was to try to discover evidence of an alleged conspiracy against the city on my part?"

"It was."

"And you made to her certain reports?"

" I. did."

"Let me inform you that she has used those reports as the basis of a libelous story, which she is about to print. Now, answer me—did you give her any real evidence that would stand the test of a court-room?"

Mr. Stone gazed at the ceiling.

"My statements to her were mere surmises," he said with the glibness of a rehearsed answer. "Nothing but conjecture —no evidence at all."

"What is your present belief concerning

these conjectures?'

"I have since discovered that my conjec-

tures were all mistakes."

"That will do, Mr. Stone!" Blake turned quickly upon Katherine. "Well, now what have you got to say?" he demanded.

She could have laughed in her joy.

"First of all," she called to the withdrawing detective, "I have this to say to you, Mr. Stone. When you sold out to these people, I hope you made them pay you well!"

The detective flushed, but he had no

chance to reply.

"This is no time for levity, Miss West!"
Blake said sharply. "Now you see your predicament. Now you see what sort of testimony your libel is built upon."

"But my libel is not built upon that

testimony!"

"Not built—" Blake now first observed that Katherine was smiling. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said—that my story is not based on Mr. Stone's testimony."

There were exclamations from Mr.

Brown and Blind Charlie.

"Eh—what?" said Blake. "But you hired Stone as a detective?"

"And he was eminently successful in carrying out the purpose for which I hired him. That purpose was to be watched, and bought off, by you."

Blake sank back and stared at her.

"Then your story is based--"

"Partly on the testimony of Dr. Sherman," she said.

Blake came slowly up to his feet. "Dr. Sherman?" he breathed.

"Yes, of Dr. Sherman."

Blind Charlie moved quickly forward.

"What's that?" he cried.

"It's not true!" burst from Blake's lips. "Dr. Sherman is in Canada!"

"When I saw him, two hours ago, he was

at his wife's bedside.

"It's not true!" Blake huskily repeated. "And I might add, Mr. Blake," Kath-

erine pursued, "that he made a full statement of everything-everything! He has given me a signed confession."

Blake stared at her blankly. A sickly pallor was creeping over his face. Kath-

erine stood up.

"And I might furthermore add, gentlemen," she went on, now also addressing Blind Charlie, "that I know all about the water-works deal, and the secret agreement among you."

"Hold on! You're going too far!" the old politician cried savagely. "You've got

no evidence against me!"

"I could hardly help having it, since I was present at your proceedings."
"You?"

"Personally and by proxy. I am the agent of Mr. Seymour, of New York. Mr. Hartsell here, otherwise Mr. Manning, has represented me, and has turned over to me the agreement you signed to-day.'

They whirled about upon Manning, who continued unperturbed in his chair.

"What she says is straight, gentlemen," he said. "I have only been acting for Miss West."

A horrible curse fell from the thick, loose lips of Blind Charlie Peck. Blake, his sickly pallor deepening, stared from Manning to Katherine.

"It isn't so! It can't be so!" he

breathed wildly

"If you want to see just what I've got, here it is," said Katherine, and she tossed the bundle of proofs upon the desk.

Blake seized the sheets in feverish hands. Blind Charlie stepped to his side, and Mr. Brown slipped forward out of his corner and peered over their shoulders. First they saw the two facsimiles; then their eyes swept in the leading points of Billy Harper's fiery story.

A cry escaped from Blake. He had come upon Billy Harper's great, page-wide head-

BLAKE CONSPIRES TO SWINDLE WESTVILLE; DIRECT CAUSE OF CITY'S SICK AND DEAD

At that Blake collapsed into his chair and gazed with ashen face at the black, accusing letters. This relentless summary of the situation appalled them all into a moment's silence.

Blind Charlie was the first to speak.

"That paper must never come out!" he

Blake raised his gray-hued face. "How are you going to stop it?"

"Here's how!" cried Peck, his one eye ablaze with fierce energy. "That crowd at the square is still all for you, Blake. Don't let the girl out of the house! I'll rush to the square, rouse the mob properly, and they'll raid the office, rip up the presses, plates, paper, every darned thing!"

"No - no - I'll not stand for that!"

Blake burst out.

Blind Charlie had already started quickly away-not so quickly, however, but that the very sufficient hand of Manning was about his wrist before he reached the door.

"I guess we won't be doing that to-night, Mr. Peck," Manning said quietly.

The old politician stood shaking with rage and erupting profanity. But presently his violence subsided, and he stood, as did the others, gazing down at Blake.

Blake sat in his chair, silent, motionless, with scarcely a breath, his eyes fixed on the head-line. His look was as ghastly as a dead man's-a look of utter ruin, of ruin so terrible and complete that his dazed mind could hardly comprehend it.

There was a space of profound silence in the room. But after a time Blind Charlie's face grew malignantly, revengefully jocose.

"Well, Blake," said he, "I guess this won't hurt me much, after all. I guess I haven't much reputation to lose. But as for you, who started this business-you, the pure, moral, high-minded reformer-" He interrupted himself by raising a hand. "Listen!"

Faintly, from the direction of the square, came the dim roar of cheering, and then the outburst of the band. Blind Charlie, with a cynical laugh, clapped a hand upon Blake's shoulder.

"Don't you hear 'em, Blake? Brace up! The people still are for you!" Blake did not reply. The old man bent down, his face now wholly hard. "And anyhow, Blake, I'm getting some satisfaction out of the business. I've had it in for you for a dozen years, and now you're going to get it good and plenty! Good night, and to thunder with you!"

Blake did not look up. Manning slipped

an arm through the old man's.

"I'll go along with you for a little while," said Manning quietly, "just to see that you don't start any trouble."

As the pair were going out, Mr. Brown, who had thus far not said a single word, bent his fatherly figure over Blake.

"Of course, you realize, Mr. Blake, that our relations are at an end," he said.

"Of course," Blake said dully.

"I'm very sorry we cannot help you, but no doubt you realize that we can't afford to be involved in a mess like this. Good night!" And he followed the others out, Old Hosie behind him.

For a space Katherine stood alone, gazing down upon Blake's bowed and silent figure. Now that it was all over, now that his allies had all deserted him, to see this man whom she had known as so proud, so strong, so admired, with such a boundless future—who had once been her own ideal of a great man—who had once declared himself her lover—to see this man now brought so low stirred in her a strange emotion. There was something of pity in it, as well as something of sympathy.

But the noise of the front door closing upon the other men recalled her to herself. Very softly, so as not to disturb him, she started away. Her hand was on the knob when there sounded a dry and husky voice

from behind her.
"Wait, Katherine! Wait!"

XXXI

SHE turned. Blake had risen from his chair.

"What is it?" she asked.

He came up to her, the proofs still in his hands. He was unsteady upon his feet, like a man dizzy from a heavy blow.

"Do you know what this is going to do to me?" he asked, holding out the proofsheets.

"Yes," she said.

"It is going to ruin me—reputation, fortune, everything!" She did not answer him.

"Yes, that is going to be the result," he continued in his slow, husky voice. "Only one thing can save me."

"And that?"

He stared at her for a moment with wildly burning eyes. Then he wet his dry lips. "That is for you to countermand this extra."

"You ask me to do that?"

"It is my only chance. I do!"

"I believe you are out of your mind!"
"I believe I am!" he said hoarsely.

"Think just a moment, and you will see that what you ask is quite impossible."

He was silent for a time. A tremor ran through him; his body stiffened.

"No, I do not ask it," he said. "I am not trying to excuse myself now, but when a thing falls so unexpectedly, so suddenly—" A choking at the throat stopped him. "If I have seemed to whimper, I take it back. You have beaten me, Katherine; but I hope I can take defeat like a man."

She did not answer. They continued gazing at one another. In the silence of the great house they could hear each other's agitated breathing. Into his dark face, now turned so gray, there crept a strange, drawn look—a look that sent a tingling through all her body.

"What is it?" she asked.

"To think," he exclaimed in a low, faraway voice, almost to himself, "that I have lost everything through you! Through you, through whom I might have gained everything!"

"Gained everything? Through me?"

she repeated. "How?"

"I should have kept out of such things—as this—if, five years ago, you had said 'yes' instead of 'no.' You would have kept me in the straight road. I should not have dared to fall below your standards. For I"—he drew a deep, convulsive breath—"for I loved you, Katherine, better than anything in all the world!"

She trembled at the intensity of his voice. "You loved me—as much as that?"

"Yes. And since I have lost you, and lost everything, there is perhaps no harm in my telling you something else. Only on that one night did I speak of love to you, but I have loved you through all the years since then. And—and I still love you!"

"You still love me?" she whispered.

"I still love you." She stared at him.

"And yet all these months you have

fought against me!"

"I have not fought against you," he said. "Somehow, I got started on the wrong road, and I have fought to win-have fought against exposure, against defeat."

"And you still love me!" she murmured. As she gazed at him, there shot into her a poignant pang of pity for this once splendid figure, now tottering on the edge of the abyss. For an instant she thought only of him.

"You asked me a moment ago to suppress the paper," she cried impulsively. "Shall

I do it?"

"I now ask nothing," said he.

"No-no-I can't suppress the paper!" she said in anguish. "That would be to leave my father disgraced, and Arnold Bruce disgraced, and the city-but what are you going to do?"

"I do not know. This has come so suddenly. I have had no time to think."

"You must at least have time to think! If you had an hour-two hours?"

There was a momentary flash of hope in his eyes.

"If I had an hour-"

"Then we'll delay the paper!" she cried.

She sprang excitedly to the telephone upon Blake's desk. The next instant she had Billy Harper on the wire. Blake watched her, motionless where he stood.

"Mr. Harper," she said, "it is now half past ten. I want you to hold the paper back till eleven thirty. What's that?

She listened for a moment, then slowly hung up the receiver. She did not at once turn round, but when she did her face was very white.

"Well?" Blake asked.

"I'm sorry," she said, barely above a whisper. "The paper has been upon the

street for ten minutes!'

They gazed at each other for several moments, both motionless, both without a word. Then thin, sharp cries penetrated the room. Blake's lips parted.

"What is that?" he asked mechanically. Katherine crossed and raised a window. Through it came shrill, boyish voices:

Extry! All about the great "Extry!

Blake conspiracy!

The heralds of Blake's disgrace sped onward, down the avenue. Katherine turned slowly back to Blake. He still stood in the same posture, leaning heavily upon an arm that rested on his mahogany desk. He did not speak; nor was there anything that Katherine could say.

It was for but a moment or two that they stood in this strained silence. Then a faint outcry sounded from the center of the town. In but a second, it seemed, the sound mounted to a roar.

"It is the crowd-at the square," said

Blake in a dry whisper.

"Yes."

"The extra-they have seen it!"

The roar rose louder-louder. It was like the thunder of a flood that has burst its dam. It began to separate into distinct cries, and the shuffle of running feet.

"They are coming this way," said Blake in his same dry, mechanical tone.

There was no need for Katherine to re-The fact was too apparent. moved to the open window, and stood there waiting. The roar grew nearer-nearer. In but a moment, it seemed to her, the front of the human flood appeared just beyond her own house. The next moment the crowd began to pour into Blake's wide lawn-by

the hundreds-by the thousands.

Many of them still carried in clenched hands crumpled copies of the Express. Here and there, luridly illuminating the wild scene, blazed a smoking torch, carried by some member of the Blake Marching Club. And out of the mouths of this great mob, which less than a short hour before had lauded him to the stars-out of the mouths of these his erstwhile idolaterscame the most fearful imprecations, the most fearful cries for vengeance.

Katherine became aware that Blake was standing behind her, gazing down upon this human storm. She turned, and in his pallid face she plainly read the passionate regret that was surging through his being. His had been the chance to serve these people, and serve them with honor to himself. Now he had lost them, lost them utterly and forever, and with them had lost every-

thing!

Some one below saw his face at the window, and shriekingly swore to have his life. Blake drew quickly back, and stood again He was white-living beside his desk. flesh could not be more white-but he still maintained that calm control which had succeeded his first desperate consternation.

"What are you going to do?" Katherine

asked.

He quietly drew out a drawer of his desk and picked up a pistol.

"What?" she cried. "You are not going

to fight them off?'

"No. I have injured enough of them already," he replied in his measured tone. "Keep all this from my mother as long as you can—at least till she is stronger.'

As she saw his intention, Katherine sprang forward and caught the weapon, which he was turning upon himself.

"No, no! You must not do that!"

"But I must," he returned quietly. "Listen!"

The cries without had grown more violent. The heavy front door was resounding with blows.

"Don't you see that this is the only thing

that's left?" he asked.

"And don't you see," she said rapidly, "what it will mean to your mother? her weakened condition, your death will be her death. You just said you had injured enough already. Do you want to kill one more? And besides, and in spite of all," she added with a sudden fire, "there's a

big man in you! Face it like that man!"

He hesitated. Then he relaxed his hold upon the pistol, still without speaking. Katherine returned it to its place and closed

the drawer.

At this instant Old Hosie, who had been waiting below, rushed into the library.

"There's all kinds of trouble broke loose!" he cried to Katherine. "They'll have that front door down in a minute! Come on!

But Katherine could not take her gaze

from Blake's pale, set face. "What are you going to do?" she asked

"What is he going to do?" exclaimed Old Hosie. "Better ask what those crazy men are going to do. Listen to them!"

A raging cry for Blake's life ascended,

almost deafening their ears.

"No, no! They must not do that!" exclaimed Katherine, and breathlessly she darted from the room.

Old Hosie looked grimly at Blake.

"You deserve it, Blake; but I'm against mob law. Quick, slip out the back way! You can just catch the eleven o'clock express and get out of the State.'

Without waiting to see the effect of his advice, Old Hosie hurried after Katherine. She had reached the bottom of the stairway just as several heavy shoulders crashed simultaneously against the door and made it shiver on its hinges. Her intention was to

go out and speak to the crowd, but to open the front door was to admit the maddened mob and be overwhelmed. She knew the house almost as well as she knew her own, and she recalled that the dining-room had a French window which opened upon the piazza on the side away from the crowd. She ran back through the darkened rooms, swung open this window, and ran along the piazza to the front door.

As she reached it, the human batteringram drew back for another infuriated lunge.

She sprang between the men and the

"Stop! Stop!" she cried.

"What's this?" ejaculated the leader of the assault.

"Say, if it ain't a woman!" cried a member of the battering-ram.

"Out of the way with you!" roared the leader in a fury.

But she placed her back against the door.

"Stop, men! Give me just one word!"
"Better stop this, boys!" gasped a man at the foot of the steps, struggling in half a dozen pairs of arms. "I warn you! It's against the law!

"Shut up, Jim Nichols; this is our business!" cried the leader to the helpless sheriff. "And now, you"—turning again to Katherine-"out of the way!"

The seething, torch-lit mob on the lawn below repeated the cry. The leader, his wrath increasing, seized Katherine roughly by the arm and jerked her aside.

"Now, all together, boys!" he shouted.

But at that instant upon the front of the mob there fell a tall, lean fury with a raging voice and a furiously swinging cane. was Old Hosie. Before this fierce and sudden chastisement the battering-ram for a moment pressed backward.

"You fools! You idiots!" the old man cried, and his high, sharp voice cut through all the noises of the mob. "Is that the way you treat the woman that saved you!"

"Saved us?" some one shouted incred-

ulously. "Her save us?"

"Yes, saved you!" Old Hosie cried in a rising voice down upon the heads of the crowd. His cane had ceased its flailing; the crowd had partially ceased its uproar. "Do you know who that woman is? She's Katherine West!"

"Oh, the lady lawyer!" rose several jeering voices.

For the moment Old Hosie's tall figure, with his cane outstretched, had the wrathful majesty of a prophet of old, denouncing his

foolish and reprobate people.

"Go on, all of you, laugh at her tonight!" he shouted. "But after to-night you'll all slink around Westville, ashamed to look in the face anything higher than a dog! For half a year you've been sneering at Katherine West, and see how she's paid you back! It was she that found out your enemy. It was she that dug up all the facts and evidence you've read in those papers there. It was she that's saved you from being robbed. And now—"

"She done all that?" exclaimed a voice

from the now stilled mob.

"Yes, she done all that!" shouted Old Hosie. "And what's more, she got out that paper in your hands. While you've been sneering at her, she's been working for you. And now, after all this, you're not even willing to listen to a word from her!" His voice, in its contemptuous wrath, rose still one note higher. "And now listen to me! I'm going to tell you exactly what you are! You are all—"

But Westville never learned exactly what it was. Just then Old Hosie was firmly pulled back by the tails of his frock coat, and found himself in the possession of the panting, disheveled sheriff of Calloway

County.

"You've made your point, Hosie," said Jim Nichols. "They'll listen to her now."

Katherine stepped forward into the space which Old Hosie had involuntarily vacated. With the torchlights flaring up into her face she stood there breathing deeply, awed into momentary silence by the great crowd and by the responsibility that she felt.

"If, as Mr. Hollingsworth has said," she began in a tremulous but clear voice that carried to the farthest confines of the lawn, "you owe me anything, all I ask, in return, is that you will refrain from mob

violence!"

She went on to urge upon them the lawful course. The crowd, taken aback by the accusations and revelations that Old Hosie had flung so hotly into their faces, strangely held by the figure of the impassioned woman pedestaled above them on the porch, listened to her with an attention and respect which they as yet were far from understanding.

She felt that she had won her audience, that she had turned them back to lawful measures, when suddenly there was a roar

of "Blake! Blake!"

The stilled crowd became again a mob, and she saw that the focus of their gaze had shifted from her to a point behind her. Looking about, she saw that the door had opened, and that Blake, pale and erect, was standing in the doorway. The crowd tried to surge forward, but the front ranks, out of their new and but half-comprehended respect for Katherine, stood like a wall against the charge that would have overwhelmed her.

Blake moved forward to her side.

"I should like to speak to them, if I

can," he said quietly.

Katherine held up her hand for silence. The mob hissed and cursed, and tried to break through the human fortification of the front ranks. Through it all Blake stood silent, pale, without motion. Katherine, her hand still upraised, continued to cry out for silence; and after a time the uproar began in a measure to diminish. She took quick advantage of the lull.

"Gentlemen," she called out, "won't you please give Mr. Blake just a word?"

Cries that they should give him a chance to speak ran through the crowd, and gradually the mob quieted yet further. While they were subsiding into order, Blake looked steadily out upon this sea of hostile faces. Katherine watched him breathlessly, wondering what he was about to say. It swept in upon her, with a sudden catching of the throat, that he made a fine figure standing there so straight, so white, with so little sign of fear; and despite what the man had done, again some of her old admiration for him thrilled through her, and with it an infinite pang of regret for what he might have been.

At length there was moderate order, and

Blake began to speak.

"Gentlemen, I do not wish to plead for myself," he said quietly, yet in his farcarrying voice. "What I have done is beyond your forgiveness. I merely desire to say that I am guilty; to say that I am here to give myself into your hands. Do with me as you think best. If you prefer immediate action, I shall go with you without resistance. If you wish to let the law take its course, then"—he made a gesture toward Nichols, who stood beside him—"then I shall give myself into the hands of the sheriff. I await your choice."

With that he paused. A perfect hush had fallen on the crowd. This man who had dominated them in the days of his glory, dominated them for at least a flickering moment in this the hour of his fall. They were under the spell of their habit to honor him, the spell of his natural dignity,

the spell of his direct words.

Then the spell was over. The storm broke loose again. There were cries for immediate action, and counter-cries in favor of the law. For a space there was doubt as to which demand was the stronger; then that for the law rose louder and louder and drowned the other out.

Sheriff Nichols slipped his arm through

Blake's

"I guess you're going to come with me," he said.

"I am ready," was Blake's response. He turned about to Katherine. "You deserved to win," he said quietly. "Thank you. Good-by!"

"Good-by," said she.

The sheriff drew him away. Katherine, panting, leaning heavily against a pillar of the porch, watched the pair go down the steps—watched the great crowd part before them—watched them march through this human alleyway, lighted by smoking campaign torches—watched them till they had passed into the darkness in the direction of the jail. Then she dizzily reached out and caught Old Hosie's arm.

"Help me home!" she said weakly.

XXXII

It was the following night, and the hour was nine. Old Hosie stood in the sheriff's office, in the Calloway County jail, while Jim Nichols scrutinized a formal-looking document his visitor had just delivered into his hands.

"It's all right, isn't it?" said the old

lawver.

"Yep." The sheriff thrust the paper into a drawer. "I'll fetch him right

down.

"Remember, don't give him a hint!"
Old Hosie warned again. "You're sure,"
he added anxiously, "he hasn't got on to

anything?"

"How many more times have I got to tell you," returned the sheriff, a little irritated, "that I ain't said a word to him—just as you told me? He heard some of the racket last night, sure, but he thought it was just part of the regular campaign row."

"All right! All right! Hurry him along, then!"

Left alone, Old Hosie walked excitedly up and down the dingy room, whose sole pretension in an esthetic way was the breezeblown "yachting-girl" of a soap company's calendar, sailing her bounding craft above the office cuspidor.

The old man grinned widely and rubbed his bony hands together. A concatenation of low chuckles issued from his lean throat. But when Sheriff Nichols reappeared, ushering in Arnold Bruce, all these outward manifestations of satisfaction abruptly terminated, and his manner became his usual dry and sarcastic one with his nephew.

"Hello, Arn!" he said. "H'are you?"

"Hello, Arn!" he said. "H'are you?"
"Hello!" Bruce returned rather gruffly,
shaking the hand his uncle held out.
"What's this the sheriff has just told me
about a new trial?"

"It's all right," returned Old Hosie.
"We've fought on till we've made 'em give

it to us.'

"What's the use of it?" Bruce growled.

"The cards will be stacked the same as at the other trial."

"Well, whatever happens, you're free till then. I've got you out on bail, and I'm here to take you home with me. So come

along with you."

Old Hosie pushed him out and down the jail steps, and into a closed carriage that was waiting at the curb. Bruce was in a glowering, embittered mood, as was but natural in a man who keenly feels that he has suffered without justice and has lost all that he fought for.

"You know I appreciate your working for the new trial," he remarked dully, as the carriage rattled slowly on. "How did

you manage it?"

"It's too long a story for just now. I'll tell you when we get home."

Bruce was gloomily silent for a moment. "Of course the Blake crowd swept every-

thing at the election to-day?'

"Well, on the whole, their majority wasn't as big as they'd counted on," returned Old Hosie.

They rode on, Bruce sunk in his bitter, rebellious dejection. The carriage turned into the street that ran behind the court-house, and then, after rattling over the brick pavement for a few moments, came to a pause. Hosie opened the door and stepped out.

"Hello, what are we stopping here for?" demanded Bruce. "This is the court-house. I thought you said we were going home?"

"So we are, so we are," Old Hosie rapidly returned, an agitation in his manner that he could not wholly repress. first we've got to go into the court-house. Judge Kellogg is waiting for us; there's a little formality or two about your release we've got to settle with him. Come along!"

Taking his nephew's arm, Old Hosie hurried him into the court-house yard, allowing no time for questioning the plausibility of this explanation. But suddenly

Bruce stopped short.

"Look at that, won't you?" he cried in amazement. "See how the front of the yard is lighted up, and see how it's jammed with people! And there goes the band! What the dickens-

At that moment some one on the outskirts

of the crowd sighted the pair.

"There's Bruce!" he shouted. Immediately there was an uproar.

"Hurrah for Bruce! Hurrah for Bruce!" yelled the crowd, and began to rush to the rear of the yard, cheering as they ran.

Bruce gripped Old Hosie's arm. "What does this mean?"

"It means we've got to run for it!"

So saying, the old man, with a surprising burst of speed left over from his younger years, dragged his nephew up the walk and through the rear door of the court-house, which he quickly locked upon their clamorous pursuers.

Bruce stared at his uncle in bewilder-

ment.

"Hosie! What does this mean?"

The old man's leathery face was twitching in a manner remarkable to behold.

'Drat it," he grumbled, with a quaver in his voice, "why don't you read the Express and keep up with the news?"

"What does this mean?" demanded

"Well, here's a copy of your old rag.

Read it and see for yourself!"

Bruce seized the newspaper. Up in one corner were the words "Election Extra," and across the top of the page ran the great head-line:

BRUCE TICKET SWEEPS CITY!

Bruce looked slowly up, stupefied, and steadied himself with a hand against the door.

"Is-is that true?"

"For my part," declared Old Hosie, the quaver in his voice growing more prominent, "I don't believe more'n half I see in that dirty sheet!"

"Then-it's true?"

"Don't you hear them wild Indians yelling for Mayor Bruce?"

'Tell me—how did it happen?" "Oh, read your old rag and see!"

"Don't fool with me, Hosie!" Bruce "How did it happen! Somebody has been at work. Who did it?"

"Eh! You really want to know that?"

"Yes, yes! Who did it?"

"It was done," said Old Hosie, looking at his nephew very straight, and blinking his eyes, "by a party that I understand you thought couldn't do much of anything.

"But who? Who?"

"If you really want to know, the party's name is Miss Katherine West."

. Bruce's stupefaction outdid itself.

"Katherine West!" he repeated.
Old Hosie could maintain his rôle no

"Yes, Katherine West!" he burst out in triumphant joy, his words tumbling over one another. "She did it all-every bit of it! And that mob out in front is there to celebrate your election. We knew how things were going to turn out, so we were safe in getting this thing ready in advance. And I don't mind telling you, young fellow, that this celebration is just as much for her as it is for you. The town has simply gone crazy about her, and is looking for a chance to kiss her feet. She said she wouldn't come to-night, but we all insisted. I promised to bring her, and I've got to be off. So good-by!"

Bruce caught his arm.

"Wait, Hosie! Tell me what she did! Tell me the rest!"

"Read that paper I gave you! And here, I bought this for you, too." He took from his inside pocket a copy of the extra that Katherine and Billy Harper had got out the night before. "Those two papers will tell vou all there is to tell. And now," he continued, opening a door and pushing Bruce through it, "you just wait in there so I'll know where to find you when I want you. I've got to hustle for a while, for I'm master of ceremonies of this show. How's that for your old uncle? the first time I've ever been connected with a popular movement in my life, except to throw bricks at it, and I ain't so sure I can stand popularity for one whole night!"

With that he was gone. Bruce recognized the room into which he had been thrust as the court-room in which he had been tried and sentenced, in which Katherine had pleaded her father's case. Over the judge's desk, as if in expectation of his coming, a green-shaded drop-lamp shed its cone of light. Bruce stumbled forward to the desk, sank into the judge's chair, and began feverishly to devour the two copies of his newspaper.

Billy Harper, penitently sober and sworn to sobriety for all his days, had outdone himself on that day's issue. He told how the voters crowded to the polls in their eagerness to vote for Bruce, and he gave, with a tremendous exultation, an estimate of Bruce's majority, which was so great as to be an almost unanimous election. Also he told how Blind Charlie Peck had prudently caught last night's eleven o'clock express, and was now believed to be repairing his health down at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Also he gave a deal of inside history. He told how the extra had been issued the night before, with the Blake mass-meeting going on beneath the Express's windows. He told of the scene at the home of Blake, and Blake's strange march to jail; and, freed from the restraint of Katherine's presence, who would have forbidden him, he told, with a world of praise, the story of

how she had worked up the case.

The election extra finished, Bruce spread open the extra of the night before - the newspaper which had transferred him from a prison cell to the mayor's office-and read the mass of Katherine's evidence that Billy had so stirringly set forth. Then the head of the editor of the Express, of the newly elected mayor of Westville, sank forward into his folded arms, and he sat bowed, motionless, upon the judge's desk.

A great outburst of cheering from the crowd, though louder far than those that had preceded it, did not disturb him. He did not look up until he heard the door of the court-room open. Then he saw that Old Hosie had entered, and with him

Katherine.

"I'll just leave you two for a minute," Old Hosie said rapidly, "while I go out and start things going by introducing the

Hon. Hiram Cogshell.

With that the old man took the arm of Katherine's father, who had been standing just behind, slipped through the door, and was gone. A moment later, from in front, there arose a succession of cheers for Dr. West.

Bruce came slowly down from behind the railing of Judge Kellogg's desk and paused before Katherine. She was very white, her breath came with a tremulous irregularity, and she looked at him with wide, wonder-

ing, half-fearful eyes.

At first Bruce could not get out a word, such a choking was there in his throat, such a throbbing and whirling through all his being. He dizzily supported himself with a hand upon the back of a bench, and stood gazing at her.

It was she that broke the silence.

"Mr. Hollingsworth did not tell meyou were here. I'd better go!" And she started for the door.

"No-no-don't!" he said. He drew a step nearer her. "I've just read"-holding up the two papers-"what you have

done.

"Mr. Harper has-has exaggerated it very much," she returned. Her voice seemed to come with as great a difficulty as his

"And I have read," he continued, "how much I owe you.'

"It's — it's — " She did not finish in words, but a gesture disclaimed all credit.

"It has made me. And I want to thank you, and I do thank you. And I do thank you," he repeated lamely.

She acknowledged his gratitude with an inclination of her head. Motions came

more easily than words.

"And since I owe it all to you, since I owe nothing to any political party, I want to tell you that I am going to try to make the very best mayor that I can!"

"I am sure of that," she said.

"I realize that it's not going to be easy," he went on. "The people seem to be with me now, thanks to you; but as soon as I try to carry out my ideas, I know that both parties will rise up and unite against me. The big fight is still ahead. But sincesince you have done it all-I want you to know that I am going to fight straight ahead for the people, no matter what happens to

"I know," she said.

"My eyes have been opened to many things about politics," he added.

She did not speak.

Silence fell between them; the room was infiltered by a multitudinous hum from without. Presently the thought that had been rising up more and more strongly in Bruce for the last half-hour forced itself through his lips.

"I suppose that now-you'll be going

back to New York?"

"No. I have had several cases offered me to-day. I am going to stay in Westville."

"Oh!" he said—and was conscious of a dizzy relief. Then, "I wish you success!" "Thank you."

Again there was a brief silence, both looking in constraint at each other.

"This celebration is very trying, isn't it?" she said. "I suppose we might sit down while we wait."

"Yes."

They each took the end of a different bench, and rather stiffly sat gazing into the shadowy severity of the big room. Sounding from the front of the court-house they heard rather vaguely the deep-chested, sonorous rhetoric of the Hon. Hiram.

But they heard it but for an instant. Suddenly the court-room door flew open, and Old Hosie marched straight up before

them.

"You're the dad-blastedest pair of idiots I ever saw!" he burst out, with an exasperation that was not an entire success, for it was betrayed by a little quaver.

They stood up.

"What's the matter?" stammered Bruce.
"Matter?" cried Old Hosie. "What
d'you suppose I left you two people here
together for?"

"You said you had to start-"

"Well, couldn't I have another and a bigger reason? I've been listening outside the door here, and the way you people have acted— See here, you two know you love each other, and yet you act like a pair of tame icebergs that have just been introduced!" He turned in a fury upon his nephew, blinking to keep the moisture from his eyes. "Don't you love her?" he demanded, pointing to Katherine, who had suddenly grown yet more pale.

"Why-yes-yes-"

"Then why don't you tell her so?"

"I'm—I'm afraid she won't care to hear it," stammered Bruce, not daring to look at Katherine.

"Tell her so, and see what she says," shouted Old Hosie. "How else are you going to find out? Tell her what a fool you've been! Tell her she's proved to you

you're all wrong about what you thought she ought to do. Tell her, unless you get some one of sense to help run you, you're going to make an all-fired mess of this mayor's job. Tell her'—there was a choking in his voice—"oh, boy, just tell her what you feel! And now," he added quickly, and again sharply, "that mob outside won't listen to the Hon. Hiram much longer. They want you folks. I give you just two minutes to fix things up. Two minutes—no more!"

And pulling his high hat down upon his forehead, Old Hosie turned abruptly and

again left the room.

Bruce looked slowly about upon Katherine. His rugged, powerful face was

working with emotion.

"What Uncle Hosie has said is all true," he said. "You know I love you, Katherine. And there isn't anything you'll want to do that I'll not be glad to have you do. Won't you forget, Katherine, and won't you—won't you—" He stretched out his arms to her. "Oh, Katherine!" he cried. "I love you! I want you! I need you!"

While he spoke, her face had grown ra-

diant.

"And I—and I—" She choked; then her voice went on with an uprush of happiness—"and I—oh, Arnold, I need you!"

When Old Hosie reentered, a minute later, and saw what there was to be seen, he let out a little cry of joy and swooped down

upon them.

"Look out, Katherine," he warned, quaveringly, "for I'm going to kiss you!" But despite this warning the old man succeeded in his enterprise. "This is great! Great!" he cried, shaking a hand of each. "But we'll have to cut this halleluiah business short till that little picnic outside is over. I just pulled the Hon. Hiram down—and say, just listen to that roar!"

A roar it was indeed—of a bursting brass band, of thousands of eager people.

"And who do you suppose they're shouting for?" inquired the joyous Hosie.

Katherine smiled a tear-bright smile at Bruce.

"For the new mayor," she said.

"No, no! All for you!" said he.

"Well, come on, and we'll see who it's for!" cried Old Hosie.

And taking an arm of each, he led them out to face the cheering multitude.

